



COLIN CLOVTS
COME HOME
AGAINE.

By Edm. Spencer.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.*, for *Mathew Lowmes.*



COLIN CROFT

COME HOME

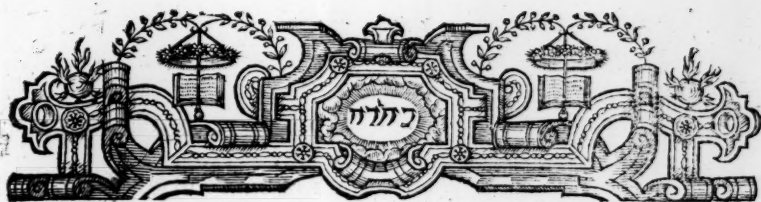
AGAIN

By Colin Croft



LONDON

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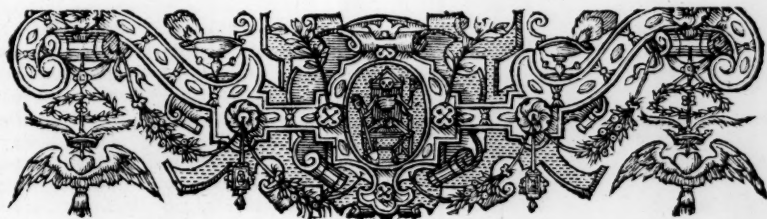
TO THE RIGHT VVORTHY
and noble Knight, Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Captaine
of her Maiesties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stan-
neries, and Lieutenant of the Countie
of *Cornwall*.



IR, that you may see that I am not alwaies idle as yee
thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether
vndutifull, though not precisely officious; I make you
present of this simple Pastorall, vnworthy of your high-
er conceipt for the meanenesse of the stile, but agreeing
with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which
I humbly beseech you to accept in part of payment of
the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden vnto you (for
your singular fauours, and sundry good turnes shewed to me at my late be-
ing in England) and with your good countenance protect against the ma-
lice of euill mouths, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and miscon-
strue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From
my house at Kilcolman, the 27. of December. 1591.

Yours euer humbly,

Ed. Sp.



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COLIN CLOVTS

come home againe.

THE shepheards boy (best known by that name)

That after T I T Y R V S first sung his lay,
Laies oft sweet loue, without reuke or blame,
Sate (as his custome was) vpon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe vnto his peres,
The shepheard swaines that did about him play:
Who all the while with greedy listfull cares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse Deare, dismayd with thunders found,
At last when as he piped had his fill,
Herested him: and sitting then around,
One of those groomes (a iolly groomer was hee,
As euer piped on an oaten reed,
And lou'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight H O B B I N O L L) gan thus to him areed:

C O L I N, my life, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke?
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse:
That sith thy Muse first since thy turning back
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hie,
Hast made vs all so blessed and so blythe,
Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:
The woods were heard to wale full many a fythe,
And all their birds with silence to complaine:
The fields with faded flowers did seeme to mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fish with languour did lament:
But now both woods and fields, and floods reuiue,
Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,
That vs late dead, hast made againe aliue:
But were it not too painefull to repeat
The passed fortunes which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would intreat,
Now at thy leasure them to vs to tell.

To whom the shepheard gently answered thus,
H O B B I N, thou temptest me to that I couet;
For of good passed, newly to discusse,
By double vniurle doth twise renew it.
And since I saw that Angels blessed eye,
Her worlds bright sun, her beavens fairest light,
My mind full of my thoughts fatietie,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling haue in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright

My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall treasure.
Wake then my pipe, my sleepeie Muse awake,
Till I haue told her praises lasting long:
H O B B I N desires, thou maist it not forsake,
Harke then ye iolly shepheards to my song.

With that, they all gan throng about him deare,
With hungry cares to heare his harmonie:
The whiles their flocks, deuoid of dangers feare,
Did round about them feede at libertie.

One day (quoth he) I late (as was my trade)
Vnder the foote of M O L E, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the M V L L A S shore:
There a strange shepheard chaunc'd to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight: himselfe he did yleepe,
The shepheard of the O C E A N by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
He sitting me beside in that same shade,
Prouoked me to play some pleasant fit.
And when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleas'd at it:
Yet, emuling my pipe, he tooke in hand
My pipe, before that emuled of many,
And plaid thereon: (for well that skill hee conde)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as I.
He pip't, I sung: and when he sung, I piped,
By change of turns each making other mery,
Neither enuying other, nor enuied,
So piped we, vntill we both were wearie.

There interrupting him, a bonny swaine,
That C V D D Y hight, him thus atweene bespake:
And should it not thy ready courtesie restraine,
I would request thee C O L I N, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did play.
For well I vveene it vworth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymne, or morall lay,
Or caroll made to praise thy loued Lasse.

Nor of my loue, nor of my Lasse, quoth he,
I then did sing, as then occasion fell:
For loue had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that desart choise to dwell.
But of my rarer B R E O O G S loue I song,

Colin Clouts come home againe.

Which to the shyny M **V L A** he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and euer will, so long
As water doth within his banks appeare.

Of fellowship, said then that bonny Boy,
Record to vs that louely lay againe:
The stay whereof, shall nought these eares annoy,
Who all that C **O L I N** makes, do couet faine,

Heare then, quoth he, the tenor of my tale,
In sort as I it to that shepheard told:
No leasng new, nor Grandams fable stale,
But ancient truth, confirm'd with credence old.

Old father M **O L E**, (M **O L E** hight that mountain gray
That walls the Northside of A **R M V L L A** dale)

He had a daughter fresh as flower of May,
Which gaue that name vnto that pleasant vale;
M **V L A** the daughter of old M **O L E**, so hight
The Nymph, which of that water course has charge,
That springing out of M **O L E**, doth run downe right
To B **V T T E V A N T**, where spreading forth at large,
It giueth name vnto that ancient Cittie,

Which K **I L N E M V L L A H** cleped is of old:
Whose cragg ed ruines breed great ruth and pittie,
To traouellers, which it from farre behold,
Full faine she lou'd, and was belou'd full faine,
Of her owne brother riuier, B **R E G O** hight,
So hight because of his deceitfull traine,
Which he with M **V L A** wrought to win delight:
But her old fire, more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,

Which A **L L O** hight, Broad-water called farre:
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,
That he that riuier for his daughter wonne:
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,

The place appointe d where it should be donne,
Nath'lesse the Nymph her former liking held;
For loue will not be drawne, but must be ledde,
And B **R E G O** did so well her fancie weld,

That her good will he got, her first to wedde.
But for her father sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,

And eke from farre obseru'd with iealous eye,
Which way his course the wanton B **R E G O** bent,
Him to deceiue for all his watchfull ward,

The wily louer did deuise this sight:
First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
That whilst the one was watcht, the other might
Passe vnespide to meet her by the way;

And then besides, those little streames so broken,
He vnder ground so closely did conuay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,

Till they into the M **V L A** s water slide.
So secretly did he his loue enioy:
Yet not so secret but it was descride,

And told her father by a shepheards boy.
Who wondrous worth for that so foule despight,
In great auenge did roll downe from his hill

Huge mightie stones the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill,
So of a Riuier, which he was of old;

He none was made, but scattred all to nought,
And lost emong those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so deare his loue he bought.

Which hauing said, him T **H E S T Y L I S** bespake,
Now by my life, this was a mery lay:
Worthy of C **O L I N** s selfe, that did it make.

But read now eke of friendship I thee pray,
What dirtie did that other shepheard sing?

For I doe couet most the same to heare,
As men vse most to couet forraine thing.

That shall I eke, quoth he, to you declare.
His song was all a lamentable lay,

Of great vnkindnesse, and of vsage hard,
Of C **Y N T H I A** the Lady of the Sea,

Which from her presence, faultlesse him debar'd,
And euer and anon wiew singulits rise,

He cried out, to make his vnder song,
Ah my loues Queene, and Goddesse of my life,

Who shall me pittie, when thou doost me wrong?

Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,
That M **A R T I N** hight, Right well he sure did plaine,

That could great C **Y N T H I A** s fore displeasure break,
And moue to take him to her grace againe.

But tell on further C **O L I N**, as befall
Twixt him and thee, what thee did hence disswade.

When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
Quoth he, and each an end of singing made,

He gan to cast great liking to my lore,
And great disliking to my lucklesse lor,

That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.

The which to leaue, thenceforth he counsell'd mee,
Vnmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,

And wend with him, his C **Y N T H I A** to see:
Whose grace was great, & bountie most rewardfull,

Besides her peerlesse skill in Making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,

Such as all womankind did farre excell:
Such as the world admyr'd, and praised it:

So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fare:

Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill,
Small needments else need shepheards to prepare.

So to the sea we came; the sea; that is,
A world of waters heaped vp on hie,

Rolling like mountaines in wide wildernesse,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry,

And is the sea, quoth C **O R I D O N**, so fearefull?
Fearful much more, quoth he, then hart can feare:

Thousand wide beasts, with deep mouthes gaping dire-
Therein still wait, poore passengers to reare. (full,

Who life doth loath, and long's death to behold,
Before he die, already dead with feare,

And yet would liue with heart halfe stony cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.

And yet as ghastly dreadfull as it seemes,
Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,

Dare tempt that gulfe, and in those wandring streames
Secke waies unknowne, waies leading downe to hell.

For as we stood there waiting on the strand,
Behold, an huge great vessell to vs came,

Dauncing vpon the waters back to long,

Colin Clouts come home againe.

As if it scorned the danger of the same:
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed together with some subtil matter,
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to moue it selfe vpon the water.
Strange thing, how bold & swift the monster was,
That neither car'd for wind, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did passe
So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
The same aboard vs gently did receaue,
And without harme, vs farr away did beare.
So farre, that land our mother vs did leaue,
And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare.
Then hartlesse quite and full of inward feare,
That sheheard I besought to me to tell,
Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no liuing people dwell.
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardeffe, that CYNTHIA hight,
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.

If then, quoth I, a shepheardeffe she bee,
Where be the flocks and heards, which she doth keepe?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she vseth for to feed her sheepe?
These be the hills, quoth he, the surges bie,
On which faire CYNTHIA her heards doth feed:
Her heards be thousand fishes with their drie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chiefe,
Is TRITON, blowing loud his wreathed horne:
At sound whereof, they all for their reliefe
Wend to and fro at euening and at morne.
And PROTEVS eke with him does driue his heard
Of stinking Seales and Porcpisces together,
With hoary head and dewie dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and whither.
And I among the rest of many least,
Haue in the Ocean charge to me assignd:
Where I will liue or die at her behest,
And serue and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides, an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,
And of immortal race, do still attend, (shorne,
To wash faire CYNTHIAS sheepe, when they be
And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.
Those be the Shepheards which my CYNTHIA serue,
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land:
For land and sea my CYNTHIA doth deserue
To haue in her commandement at hand.
Thereat I wondred much, till wondering more
And more, at length we land far off descride:
Which sight much gladdened me: for much afore
I feard, lest land we neuer should haue eyde:
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if she way she perfectly had knowne.
We LONDAY passe; by that same name is ment
An Island, which the first to West was showne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in iopardie,
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
Against the seas encroching crueltie.

Those same, the shepheard, told me were the fields
In which dame CYNTHIA her land-heards fed,
Faire goodly fields, then which ARMVILLA yeelde.
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The first to which we nigh approched, was
An high head-land, thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horne whereof the name it has,
Yet seem'd to be a goodly pleasant lea:
There did a loftie mount at first vs greet,
Which did a stately heape of stones vpreare,
That seem'd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which vs did beare:
There did our ship her fruitfull wombe vnlade,
And put vs all ashore on CYNTHIAS land.

What land is that thou meanst, then CYDDY said,
And is there other, then whereon we stand?
Ah CYDDY, then quoth CORIN, thou's a son,
That hast not scene least part of Natures worke:
Much more there is vnkend, then thou dost kon.
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.
For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is
And all things else that liuing creatures need.
Besides, most goodly riuers there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy FYNCHINS praise,
Or vnto ALLO, or to MVLLA cleare:
Nought hast thou foolish boy scene in thy daies.

But if that land be there, quoth he, as here,
And is their heauen likewise there all one?
And if like heauen, be heauenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do won?
Both heauen and heauenly graces doe much more,
Quoth he, abound in that same land, then this.
For there all happy peace and plentious store
Conspire in one to make contented blisse:
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues, nor no leproxies,
No grieufully famine, nor no raging sword,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hie and cries;
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or danger:
No rauinous Wolves the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlawes sell affray the forest ranger.
There learned Arts do flourish in great honour,
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price:
Religion hath lay powre to rest vpon her,
Aduancing vertue, and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to vse:
For God his gifts there plentiously bestowes,
But gracelesse men them greatly doe abuse.

But say on further, then said CORYLLAS,
The rest of thine adventures, that betyded.
Forth on our voyage we by land did passe,
Quoth he, as that same shepheard still vs guided.
Vntill that we to CYNTHIAS presence came:
Whose glory greater then my simple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame;
Such gaines I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,

I would

Colin Clouts come home againe.

I would her liken to a crowne of lillies,
Vpon a virgin brides adorned head,
With Roses dight, and Goulds, and Daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
In which all colours of the Rainebowe bee;
Or like faire PHOEBE's garland shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke by paragone
Of earthly things, to iudge of things diuine:
Her power, her mercy, & her wisdom, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I bafe shepheard bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
More fir it is t'adore with humble mind,
The image of the heauens in shape humane.

With that, ALEXIS broke his tale afunder,
Saying, By vvondring at thy CYNTHIAS praise:
COLIN, thy selfe thou mak'st vs more to vvonder,
And her vpraising, doo't thy selfe vpraise.
But let vs heare what grace she shewed thee,
And how that shepheard strange thy cause aduanced.

The shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
Vnto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced:
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight,
For not by measure of her owne great mind,
And wondrous worth she moot my simple song,
But ioyd that country shepheard ought could find
Worth harkening to, amongst that learned throng.

Why? said ALEXIS then, what needeth thee
That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
And hath so many shepheards in her fee,
To heare thee sing, a simple silly Elfe?
Or be the shepheards which doe seruie her lasie?
That they list not their mery pipes apply?
Or be their pipes vntunable and crasie,
That they cannot her honour worthily?

Ah nay, said COLIN, neither so, nor so.
For better shepheards be not vnder skie,
Nor better able, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
There is good HARPALVS, now vvoken aged,
In faithfull seruice of faire CYNTHIA,
And there is CORIDON, but meanelly vvaged,
Yet ablest wit of most I knowe this day.
And there is sad ALEYN bent to mourne,
Though fit to frame an euerlasting dittie,
Whose gentle spright for DAPHNE's death doth tourne
Sweet layes of loue, to endlesse plaints of pittie.
Ah pensiue boy pursue that braue conceipt,
In thy sweet Eglantine of MERIFLURE,
Lift vp thy notes vnto their wonted height,
That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is PALIN, worthy of great praise,
Albe he enlie at my rusticke quill:
And there is pleasing ALCON, could he lasse
His tunes from layes, to matter of more skill.
And there is old PALEMON, free from spight,
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rewe:

Yet he himselte may rewed be more right,
That sung so long vntill quite hoarse he grew.
And there is ALABASTER throughly taught
In all his skill, though knowen yet to few:
Yet were he knowne to CYNTHIA as he ought,
His Elfe's would beredde anew.
Who liues that can match that heroick song,
Which he hath of that mightie Prince's made?
O dreaded Dread, doe not thy selfe that wrong,
To let thy famelic so in hidden shade:
But call it forth, & call him forth to thee,
To end thy glory, which he hath begun:
That when he finisheth hath as it should be,
No brauer Poeme can be vnder Sun.
Nor P nor TYBVS swans, so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that Muse, when it with Bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepheard late vp sprung,
The which doth all afore him far surpass:
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung vnto a scornfull Lasse.
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,
In loues soft layes, and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly DANIELI,
And to what course thou please thy selfe aduance:
But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell,
In Tragick plaints and passionate misbance.
And there that shepheard of the OCEAN is,
That spends his wit in loues consuming smart:
Full sweetly tempered is that Muse of his,
That can emperce a Princes mightie hart.
There also is (ah no, he is not now)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
AMYNTAS quite is gone and lies full lowe,
Hauing his AMARELLI's left to moone.
Helpe, & ye shepheards, helpe ye all in this,
Help AMARELLI's this her losse to inourne:
Her losse is yours, your losse AMYNTAS is,
AMYNTAS, flowre of shepheards pride forlorne:
He, whilst he liued, was the noblest swaine,
That euer piped on an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselte with passing skill.
And there, though last not least is AETION,
A gentler shepheard may no where be found:
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts inuention,
Doth like himselte heroically sound.
All these and many others moe remaine,
Now after ASHROVELL is dead and gone.
But while as ASHROVELL did liue and raigne,
Amongst all these was none his Paragone:
All these do flourish in his sundry kind,
And doe their CYNTHIA immortal make:
Yet found I liking in her royall mind
Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake.
Then spake a lousy Lasse, hight LUCY:
Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,
Which fauour thee, and honour CYNTHIA.

But

Colin Clouts come home againe.

But of so many Nymphs which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing said,
That seemes, with none of them thou fauour foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle miad,
That none of all their due deserts refoundest.

Ah far be it, quoth COLIN CLOUT, from me,
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserue:
For that my selfe I doe profess to be
Vnsall to one, whom all my dayes I serue.
The beame of beautie sparkled from aboue,
The flowre of vertue and pure chastitie:
The bloisome of sweet ioy and perfect loue,
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie,
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my hart I nightly martyize:
To her my loue I lowely do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice,
My thought, my heart, my loue, my life is shee:
And I hers euer onely, euer one:
One euer I, all vowed hers to bee,
One euer I, and others neuer none.

Then thus MELISSA said; Thrice happy Mayd,
Whom thou doost to enforce to desie,
That woods, and hills, and valleyes, thou hast made
Her name to eccho vnto heauen hie.

But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?
They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well,
That all I praise: but in the highest place,

VRANIA, sister vnto ASTROFELL,
In whose braue mind, as in a goulden coffer,
All heauenly gifts and riches locked are:
More rich then pearles of INDIA, or gold of OPPER,

And in her sex more wonderfull and rare,
Ne lesse praise worthy I, THEANA read,
Whose goodly beames though they be ouer-dight
With mourning stole of carefull widowhead,

Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright.
She is the well of bountie and braue mind
Excelling most in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of woman-kind,

And Courts chiefe garland, with all vertues dight.
Therefore great CYNTHIA her in chiefest grace
Doth hold, and next vnto her selfe aduance,
Well worthie she of so honourable place,

For her great worth and noble gouernance.
Ne lesse praise-worthy is her sister deare,
Faire MARIAN, the Muses onely dearling:
Whose beautie shineth as the morning cleare,

With siluer deawe vpon the Roses pearling.
Ne lesse praise-worthy is MANSILLIA,
Best knowne by bearing vp great CYNTHIAES traine:
That same is she to whom DAPHNAIDA

Vpon her neeces death I did complaine,
She is the patterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirror of feminitie:
Worthy next after CYNTHIA to tread,

As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne lesse praise-worthy GALATHEA seemes,
Then best of all that honourable crew,
Faire GALATHEA with bright shining beames,

Inflaming feeble eyes that her doe view.

She there then waited vpon CYNTHIA,
Yet there is not her won, but heere with vs
About the borders of our rich COSMA,
Now made of MAA, the Nymph delicious.
Ne lesse praise-worthy faire NEAERA is,
NEAERA, ours, not theirs, though there she be.
For of the famous SHYRE, the Nymph she is,
For high desert, aduans't to that degree,
She is the bloome of grace and curtesie,
Adorned with all honourable parts:
She is the branch of true nobilitie,
Belou'd of high and lowe with faithfull harts.
Ne lesse praise-worthy STELLA do I read,
Though nought my praises of her needed are,
Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
Hath prais'd & rais'd about each other starre.
Ne lesse praise-worthy are the sisters three,
The honour of the noble familie,
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,
And most, that vnto them I am so nie,

PHYLLIS, CHARILLIS, & sweet AMARILLIS:
PHYLLIS the faire is eldest of the three;
The next to her is bountifull CHARILLIS.

But th'youngest is the highest in degree.
PHYLLIS, the flowre of rare perfection,
Faire spreading forth her leaues with fresh delight,
That with their beauties amorous reflexion,

Bereau of sense each rash beholders sight.
But sweet CHARILLIS is the Paragone
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
Admyr'd of all, yet couid of none,

Through the mylde temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrice happy doe I hold thee noble swaine,
The which art of so rich a spoile posselt,
And it embracing deare without disdain,

Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest:
Of all the shepherds daughters which there bee,
(And yet there be the fairest vnder skie,
Or that else where I euer yet did see)

A fairer Nymph yet neuer saw mine eye:
She is the pride and primrose of the rest
Made by the Maker selfe to be admired:
And like a goodly beacon high addrest,

That is with sparks of heauenly beautie fired.
But AMARILLIS, whether fortunate,
Or else vntfortunate may I read,
That freed is from CVPID'S yoke by fate,

Since which, he doth new bands aduenture dread.
Shepheard what euer thou hast heard to be
In this or that prayd diuersly apart,
In her thou maist them all assembled see,
And seald vp in the treasure of her heart.

Ne thee lesse worthy gentle FLAVIA,
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme:
Ne thee lesse worthy courteous CANDIDA,
For thy true loue and loyaltie I deeme.

Besides yet many mo that CYNTHIA serue,
Right noble Nymphs, & high to be commended.
But if I all should praise as they deserue,
This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.

Therefore in closure of a thankfull mind,

I deeme

Colin Clouts come home againe.

I deeme it best to hold eternally,

Their bountious deeds & noble fauours shrynd,
Then by discourse them to indigne.

So hauing said, **A GLA V R A** him bespake :
C O L I N, well worthy were those goodly fauours
Bestowd on thee, that so of them doost make,
And them requiest with thy thankfull labours.
Bot of great **C Y N T H I A E S** goodnesse and high grace
Finish the story which thou hast begunne.

More eath, quoth he, it is in such a case,
How to begin, then knowe how to haue done,
For euery gift, and euery goodly meed,
Which she on me bestowd, demands a day ;
And euery day, in which she did a deed,
Demands a yeere, it duly to display.
Her words were like a streame of honny fleeting,
The which doth softly trickle from the hieue,
Able to melt the hearers hart vawetting,
And eke to make the dead, againe alieue.
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine :
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely Wine.
Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sunne,
Forth-looking through the windowes of the East :
When first the fleecy cattell haue begun
Vpon the perled grasse to make their feast.
Her thoughts are like the fume of Frankincense,
Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise :
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence
In rolling globes vp to the vaulted skies,
There she beholds with high aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation,
Emongst the seats of Angels heauenly wrought,
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion.

C O L I N, said **C V D D Y** then, thou hast forgot
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:
Such loslie flight, bafe shepheard seemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.

True, answered he : but her great excellence
Lifts me aboue the measure of my might :
That beeing fild with furious insolence,
I feele my selfe like one yrap in spright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth :
And when I speake of her what I haue thought,
I cannot thinke according to her worth :
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
And when as death these vitall bands shall breake,
Her name recordedd I will leaue for euer.
Her name in euery tree I will endosse,
That as the trees doe growe, her name may growe :
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
And fill with stones, that all men may it knowe,
The speaking woods, & murmuring waters fall,
Her name Ile teach in knowen tearmes to frame :
And eke my lambs when for their dams they call,
Ile teach to call for **C Y N T H I A** by name.
And long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongst the shepheards daughters dauncing round,

My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowrie gyrlonds crowned.
And ye, who so ye be, that shall suruiue,
When as ye heare her memorie renewed,
Be witnesse of her bountie here alieue,
Which she to **C O L I N** her poore shepheard shewed.

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
Moor'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake :
And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
Till **T H E S T Y L I S** at last their silence brake,
Saying, Why **C O L I N**, since thou foundst such grace
With **C Y N T H I A**, and all her noble crew :
Why didst thou euer leaue that happy place,
In which such wealth might vnto thee accrowe ?
And backe returnedst to this barren soile,
Where cold and care and penurie doe dwell,
Here to keepe sheep, with hunger and with toile :
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.

Happy indeed, said **C O L I N**, him hold,
That may that blessed presence still enioy,
Of fortune and of enuy vncontroul'd,
Which still are wont most happy states annoy :
But I by that which little while I proued,
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in Court continually hooued,
And followd those which happy seemd to bee.
Therefore I silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields been altogether spent,
Durst not aduenture such vnknown waies,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,
But rather chose back to my sheepe to tourne,
Whose ymoost hardnesse I before had tride,
Then hauing leard repentance late, to mourne
Emongst those wretches which I there desride.

Shepheard, said **T H E S T Y L I S**, it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enuieest, rather then of right
That ought in them blame-worthy thou doost spie.

Cause haue I none, quoth he, of cancred will ;
To quit them ill, that me demeand so well :
But selfe-regard of priuate good or ill,
Moues me of each, so as I found, to tell,
And eke to warne yong shepheards wandring wit,
Which through report of that lifes painted blisse,
Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
And leaue their lambes to losse, mistled amisse.
For sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice and with strife,
To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise : and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit,
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights deuise,
Either by slandering his well deemed name,
Through leasings lewd and fained forgerie :
Or else, by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecie ;
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,
A filed tongue, furnisht with tearmes of art ;
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.

For

Colin Clouts come home againe.

For artes of schoole haue there small countenance,
 Counted but toys to busie idle braines:
 And there professors find small maintenance,
 But to be instruments of others gaines.
 Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
 Vnlesse to please, it selfe it can apply:
 But shouldered is, or out of doore quite flur,
 As base or blunt, vnmeet for melodie.
 For each mans worth is measur'd by his weede,
 As Harts by hornes, or Asles by their eares:
 Yet Asles beene not all whose eares exceed,
 Nor yet all Harts, that hornes the highest beares.
 For highest lookes haue not the highest mind,
 Nor haucie words most full of highest thoughts:
 But are like bladders blowne vp with wind,
 That beeing prickt doe vanish into noughts.
 Euen such is all their vaunted vanitie,
 Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away:
 Such is their glorie that in simple eye
 Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
 So they themselues for praise of fooles doe sell,
 And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
 With price whereof, they buy a golden bell,
 And purchase highest roomes in bower and hall:
 While single Truth and simple Honestie
 Do wander vp and downe depys'd of all;
 Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
 Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call.
 Ah COLIN, then said HOBBI NOL, the blame
 Which thou imputeest, is too generally,
 As if not any gentle wit of name,
 Nor honest mind might there be found at all.
 For well I wote, sith I my selfe was there,
 To wait on LOBBIN (LOBBIN well thou knewest)
 Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
 As euer else in Princes Court thou wastest.
 Of which, among you many yet remaine,
 Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse:
 Those that poore Suters papers doe retaine,
 And those that skill of medicine profess:
 And those that do to CYNTHIA expound
 The ledde of strange languages in charge:
 For CYNTHIA doth in Sciences abound,
 And giues to their professors stipends large.
 Therefore vnjustly thou doest wite them all,
 For that which thou mistakedst in a few.
 Blame is, quoth he, more blamelesse generally,
 Then that which priuate errors doth pursue:
 For well I wote, that there amongst them be
 Full many persons of right worthy parts,
 Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
 And for profession of all learned arts,
 Whose praise heereby no whit impaired is,
 Though blame doe light on those that faultie be;
 For all the rest doe most what fare amis,
 And yet their owne misfaring will not see:
 For either they be puffed vp with pride,
 Or fraught with enuie, that their galls doe swell,
 Or they their daies to idlenesse diuide,
 Or downed lie in pleasures wastefull well,
 In which like Moldwarps noursing still they lurke,

Vnmindefull of chiefe parts of manlinesse,
 And doe themselues for want of other worke,
 Vaine votaries of lasie loue profess,
 Whose seruice high so basely they enfew,
 That CVPID selfe of them ashamed is:
 And mustering all his men in VENUS view,
 Denies them quite for seruitors of his.
 And is loue then, said CORYLAS, once knowne
 In Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
 I weened sure he was our God alone:
 And onely woond in fields and forests here.
 Not so, quoth he, loue most aboundeth there.
 For all the walls and windowes there are writ,
 All full of loue, and loue, and loue my deare,
 And all their talke and studie is of it.
 Ne any there doth braue or valiant seeme,
 Vnlesse that some gay Mistrisse badge he beares:
 Ne any one him selfe doth ought esteeme,
 Vnlesse he swim in loue vp to the eares.
 But they of Loue and of his sacred lere,
 (As it should be) all otherwise deuise,
 Then we poore shepheards are accustomed here,
 And him do sue and serue all otherwise.
 For with lewd speeches and licentious deeds,
 His mightie mysteries they doe prophane,
 And vse his idle name to other needs,
 But as a complement for courting vaine.
 So him they do not serue as they profess,
 But make him serue to them for sordid vices.
 Ah my dread Lord, that doost liege harts possess,
 Auenge thy selfe on them for their abuses.
 But we poore shepheards, whether rightly so,
 Or through our rudenesse into error led,
 Do, make religion how we rashly go
 To serue that God, that is so greatly dred:
 For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
 Borne without Syre, or couples, of one kind:
 For VENUS selfe doth solely couples seeme,
 Both male and female, through commixture ioyned,
 So, pure and spotlesse CVPID forth she brought,
 And in the gardens of ADONIS nurst:
 Where growing, he his owne perfection wrought,
 And shortly was of all the Gods the first.
 Then got he bowe and shafts of gold and lead,
 In which so fell and puissant he grew,
 That IOVE himselfe his power began to dread,
 And taking vp to heauen, him godded new.
 From thence he shootes his arrowes euery where
 Into the world, at random as he will,
 On vs fraile men, his wretched vassals heere,
 Like as himselfe vs pleaseth saue or spill.
 So we him worship, so we him adore,
 With humble harts to heauen vp-listed hee,
 That to true loues he may vs euermore
 Preferre, and of their grace vs dignifie:
 Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards swaine,
 What-euer feeds in forest or in field,
 That dare with euill deed or leasing vaine,
 Blaspheme his power, or rearmes vnworthy yield.
 Shepheard it seemes that some celestiall rage
 Of loue, quoth CVPID, is breath'd into thy brest,

Thas

Colin Clouts come home againe.

That powreth forth these oracles so sage,
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art possist.
But neuer wist I till this present day,
Albe of loue I alwaies humbly deemed,
That he was such an one, as thou doost say,
And so religiously to be esteemed.
Well may it seeme by this thy deepe insight,
That of that God the Priest thou shouldst bee:
So well thou wor'st the myserie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see.

Of Loues perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed, said COLIN, passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t'expresse his powre diuine,
For long before the world he was y'bore,
And bred aboue in VENVS bolome deare:
For by his power the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from atone,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be euer drawne together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to couet heate,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th'heaue downe to prize; the hungry t'eat,
And voidnesse to seeke full satietie.
So beeing former foes, they waxed friends,
And gan by little learne to loue each other:
So beeing knit, they brought forth other kinds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan heauen out of darknesse dread
Forto appeare, and brought forth cheerfull day:
Next gan the earth to shewe her naked head,
Out of deepe waters which her drown'd away.
And shortly after, euery living wight
Crept forth like wormes out of their slimie nature.
Soone as on them the Suns life giuing light,
Had powred kindlie heat and formall feature.
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to loue,
And like himselfe desire for to beget,
The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Doue
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphin:
But man that had the sparke of reasons might,
More then the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his loue the fairest in his sight,
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation.
For beantie is the bay: which with delight
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind,
Beantie, the burning lampe of heauens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mind:
Against whose power, nor God nor man can find
Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound,
But being hurt, seeke to be medicin'd
Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.
Then doe they cry and call to loue apace,
With prayers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares; & when he list shew grace,
Does grant them grace that otherwise would die.
So Loue is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerfull law:
All beeing made the vassalls of his might,

Through secret sense which thereto doth them draw.
Thus ought all louers of their Lord to deeme:
And with chaste heart to honour him alway:
But whoso else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are out-lawes, and his lore doe disobay.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of loue, but of disloyall lust:
Ne mongst true louers they shall place inherit,
But as Exuls out of his court be thrust.

So hauing said, MELISSA spake at will,
COLIN, thou now full deeply hast diuin'd
Of loue and beantie, and with wondrous skill,
Hast CYPRID selfe depainted in his kind.
To thee are all true louers greatly bound,
That doost their cause so mightily defend:
But most, all women are thy debtors found,
That doost their bounty still so much commend.

That till, said HOBBI-NOLL, they him requite:
For hauing loued euer one most deare:
He is repaid with scorne and foule desire.
That rykes each gentle heart which it doth beare.

Indeed, said LVCYD, I haue often heard
Fairst ROSALINDE of diuers fowly blamed:
For being to that swaine too cruell hard,
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd
To vse him so that loued her so well:
Or who with blame can iustly her vpbraid,
For louing not? for who can loue compell?
And sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyten creatures so diuine,
For demigods they be, and first did spring
From heauen, though grafit in frailnesse feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that fairest HELEN did reuile,
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes, and so remain'd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with trebble praise:
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read bytimes,
How rashly blame of ROSALINDE ye raise.

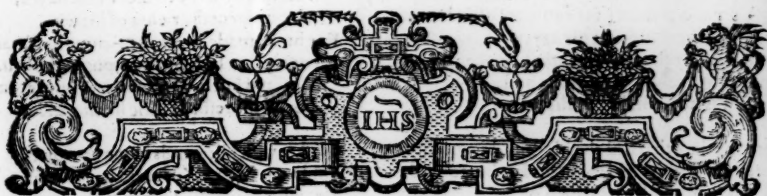
Ah shepherds, then said COLIN, ye ne weet
How great a guilt vpon your heads ye draw:
To make so bold a doome with words vameect,
Of thing celestiall, which ye neuer saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepherds daughters which amongst you bee,
But of diuine regard and heauenly hew,
Excelling all that euer ye did see.
Not then to her, that scorn'd thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame, that lookt so hie;
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,
And loath each lowly thing with lostie eye.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not loue:
Yet that I may her honour parauant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit aboue.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grieve,
And long affliction which I haue endured.
Such grace sometimes shall giue me some reliefe,
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.

And

Colin Clouts come home againe.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which doo see
And heare the languours of my too long dying,
Vnto the world for euer withtisse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophee of her great conquest.

So, hauing ended, he from ground did rife,
And after him vprose eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.
FINIS.



ASTROPHEL.

A Pastorall Elegie vpon the death of the most Noble
and valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney.

DEDICATED

To the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the
Countesse of Essex.

ASTROPHEL.

Shepheards that wont on pipes of oaten reede,
Oft-times to plaine your loues concealed smart,
And with your pitious layes haue leard to breed
Compassion in a country-lasses hart;
Harken ye gentle shepheards to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint, your plaints emong:

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse;
The mournfullst verse that euer man heard tell:
To you whose softned hearts it may empierse,
With dolours dart for death of *Aströphel*.
To you I sing, and to none other wight:
For well I wot my rimes been rudely dight:

Yet as they beene, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the liuing, but the dead.
And if in him found pittie euer place,
Let him be mou'd to pittie such a case.

B

A gentle

Colin Clouts come home againe.

A Gentle sheapheard borne in A R C A D Y,
Of gentlest race that euer shepheard bore:
About the grassie banks of H A E M O N Y,
Did keepe his sheepe, his little stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night
In fairest fields, and A S T R O P H E L he hight.

Young A S T R O P H E L, the pride of shepheards praise,
Young A S T R O P H E L, the rusticke Lasses loue:
Far passing all the Pastors of his dayes,
In all that seemely shepheard might behooue;
In one thing onely sayling of the best,
That he was not so happy as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught hir lambes to feed,
A slender swaine, excelling far each other,
In comly shape, like hir that did him breed,
He grew vp fast in goodnes and in grace,
And doubly faire wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle vsage, and demeanure mild:
That all mens harts with secret rauishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguild.
Ne spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,
Sweet without fowre, and honny without gall:
And he him selfe seemd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When A S T R O P H E L so-euer was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast:
As Sommers lark, that with hir song doth greet
The dauning day, forth comming from the East.
And layes of loue he also could compose,
Thrice happy she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo
For hir that did his hart with loue inflame,
For which they promised to dight, for him,
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph, both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill:
Both crysall wells and shadie groues forlooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchaunting skill,
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruite, if it were haruest time.

But he, for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood Gods for them often sighed sore:
Ne for their gifts, vnworthy of his wit,
Yet not vnworthy of the countries store:
For one alone he car'd, for one he fight,
His lifes desire, and his deare lous delight.

S T E L L A the faire, the fairest starre in skie,
As faire as V E N U S, or the fairest faire:
(A fairer starre law neuer liuing eie)
Shot hir sharpe pointed beames through purest aire.
Her he did loue, her he alone did honour:
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all vpon her.

To hir he vowd the seruice of his dayes,
On hir he spent the riches of his wit:
For hir he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of loue he worthy deemed,
For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine)
But with braue deeds to hir sole seruice vowed,
And bold archieuements hir did enttaine.
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie (too hardie alas).

In wrestling, nimble; and in running, swift;
In shooting, stedd; and in swimming, strong:
Well made to strike, to throwe, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepheards are emong.
In euery one, he vanquisht euery one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting, such felicitie,
Or rather infelicitie he found,
That euery field, and Forrest farre away,
He sought, where saluage beasts doe most abound.
No beast so saluage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill matcht with such courage as he had,
Did picke him forth with proud desire of praise,
To lecke abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
His Mistrisse name, and his owne fame to raise.
What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
Sith round about vs, it doth make abroad?

It fortun'd, as he that perillous game
In forraine soile pursued far away:
Into a Forrest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of saluage pray.
So wide a Forrest, and so waste as this,
Nor famous A R D E N, nor foul A R E O is.

There his wel-wonen toiles and subrill traines
Helaid, the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practice and with paines,
That he of them great troupes did soone entrap.
Full happy man (misweeing much) was hee,
So rich a spoile with his power to see.

Essoones all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the heard hee thrust,
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be burst.
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharpe bore-speare, now with his blade.
His

Colin Clouts come home againe.

His care was all, how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partiall vnto none)
Ill mind, so much to mind anothers ill,
As to become vnmindfull of his owne,
But pardon that vnto the cruell skies,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eyes.

So as herag'd emongst that beastly rout,
A cruell beast of most accursed brood
Vpon him turnd (despaire makes cowards stout)
And with fell tooth, accustomed to blood,
Launced his thigh with so mischieuous might,
That it both bone and muscles riued quight.

So deadly was the dint, and deepe the wound,
And so huge streames of blood there-out did flow,
That he endured not the direfull wound,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw:
The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend,
And hauing none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard peeres,
To whom aloue was nought so deare as hee:
And ye faire Maydes the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed:

Ah wretched boy! the shape of drier head,
And sad ensample of mans sudden end:
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Vopited, vnplaynd, of foe or friend,
Whilst none is nigh, thine eye-lids vp to close,
And kisse thy lips like faded leaues of rose.

A sort of Shepheards sewing of the chace;
As they the Forrest ranged on a day,
By fate or fortune came vnto the place,
Whereas the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay:
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still haue bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thither led.

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was)
And in their armes then softly did him reare:
Tho (as he wild) vnto his loued Lasse,
His dearest loue him dolefully did beare,
The dolefullst beare that euer man did see,
Was **A S T R O P H E L**, but dearest vnto mee.

She when she sawe her loue in such a plight,
With cruddled blood and filthy gore deformed:
That wont to be with flowres and girlonds dight,
And her deare fauours dearely well adorned,
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deforme, like him to bee.

Her yellowe locks, that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beames in fairest sommers day:
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away.
And her faire breast, the treasure of ioy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His pallid face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the waisting breath,
Out of his lips, like Lillies, pale and lost,
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But he onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
And pitious mone the which she for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose hart like sorrow did inuade.
At last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staid not awhit,
But after him did make vntimely haste:
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make, like Turtle chaste:
To proue that death their harts cannot diuide,
Which liuing were in loue so firmly tide.

The Gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And pitying this paire of louers trew,
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flowre, that is both red and blew.
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like **A S T R O P H E L**, which thereto was made.

And in the midst thereof a starre appears,
As fairly formd as any starre in skyes:
Resembling **S T E L L A** in her freshest yeeres,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes,
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearb of some, Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others **P E N T H I A**, though not so well:
But thou, where euer thou doost find the same,
From this day forth doe call it **A S T R O P H E L**.
And when soeuer thou it vp doost take,
Doe pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Heereof when rydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loued him full deare
(And sure full deare of all he loued was)
Did thither flocke, to see what they did heare.
And when that pitious spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And euery one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish, and great griefe oppress:
And euery one did weepe, and waile and mone,
And meanes deuise'd to shew his sorrow best:
That from that houre since first on grassie Greene
Shepherd kept sheepe, vvas not like mourning scene.

But first, his sister, that **C L O R I N D A** hight,
The gentlest shepheardsesse that liues this day:
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the verse,
In sort as she it sung, I will rehearse.

Colin Clouts come home againe.

AY me! to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient griefe?
Or where shall I vnfold my inward paine,
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe?
Shall I vnto the heavenly powres it shew?
Or vnto earthly men, that dwell below?

To heauens? ah! they alas the Authors were,
And workers of my vnremedied vwo:
For they foresee what to vs happens here,
And they foresawe, yet suffered this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill.

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,
And subiect to the heauens ordinance:
Bound to abide what euer they decree.
Their best redresse, is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrowe mourne,
Sith none aloue like sorrowfull remains:
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their vsury with double paines.
The woods, the hills, the riuers shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills and riuers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.
The fairest flower in field that euer grew,
Was **A S T R O P H E L**; that was, we all may reu.

What cruell hand of cursed foe vnknowne,
Hath crompt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?
Vntimely crompt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in vntimely howre.
Great losse to all that euer him did see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee.

Breake now your girlonds, O ye shepheards lasses,
Sith the faire flowre, which them adorn'd, is gon:
The flowre, which them adorn'd, is gone to ashes,
Neuer againe let Lasse put girlond on.
In stead of girlond, weare sad Cypres now,
And bitter Elder, broken from the bow.

Ne euer sing the loue-layes which he made:
Who euer made such layes of loue as hee?
Ne euer read the riddles, which he said
Vnto your selues, to make you mery glee.
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alas is dead.

Death, the deuourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you, and rest from me my ioy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.
Ioy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee,
Shepheards hope neuer like againe to see.

Oh Death that hast vs of such riches rest,
Tell vs at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone?
Scarfe like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestiall grace:
By soueraine choice from th'heavenly quires select,
And lineally deriu'd from Angels race,
O what is now of it become, aread.
Aye me! can so diuine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is nor dead, ne can it die,
But liues for aye, in blisfull Paradise:
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
In bed of Lillies, wrapt in tender wife,
And compast all about with Roses sweet,
And dainty Violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of celestiall brood,
To him doe sweetly caroll day and night:
And with strange notes, of him well vnderstood,
Lull him asleepe in Angel-like delight;
Whilst in sweet dreame to him presented bee
Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their diuine aspects, appearing plaine,
And kindling loue in him about all measure,
Sweet loue, still ioyous, neuer feeling paine.
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enjoy from ielous rancor free.

There liueth he in euerlasting blis,
Sweet spirit, neuer fearing more to die:
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing sauage beasts more crueltie;
Whilst we heere wretches waile his priuate lack,
And with vaine vowes do often call him back.

But liue thou there still happy, happy spirit,
And giue vs leaue thee heere thus to lament:
Not thee that doost thy heauens ioy inherit,
But our owne selues, that heere in dole are drent.
Thus doe we weepe and waile, and weare our eyes,
Mourning in others, our owne miseries.

Which when he ended had, another swaine,
Of gentle wit, and daintie sweet deuice,
Whom **A S T R O P H E L** full deare did entertaine,
Whilst heere he liu'd, and held in passing price;
Hight **T H E S T Y L I S**, began his mournful tourne,
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
And euery one in order lou'd him best,
Gan dight themselves t'expresse their inward woe,
With dolefull layes vnto the time addrest.
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse

The



The mourning Muse of *Thestylis*.

Come forth ye Nymphes, come forth,
 forsake your watry bowres,
 forsake your mosy caues,
 and help me to lament:
 Helpe me to tune my dolefull notes
 to gurgling found
 Of **L I F F I E S** tumbling streames;
 Come let salt teares of ours
 Mixe with his waters fresh.
 O come, let one consent
 Ioyne vs to mourne with wailefull plaints
 the deadly wound
 Which fatall clasp hath made;
 decreed by higher powres:
 The dreery day in which
 they haue from vs yrent
 The noblest plant that might
 from East to West be found.
 Mourne, mourne, great **P H I L I P**'s fall,
 mourne we his wofull end,
 Whom spightfull death hath pluckt
 vntimely from the tree,
 Whiles yet his yeares in flowre
 did promise worthy fruite.
 Ah dreadfull **M A R S**!
 why didst thou not thy knight defend?
 What wrathfull mood,
 what fault of ours hath mooued thee
 Of such a shining light
 to leaue vs destitute?
 Thou with benigne aspect
 sometime didst vs behold,
 Thou hast in **B A R T O N**'s valour
 rane delight of old,
 And with thy presence oft
 vouchsafst to attribute
 Fame and renowne to vs
 for glorious marshall deeds.
 But now their irefull beames
 haue chill'd our harts with cold,
 Thou hast estrange'd thy selfe,
 and deignest not our land:
 Farre off to others now,
 thy fauour honour breeds,
 And high disdain doth cause
 thee shunne our Chime (I feare)
 For hadst thou not bene wroth,
 or that time neere at hand,
 Thou wouldst haue heard the cry
 that wofull **E N G L A N D** made,

Eke **Z E L A N D**'s pitious plaints,
 and **H O L L A N D**'s storen haire
 Would haply haue appeald
 thy diuine angry mind:
 Thou shouldst haue seene the trees
 refuse to yeeld their shade,
 And wailing, to let fall
 the honour of their head,
 And birds in mournfull tunes
 lamenting in their kind.
 Vp from his tombe
 the mightie **C O R I N E Y**'s rose,
 Who cursing of the Fates
 that thus mishap had bred,
 His hoary locks he rare,
 calling the beaueus vnkind.
 The **T H A M E S** was heard to roare,
 the **R H E Y N E** and eke the **M O S E**,
 The **S C H A L D** the **D A N O V V** felie
 this great misfortune did rue,
 With torment and with griefe;
 their fountaines pure and cleare
 Were troubled, and with swelling floods
 declar'd their woes.
 The Muses comfortlesse,
 the Nymphs with pallid hue,
 The **S Y L V A N** Gods likewise
 came running farre and neare;
 And all with teares bedewd,
 and eyes cast vp on hie,
 O help, O help ye Gods,
 they gaskly gan to cry:
 O change the cruell fate
 of this so rare a wight,
 And grant that Natures course
 may measure out his age.
 The beasts their foode forsooke,
 and trembling fearefully,
 Each sought his caue or den,
 this cry did them so fright.
 Out from amid the waues,
 by storme then stirr'd to rage,
 This crie did cause to rise
 th'old father **O C E A N** hoare,
 Who graue with eld,
 and full of maicstie in sight,
 Spake in this wise:
 Refraine quoth hee, your teares & plaints,
 Cease these your idle words,
 make vaine requests no more.

The morning Muse of Thestylis.

No humble speech nor mone,
 may moue the fixed flint
 Of destitue or death?
 Such is his will that paints
 The earth with colours fresh;
 the darkeſt ſkies with ſtore
 Of ſtarry light: And though
 your teares a hart of flint
 Might tender make,
 yet nought heerein they will preuaile.
 Whiles thus he ſaid,
 the noble Knight, who gan to feele
 His vitall force to faint,
 and death with cruell dint
 Of direfull dart
 his mortall body to aſſaile,
 With eyes lift vp to heau'n,
 and courage franke as ſteele,
 With cheerefull face,
 where valour liuely was expreſſt,
 But humble mind, he ſaid;
 O Lord, it ought this fraile
 And earthly carcaſſe haue
 thy ſeruiſe ſought t' aduance,
 If my deſire haue been
 ſtill to relieue th' oppreſſt:
 If iuſtice to maintaine
 that valour I haue ſpent
 Which thou me gau'ſt;
 or if henceforth I might aduance
 Thy name, thy truth,
 then ſpare me (Lord) if thou thinke beſt;
 Forbear theſe vnrpie yeres.
 But if thy will be bent,
 If that prefixed time
 be come which thou haſt ſet,
 Through pure and ſeruent faith,
 I hope now to be plaſt
 In th' euerlaſting bliſſe,
 which with thy precious blood
 Thou purchaſe didſt for vs.
 With that, a ſigh he fet,
 And ſtraight a clouddie miſt
 his ſenſes ouer-caſt,
 His lips waxt pale and wan,
 like damaske roſes bud
 Caſt from the ſtalke,
 or like in field to purple flowre,
 Which languiſheth beeing ſhred
 by culter as it paſt.
 A trembling chilly cold
 ran through their veines, which were
 With eyes brim-full of teares
 to ſee his fatal howre,
 Whoſe bluſtring ſighes
 at firſt their ſorrow did declare,
 Next, murmuring caſude;
 at laſt they not forbore
 Plaine out-cries, all againſt
 the heau'n's, that enuioſly
 Deprid vs of a ſpright

ſo perfect and ſo rare.
 The Sun his lightſome beames
 did throwd, and hide his face
 For griefe, whereby the earth
 feard night eternally:
 The mountaines each where ſhooke,
 the riuers turnd their ſtreames,
 And th' ayre gan winter-like
 to rage and fret apace:
 And grilly ghoſts by night were ſcene,
 and fierie gleames,
 Amid the cloudes
 with claps of thunder, that did ſeeme
 To rent the ſkies,
 and made both man and beaſt aſcared:
 The birds of ill preſage
 this luckleſſe chance fore-told,
 By dernoſſe noiſe, and dogs
 with howling made men deeme
 Some miſchiefe was at hand:
 for ſuch they doe eſteeme
 As tokens of miſhap,
 and ſo haue done of oulde.
 Ah that thou hadſt but heard
 his louely S T A T I A plaine
 Her grieuous loſſe,
 or ſcene her heauie mourning cheere,
 While ſhe with woe oppreſt,
 her ſorrowes did ynfold.
 Her haire hung looſe neglect,
 about her ſhoulders twaine,
 And from thoſe two bright ſtartes,
 to him ſometime ſo deere,
 Her hart ſent drops of pearle,
 which fell in foynion downe
 Twixt Lilly and the Roſe.
 She wrong her hands with paine,
 And pitioſly gan ſay,
 My true and faithfull pheere,
 Alas, and woe is mee,
 why ſhould my fortune frowne
 On me, thus frowardly
 to rob me of my ioy?
 What cruell enuioſ hand
 hath taken thee away,
 And with thee my content,
 my comfort and my ſtay?
 Thou onely waſt the eaſe
 of trouble and annoy:
 When they did me aſſaile,
 in thee my hopes did reſt.
 Alas, what now is left but griefe,
 that night and day
 Afflicts this wofull life,
 and with continuall rage
 Torments ten thouſand waies
 my miſerable breſt?
 O greedie enuioſ heau'n,
 what needed thee to haue
 Eriſt with ſuch a Jewell
 this vnhappy age,

To

The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

To take it backe againe so soone?
 Alas, when shall
 Mine eyes see ought that may
 content them, since thy graue
 My onely treasure hides
 the ioyes of my poore hart?
 As here with thee on earth I liu'd,
 euen so equall
 Me thinks it were with thee
 in heau'n I did abide:
 And as our troubles all
 we heere on earth did part,
 So reason would that there
 of thy most happy state
 I had my share.
 Alas, if thou my trustie guide
 Were wont to be,
 how canst thou leaue me thus alone
 In darknesse and astray;
 weake, wearie, desolate,
 Plung'd in a world of woe,
 refusing for to take
 Me with thee, to the place of rest
 where thou art gone?
 This said, she held her peace,
 for sorrowe tide her tongue;
 And in stead of more words,
 seemd that her eyes a lake
 Of teares had been, they flow'd
 so plentifully therefro:
 And with her sobs and sighes,
 th'ayre round about her roong.
 If VENUS when she waild
 her deare ADONIS slaine,
 Ought mou'd in thy fierce heart
 compassion of her woe,
 His noble sisters plaints,
 her sighes and teares emong,
 Would sure haue made thee mild,
 and inly rue her paine:
 AVOR A halfe so faire,
 her selfe did neuer show,
 When from old TITHONS bed,
 shee weeping did arise.
 The blinded archer-boy,
 like Larke in showre of raine
 Sate bathing of his wings,
 and glad the time did spend
 Vnder those crystall drops,
 which fell from her faire eyes,
 And at their brightest beames
 him praynd in louely wise.
 Yet forie for her griefe,
 which he could not amend,
 The gentle boy gan wipe her eyes,
 and cleere those lights,
 Those lights through which,
 his glory and his conquests shine.
 The Graces tuckt her hairt,
 which hung like threads of gold,
 Along her lyoric brest

the treasure of delights.
 All things with her to weep,
 it seemed, did encline,
 The trees, the hills, the dales,
 the caues, the stones so cold.
 The ayre did helpe them mourne,
 with darke clouds, raine and mist,
 Forbearing many a day
 to cleare it selfe againe,
 Which made them cfufoones feare
 the dayes of PIRRA should
 Of creatures spoile the earth,
 their fatall threads vntwist.
 For PHOEBVS glad some raies
 were wished for in vaine,
 And with hir quivering light
 LATONA'S daughter faire,
 And CHARLES-VVAINEcke refus'd
 To be the shipmans guide.
 On NEPTVNE warre was made,
 By AEOIVS and his traine,
 Who letting loose the windes,
 rost and tormented th'ayre,
 So that on eu'ry coast
 men shipwrack did abide,
 Or else were swallowed vp
 In open sea with waues,
 And such as came to shoare,
 Were beaten with despaire.
 The Medwaies siluer streames,
 that wont so still to slide,
 Were troubled now and wroth:
 whole hidden hollow caues
 Along his banks with fog
 then throwded from mans eye,
 Aye PHILIP did resound,
 aye PHILIP they did cry.
 His Nymphs were seene no more
 (though custome still it craues)
 With haire spred to the wind
 Themselues to bathe or sport,
 Or with the hooke or net,
 barefooted wantonly
 The pleasant daintie fish
 to entangle or deceiue.
 The shepheards left
 their wonted places of resort,
 Their bagpipes now were still;
 their louing merry layes
 Were quite forgot; and now
 their flocks, men might perceiue
 To wander and to stray,
 all carelesly neglect.
 And in the stead of mirth,
 and pleasure, nights and dayes,
 Nought else was to be heard,
 but woes, complaints, and mone.
 But thou (O blessed soule)
 doost haply not respect
 These teares we shed,
 though full of louing pure aspect,

Hauing

The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

Having affixt thine eyes
on that most glorious throne,
Where full of maiestie
the high Creator raignes,
In whose bright shining face
thy ioyes are all complete,
Whose loue kindles thy spright;
where happy alwaies one,
Thou liu'st in blisse
that earthly passion neuer stains;
Where from the purest spring
the sacred Nectar sweet
Is thy continuall drinke:
where thou doost gather now
Of well employed life,
th'incalculable gaine.
Where VENUS on thee smiles,
APOLLO giues thee place,
And MARS in reuerent wise
doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery sphere,
to doe thee honour most.
In highest part whereof,

thy valour for to grace,
A chaire of gold he lets to thee,
and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew:
whereby euen they that boast
Themselues of auncient fame,
as PYRRHVS, HANNIBALL,
SCIPIO and CAESAR,
with the rest that did excell
In martiall prowesse,
high thy glory do admire.
All haile therefore,
ô worthy PHILIP immortal,
The flowre of SYDNEYs race,
the honour of thy name,
Whose worthy praile to sing,
my Muses not aspire;
But sorrowfull and sad
these teares to thee let fall,
Yet with their verses might
so farre and wide thy fame
Extend, that enuies rage,
nor time might end the same.



APL



A Pastorall Æglogue vpon the death of Sir
Philip Sidney, Knight, &c.
(..)

Lycon.

Colin.

COLIN, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine
This great misbap, this greuous losse of ours.
Hear'st thou the OROVN? how with hollow sound
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say vnto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, vnto the bared trees;
PHILLISIDES is dead. Vp jolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Helpe him to mourne. My hart with griefe doth freefe,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: But as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart. (teach

COLIN. Ah LYCON, LYCON, what need skill to
A grieved minde poure forth his plaints? how long
Hath the poore Turtle gone to schoole (ween'st thou)
To leaue to mourne her lost Make? No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heauie cheare.
What bird, I pray thee, hast thou seene, that prunes
Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or glad some sight appeare
Vnto thine eyes, since that same fatall howre?
Hath not the ayre put on his mourning coate,
And testified his griefe with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre
Doth vs inuite to make a sad consort;
Come let vs ioyne our mournfull song with theirs.
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce
Thy voice, and Eccho will our words report.

LYC. Though my rude rimes, ill with thy verses
That others farre excell; yet will I force (frame,
My selfe to answer thee the best I can,
And honour my base words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or caue; vouchsafe, & P A N,
To pardon me, and heare this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall Muses, that doe dwell

In these wilde woods; If euer pitious plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull mind
With words of pure affect, his griefe to tell,
Instruct me now. Now COLIN then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behind.

COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O harmful death,
O deadly harme, Vnhappy ALBION,
When shalt thou see among thy shepheards all,
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom vneath
Enuie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the sacred P A L E S, where with haire
Vntrust she sits, in shade of yonder hill,
And her faire face bent sadly downe, doth send
A flood of teares to bathe the earth; and there
Doth call the heauens despightfull, enuious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end
Of that same life, well worthy to haue been
Prolongd with many yeeres, happy and famous.
The Nymphs and OR E A D E S her round about
Doe sit lamenting on the grassie Greene;
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest breasts,
Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
To giue the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,
That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groues they shun;
They leaue their crystall springs, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of Myrtle twigs and Laurell faire,
To sport themselves free from the scorching Sun.
And now the hollow caues where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence banisht is the glad some aire,
They seeke; and there in mourning spend their rime,
With wailefull tunes, whiles wolues do howle & barke,
And seeme to beare a burden to their plaint.

LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O dolefull rime;
Why should my tongue expresse thee? who is left
Now to vphould thy hopes, when they doe faint,
LYCON vnfortunate? What spightfull fate,
What lucklesse destinie hath thee bereft
Of thy chiefe comfort; of thy onely stay?
Whete is become thy wonted happie state,
(Alas) wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleasant woods, & many an vnknown way,
Along

A Pastorall Aeglogue.

Along the banks of many silver streames,
Thou with him yodest; and with him didst scale
The craggy rocks of th'Alpes and APPENNINE?
Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames
Of vertue kindled in his noble breast,
Which after did so gloriously forth shine?
But (woe is me) they now quenched are
All suddainly, and death hath them opprest.
Loe father NEPTVNE, with sad countenance,
How he sits mourning on the strand now bare,
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rousing waues
The white feete washeth (wayling this mischance)
OF D O V E R-cliffes, His sacred skirt about
The Sea-gods all are set; from their moist caues
All for his comfort gather'd there they be.
The THAMIS rich, the HVMBER rough & stout,
The fruitfull SEVERNE, with the rest are come
To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to see
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall
Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.
And all their heads with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd
With wofull shrikes salute him great and small.
Eke wailfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
NARCISVS, their last accents, doth resound,
COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O lucklesse age;
O widow world; O brookes and fountaines cleare;
O hills, O dales, O woods that oft haue rong
With his sweet caroling, which could aswage
The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare:
Ye Sylusns, Pawnes, and Satyres, that among
These thickets oft haue daunst after his pipe,
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden haire,
That oft haue left your purest crystall springs
To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe
Away all griefe and sorrow from your harts.
Alas! vvhoe now is left that like him sings?
When shall you heare againe like harmonie?
So sweet a sound, who to you now imparts?

Loe, where engraued by his hand yet liues
The name of S T I L L A, in yonder Bay tree.
Happy name, happy tree, faire may you grow,
And spread your sacred branch, which honour giues,
To famous Emperors; and Poets crowne,
Vnhappy flocke that wander scattured now,
What maruell if through griefe ye woxen leane,
Forake your foodde, and hang your heads adowne.
For such a shepheard neuer shall you guide,
Whose parting bath of weale bereft you cleane.
LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O happy sprite,
That now in heau'n with blessed soules doost bide:
Looke downe a while from where thou sittest aboue,
And see how busie shepheards be to indite
Sad songs of griefe, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kind loue.
Behold my selfe with COLIN, gentle swaine
(Whose learned Muse thou cherishest most whyleare)
Where we thy name recording, seeke to ease,
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to vs both hath bred;
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountaines now left desolate,
And withred grasse with Cypres boughes bespred,
Behold these flowres which on thy graue we strew;
Which faded, shew the giuers faded state,
Though eke they shew their seruent zeale and pure;
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose prayers importune shall the heau'ns for aye,
That to thy almes, rest they may assure:
That learnedst shepheards honour may thy name
With yeerely praises, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tombe may decke with fresh & sweetest flowres;
And that for euer may endure thy fame.
COL. The Sun (so) hastned bath his face to steepe
In Western waues: and th' ayre with stormie showres
Warnes vs to driue homewards our silly sheepe,
LYCON, let's rise, and take of them good keepe.

Virtute summa: cetera fortuna.
L. B.

An





AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PAS-
sion, for his *Astrophell*.

Written vpon the death of the right Honourable Sir
Phillip Sydney, Knight, Lord Gouvernour
of Flushing.

As then no winde at all there blew,
Not swelling cloude accloid the ayre,
The skie, like glasse of watchet hew,
Reflected PHOEBVS golden haire,
The garnisht tree, no pendant sturd,
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion King, the Elephant,
The maiden Vnicorne was there,
Sowas ACTEONS horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

ALCIDE speckled Poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs doe obtaine,
With loue-iuyce stained the Mulberie,
The fruite that dewes the Poets braine,
And PHILLES philbert there away,
Comarde with Myrtle and the Bay.

The tree that coffins dorth adorne,
With stately height threatening the skie,
And for the bed of Loue forlorne,
The blacke & dolefull Ebōnie,
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an Amphitheater.

Vpon the branches of those trees
The aerie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort in this, another that.
Here PHILOMEL, that knowes ful well,
Whar force and wit in loue dorth dwell.

The skie-bred Eagle, royall bird,
Percht there vpon an Oke aboue,
The Turtle by him neuer stird,

Example of immortall loue.
The Swan, that sings about to die,
Leauing MENDERS, stood thereby.

And that which was of wonder most,
The Phcenix left sweet Arabic:
And on a Ceder in this coast,
Built vp her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture by the same,
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groueling on the grasse:
A man or stone, I knew not that,
No stone: of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More then the image made of stone.

At length I might perceiue him reare
His body on his elbowe end:
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
Vpon his knees he vpward tend,
Seeming like one in vncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might haue torne the vitall strings.
Then downe his cheekes the teares so flowes,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the clowd in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine.
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine.
After his throbs did some-what stay,
Thus heauily he gan to say.

O sunne,

An Elegie.

O Iunne, said he, seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why doost thou shine ?
My starre is false, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of mine eie.
Shine vpon those possesse delight,
And let me liue in endles night.

O griefe that liest vpon my soule,
As heauie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Comfort me quickly with the dead.
Halfe of this hart, this spirit and will,
Di'de in the brest of ASTROPHIL.

And you compassionate of my woe,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
I am asurde ye long to know,
What be the sorrowes me agreeu's.
Listen ye then to that ioluth,
And heare a tale of teares and ruth.

You knew, who knew not ASTROPHIL?
(That I should liue to say I knew,
And haue not in possession still)
Things knowne permit me to renew:
Of him, you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare too much.

Within these wods of ARCADIE,
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke:
And on the mountaine PARTHENIE,
Vpon the cryfall liquid brooke,
The Mules met him eu'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe the mount,
His personage seem'd most diuine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Vpon his louely cheerefull eie.
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance giuen by lookes
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell-bookes.
I trowe that count'nance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye,

Was neuer eye, did see that face,
Was neuer eare, did heare that tong,
Was neuer mind, did mind his grace,
That euer thought the trauell long:
But eyes, and eares, and eu'ry thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare deserts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leaue vs than,
And we to wish for him in vaine!
O could the starres that bred that wis,
In force no longer fixed sit?

Then beeing fild with learned dew,
The Mules willed him to loue,
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will moue.
As BACCHVS opes dissembled harts:
So loue lets out our better parts.

STELLA, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of beau'nly blis,
The highest in his fancie flood,
And shee could well demerite this.
Tis likely they acquainted soone,
He was a Sun, and she a Moore.

Our ASTROPHIL did STELLA loue,
O STELLA vaunt of ASTROPHIL,
Albeit thy graces gods may moue,
Where wilt thou find an ASTROPHIL?
The rose and lillie haue their prime,
And so hath beaute but a time.

Although thy beaurie doe exceede,
In common fight of eu'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we recede,
It is apparant more thereby.
He that hath loue and iudgement tog,
Sees more than any others do.

Then ASTROPHIL hath honored thee:
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And liue by vertue of his inke;
For by his verses he doth giue,
To short liue beaurie, aye to liue.

Above all others, this is bee,
Which erst approued in his song,
That loue and honour might agree,
And that pure loue will doe no wrong.
Sweet faints, it is no sinne nor blame,
To loue a man of vertuous name.

Did neuer loue so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before:
Did neuer Male inspire beneath,
A Poets braine with finer store:
He wrote of loue with high conceit,
And beaurie reard about her height.

Then PALLAS afterward attyrd
Our ASTROPHIL with her deuice,
Whom in his armor heauen admyrd,
As of the nation of the skies:
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fiery starres.

The blaze whereof when MARs beheld,
(An enuious eye doth see afar.)
Such maiestie, quoth he, is feld,
Such maiestie my mart may mar:
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set MARs by his deitie.

An Epitaph.

In this surmize he made with speede
An Iron case, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes doth breed,
The flame and bolt together flut,
With priuite force burst out againe,
And so our *ASTROPHIL* was flaine.

This word (was flain) straightway did moue,
And nature's inward life strings twitch,
The skie immediately aboue,
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch;
The wrastling winds from out the ground,
Fild all the ayre with rattling found.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall;
The Forrest beasts made ruttfull moone;
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And *PHILOMEL* for *ASTROPHIL*,
Vnto her notes annext a phill.

The Turtle Dove with tunes of ruth
Shew'd feeling passion of his death,
Methought she said, I tell the truth,
Was neuer he that drew in breath,
Vnto his loue more ruttie found,
Than he for whom our griefes abound.

The Swan that was in presence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing,
Good things, quoth he, may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedy wing.
This mortall life, as death is tride,
And death giues life, and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made
Among the creatures of each kind,
Fired the Phoenix where she laid,
Her ashes flying with the wind,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phoenix nere should bee.

Haply the cinders driuen about,
May breed an offspring neere that kind,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt.
It cannot sinke into my mind,
That vnder-branches ere can bee
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Eagle, markt with pearcing sight,
The mouerfull habit of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifie to *LOVE* the case,
What sorrow Nature doth sustaine,
For *ASTROPHIL*, by enuie flaine.

And while I follow'd, with mine eye,
The flight the Eagle vpwatooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke;
The trees, beasts, birds, & groue was gone;
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought
A deepe compassion in my spright,
My molting hart illude, methought,
In streames forth at mine eyes aright,
And heere my pen is forc't to shrink,
My teares discolour to mine inke.

An Epitaph vpon the right Honourable Sir *Philip Sidney*, Knight: Lord Gouvernour of Flushing.

TO praise thy life, or waile thy worthy death,
And want thy wit, thy wit, high, pure diuine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obdurde in secret brest,
And loue that enuie in thy life suppress,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that fild the rising Sun hath fought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelisse fate.

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,
Nor lesse then such (by gifts that Nature gaue,
The common mother that all creatures haue)
Doth vertue shew, and princely linage shine.

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly mind,
That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere

For this base world, and hath resumed it neere,
To sit in skies, and fort with powers diuine.

Kent thy birth daie, and Oxford held thy youth,
The heauens made hast, and staid nor yeeres, nor time;
The fruites of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy words; thy words, the scales of truth:

Great gifts and wisdom are employd thee thence,
To treat from kings, with those more great then kings;
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence:

Whence, to sharp warres sweet honour did thee call,
Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends:
Of worthy men, the markes, the liues and ends;
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might;
Thy rising day, law neuer wofull night;
But past with praise, from off this worldly stage.

C

Backe

An Elegie.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after, thy long fame;
Teares to the souldiers, the proud *Castilians* shame;
Vertue exprest, and honour truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath wooon,
Young yeares, for endlesse yeares, and hope vnure
Of fortune's gifts, for wealth that still shall dure?
Oh happie race with so great praises runne.

England doth hold thy limmes that bred the fame;
Flanders thy valour, where it last was tried;
The Campe thy sorrow, where thy bodie died;
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame;

Nations thy wit; our mindes lay vp thy loue;
Letters thy learning; thy losse, yeeres long to come;
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe;
Thy soule and spright enrich the heauens aboue.

Thy liberall hart imbalm'd in gratefull teares,
Young sighes, (sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy fall;
Enuie her sting, and sight hath left her gull,
Malice her selfe a mourning garment wears.

That day their *HANNIBAL* died, our *SCIPIO* fell,
SCIPIO, *CICERO*, & *PETRARCH* of our time,
Whole vertues wounded by my worthless rime,
Let Angels speake, and heauen thy praises tell.

An other of the same.

Silence augmenteth griefe,
writing increaseth rage,
Stald are my thoughts, which lou'd,
and lost, the wonder of our age:
Yet quickned now with fire,
though dead with frost ere now,
Enrag'd I write, I knowe not what:
dead, quick, I knowe not how.

Hard-harted minds relent,
and rigors teares abound,
And enuie strangely rues his end,
in whom no fault she found,
Knowledge her light hath lost,
valor hath slaine her knight,
SIDNEY is dead, dead is my friend,
dead is the world's delight.

Place peniue wailes his fall,
whose preface was her pride,
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come:
his life was my spring tide.
Fame mournes in that she lost
the ground of her reports;
Each living wight laments his lack,
and all in sundry sorts.

He was (wo worth that word)
to each well thinking mind,
A sportlesse friend, a marchlesse man,
whose vertue euer shind,
Declaring in his thoughts,
his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights,
and deepest works of wit.

He onely like himselfe,
was second vnto none,
Whose death (though life) we rue, and
and all in vaine doe mone; (wrong.
Their losse, not him waile they,
that fill the world with cries;
Death slew not him, but he made death
his ladder to the skies.

Now sinke of sorrow I,
who liue, the more the wrong,
Who wishing death, whom death denies,
whose thred is all too long,
Who tied to wretched life,
who looks for no reliefe,
Must spend my euer dying dayes,
in neuer ending griefe.

Harts ease and onely I,
like parallels runne on,
Whole equall length, keepe equall bredth,
and neuer meet in one;
Yet for not wronging him,
my thoughts my sorrowes cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will,
for liking him so well.

Farewell to you my hopes,
my woonted waking dreames;
Farewell sometimes enioyed ioy,
eclipsed are thy beames,
Farewell false-pleasing thoughts,
which quietnesse brings forth,
And farewell friendships sacred league,
vniting minds of worth.

And farewell merry hart,
the gift of guiltlesse minds,
And all sports, which for liues restore,
varietie assignes.
Let all that sweet is void;
in me no mirth may dwell,
PHILIP, the cause of all this woe,
my lifes content, farewell.

Now Rime, the sonne of rage,
which art no kin to skill,
And endlesse griefe, which deads my life,
yet knowes not how to kill,
Goe seeke that haplesse toombe,
which if ye hap to find,
Salute the stonies, that keepe the limmes,
that held so good a mind.

FINIS.



PROTHALA MION

OR
A SPOVSALL VERSE: MADE
by *Edmuude Spenser,*

In honour of the double mariage of the two
Honourable and vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Elizabeth*, and the Ladie *Ka-
therine Somerset*; Daughters to the Right Honourable the Earle of
Worcester: and espoused to the two worthy Gentlemen,
M. Henry Gifford, and *M. William Peter*,
Esquires.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowres.*
1617.

THE
ARTS
AND
MANUFACTURES
OF
THE
KINGDOM OF
ENGLAND

IN
THE
YEAR
OF
OUR
LORD
1817

AND
IN
THE
YEAR
OF
OUR
LORD
1817



AT
LONDON
Printed by A. L. for J. M. and J. W. 1817



PROTHALAMION.

CAlme was the day, & through the trembling ayre,
Sweet-breathing ZEPHYRVS did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot TITANS beames, which then did glyster faire;
When I, whom fullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes Court, and expectation vaine
Of idle hopes, which still doe flie away
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my braine,
Walkt forth to ease my paine
Along the shoare of siluer streaming THEMES,
Whose ruddy Banke, the which his Riuer hemmes,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorn'd with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramoures,
Against the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Riuers side,
A flock of Nymphes I chaunced to spy,
All louely daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose vntye,
As each had beene a Bryde,
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket:
And with fine fingers, cropt full featcously
The tender stalkes on hie.
Of euery sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at euening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose urew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To deck their Bridegroomes posies,
Against the Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

With that, I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe,
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did neuer see:
The snowe which doth the top of PINDVS strewe,
Did neuer whiter shewe,

Nor IOWS himsefe when he a Swan would be,
For loue of LEDA, whiter did appeare:
Yet LEDA was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare.
So purely white they were,
That euen the gentle streame, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bade his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their faire plumes, with water not so faire,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heauens light,
Against their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Esloones the Nymphes, which now had flowers their
Ran all in haste, to see that siluer broode (fill,
As they came floting on the crystall Flood.
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill.
Them seem'd they neuer saw a sight so fayre
Of Fowles so louely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the Skie draw VENVS siluer Teeme.
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breed:
Yet were they bred of SOMMERS-HEAT, they say,
In sweetest Season, when each Flower and weed
The earth did fresh ayre,
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Euen as their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of Flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
AN which, vpon those goodly Birds they threw,
And all the Waues did strewe,
That like old PENEVS Waters they did seeme,
When down along by pleasant TEMPEs shore (streem,
Scattered with Flowers, through THESALY they
That they appeare through Lillies plentious store,
Like a Brides Chamber flore:

PRO THALAMION.

Two of those Nymphs, mean-while two garlands boild
Of freshest Flowres, which in that Mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim Array,
Their snowie Foreheads therewithall they crown'd,
Whil'st one did sing this Lay,
Prepar'd against that day,
Against their Bridale day, which was not long :
Sweet T H E M M E s runne softly, till I end my Song.

Ye gentle Birds, the worlds faire ornament,
And heauens glory, whom this happy hower
Doth lead vnto your louers blisfull bower,
Ioy may you haue, and gentle hearts content
Of your loues complement :
And let faire V E N V s, that is Queene of loue,
With her hart-quelling Sonne vpon you smile,
Whose smile they say, hath vertue to remoue
All loues dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For euer to assaile.
Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed Plentie waite vpon your bord,
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your ioyes redound,
Vpon your Bridale day, which is not long :
Sweet T H E M M E s runne softly, till I end my Song.

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her vnder-song,
Which sayd, their Bridale day should not be long.
And gentle Eccho, from the neighbour ground,
Their accents did resound.
So forth, those ioyous Birdes did passe along,
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde lowe,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by signes his glad affection shoue,
Making his streame runne slowe.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twayne, that did excell
The rest, so far, as C Y N T H I A doth shend
The lesser starres. So they entanged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best seruice lend,
Against their wedding day, which was not long :
Sweet T H E M M E s runne softly, till I end my Song.

At length they all to merry L O N D O N came,
To merry L O N D O N, my most kindly Nurse,
That to me gaue this Lifes first natie source :
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of auncient fame.

There when they came, whereas those bricky towres,
The which on T H E M M E s brode aged back doth ride,
Where now the Rudious Lawyers haue their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to bide,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next wherevnto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feesle my friendlesse case:
Bur ah ! heere fits not well
Old woes, but ioyes to tell
Against the Bridale day, which is not long :
Sweet T H E M M E s runne softly, till I end my Song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peere,
Great Englands glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name, late through all Spaine did thund.
And H E R C V L E s two pillars standing heere, (der,
Did make to quake and feare :
Faire branch of Honour, flower of Cheualrie,
That fillest England with thy triumphs fame,
Ioy haue thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiteth the same :
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes,
Thy Country may be freed from forraigne harmes :
And great E L I S A E s glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide Alarmes,
Which some braue Muse may sing
To ages following,
Vpon the Bridale day, which is not long :
Sweet T H E M M E s runne softly, till I end my Song.

From those high Towers, this noble Lord issuing,
Like radiant H E S P E R, when his golden haire
In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathed faire,
Descended to the Riuer open viewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
About the rest were goodly to be scene
Two gentle Knights of louely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any Queene,
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature:
That like the twines of I O V E they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heauens bright.
They two forth passing to the Riuer side,
Receiu'd those two faire Brides, their loues delight,
Which arth' appointed tide,
Each one did make his Bride,
Against their Bridale day, which is not long :
Sweet T H E M M E s runne softly, till I end my Song,
FINIS.

AMO-



AMORETTI
AND
EPITHALAMION.

VVritten by *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.*, for *Mathew Lownes.*
1617.



AT LONDON
Printed by H. A. for M. J. B. 1817



AMORETTI.

G.W. senior, to the Author.

DArke is the day, when Phœbus face is shrowded,
And weaker sights may wander soone astray:
But when they see his glorious raies vnclouded,
With steady steps they keepe the perfect way:
So while this Muse in forraine Land doth stay,
Inuention weepes, and pennes are cast aside,
The time like night, deprin'd of chearfull day,
And few doe write, but (ah) too soone may slide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,
Daunting therby our neighbors ancient pride,
That do for poesie, challenge chiefeft name:
So we that liue, and ages that succeed,
With great applause thy learned works shall reed.

AH Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Piping to shepheards thy sweet roundelays:
Or whether singing in some lofty vaine,
Heroicke deeds, of past, or present dayes:
Or whether in thy lovely Mistresse praise,
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill, (please;
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to
With rare inuention, beautified by skill,
As who therein can euer soy: them fill!
O therefore let that happy Muse proceed
To clime the height of vertues sacred hill,
Where endlesse honour shal be made thy meed;
Because no malice of succeeding daies
Can raise those records of thy lasting praise.
G.W.I.

SONNET I.

HAppy ye leaues, when as those lilly hands
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in lones soft bands,
like captiues trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines, on which with starry light,
chose lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to looke
and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
written with teares in harts close bleeding booke,
And happy rimes bath'd in the sacred brooke
of **H E L I O N** whence she deriued is,
when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
my soules long lacked foode, my heauens blis,
Leaues, lines and rimes, seeke her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

VNquiet thought, whom at the first I bred,
of th' inward bale of my lone pined hart:
and sithe thus haue with fighes and sorrowes fed,
till greater then my wombe thou woxen art:
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
in which thou lurkest like to vipers brood:
and seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
and also to sustaine thy selfe with food.

But if in presence of that fairest proud
thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet:
and with meeke humbleesse and afflicted mood,
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.
Which if she grant, then liue, and my loue cherish:
If not, die soone, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET III.

THe soueraigne beautie which I doe admire,
witnesseth the world how worthy to be praised:
the light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire,
in my fraile spirit, by her from balence raised;
That being now with her huge brightnes dazed,
bale thing I can no more endure to view:
but looking still on her, I stand amazed,
at wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.
So when my tongue would speake her praises dew,
it stopped is with thoughts astonishment:
and when my pen would write her titles true,
it raiust is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my my hart I then both speake and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IIII.

New yeare forth looking out of **I A N V S** gate,
doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:

and

SONNETS.

and bidding th'old Adieu, his pasted date
bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright,
And calling forth out of sad Winters night,
fresh loue, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower,
wils him awake, and soone about him dight
his wanton wings, and darts of deadly power.
For lustie Spring now in his timely howre,
is ready to come forth, him to receiue:
and warne the Earth with diuers colourd flowre
to decke her selfe, and her faire mantle weaue.
Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth raine,
Prepare your selfe, new loue to entertaine.

SONNET V.

RVdely thou wrongest my deate harts desire,
in finding fault with her too portly pride:
the thing which I doe most in her admire,
is of the world vnworthy most enuide.
For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
sorne of base things, & sdeigne of foule dishonor:
threatning rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
that loofely they ne dare to looke vpon her.
Such pride is praise, such portlineffe is honor,
that boldned innocence beares in her eyes:
and her faire countenance like a goodly banner,
spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was neuer in this world ought worthy tride,
Without some sparke of such selfe-pleasing pride.

SONNET VI.

BE nought dismayd that her vnmooued mind
doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
such loue, not like to lusts of baser kind,
the harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
is long ere it conceiue the kindling fire:
but when it once doth burne, it doth diuide
great heate, & makes his flames to heauen aspire.
So, hard it is to kindle new desire,
in gentle brest that shall endure for euer:
deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
with chaste affects, that nought but death can seuer.
Then thinke not long in taking little paine
To knit the knot, that euer shall remaine.

SONNET VII.

FAire eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart;
what wondrous vertue is containd in you,
the which both life and death forth from you dart
into the obiekt of your mightie view?
For when ye mildly looke with louely hew,
then is my soule with life and loue inspired:
hut when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
then doe I die, as one with lightning fired.
But since that life is more then death desired,
looke euer louely, as becomes you best,
that your bright beams of my weak eyes admired,
may kindle liuing fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honour of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

More then most faire, full of the liuing fire,
kindled aboue vnto the maker neere:
no eyes but ioyes, in which all powers conspire,
that to the world nought else be counted deare;
Through your bright beames doth not the blinded guest
shoote out his darts to base affections wound:
but Angels come to leade fraile minds to rest
in chaste desires, on heauenly beautie bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within,
you stop my tongue, and teach my hart to speake,
you calme the storme that passion did begin,
strong through your cause, but by your vertue weake,
Darke is the world, where your light shined neuer;
Well is he borne, that may behold you euer.

SONNET IX.

Long while I sought to what I might compare
those powrefull eyes, which lighten my dark spright
yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
resemble th' image of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun: for they doe shine by night;
nor to the Moone: for they are changed neuer;
nor to the starres: for they haue purer sight;
nor to the fire: for they consume not euer;
Nor to the lightning: for they still perseuere;
nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;
nor vnto Crystall: for nought may them seuer;
nor vnto glasse: such baseness might offend her.
Then to the Maker selfe they likest bee,
Whose light doth lighten all that heere we see.

SONNET X.

VNrighteous Lord of loue, what law is this,
that me thou makest thus tormented be?
the whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
of her free-will, scorning both thee and me.
See how the Tyrannesse doth ioy to see
the huge massacres vvich her eyes do make,
and humbled harts bring captiues vnto thee,
that thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.
But her proud heart doe thou a little shake
and that high looke, with which she doth controll
all this worldes pride, bow to a baser make,
and all her faults in thy blacke booke enroll:
That I may laugh at her in equall fort,
As she at me, & makes my paine her sport.

SONNET XI.

DAily when I doe seeke and sue for peace,
and hostages doe offer for my truth:
she cruell warrior doth her selfe addresse
to battell, and the wearie war reneweth.
Ne will be moou'd with reason or with ruth,
to grant small respite to my restless toile:
but greedily her fell intent pursueth,
of my poore life to make vn pittied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all forrowes to affoile,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie:
but then she seekes with torment and turmelle,
to force me liue, and will not let me die.

SONNETS.

All paine hath end, and euery war hath peace :
But mine, no price nor prayer may surceale.

SONNET XII.

ONe day I fought with her hart-thrilling eyes
to make a truce, and termes to entertaine:
all fearelesse then of so false enemies,
which fought me to entrap in treasons traine.
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
a wicked ambush which lay hidden long,
in the close couert of her guilefull eyen
thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,
was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands :
who me captiuing straight with rigorous wrong,
haue euer since kept me in cruell bands.
So Lady, now to you I doe complaine,
Against your eyes, that iustice I may gaine.

SONNET XIII.

IN that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
whiles her faire face her reares vp to the skie,
and to the ground her eye-lids lowe embaceth,
most goodly temperature ye may descry,
Mild humblestie, mixt with awfull maiestie.
for looking on the earth whence she was borne,
her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
what so is fairest shall to earth returne.
But that same lostie countenance seemes to scorne
base thing, and thinke how she to heauen may clime :
treading downe earth, as loathsome and forlorne,
that hinders heavenly thoughts with drossie slime.
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,
Such lowlinesse shall make you lostie be.

SONNET XIII.

Returne againe my forces late dismayd,
vnto the sieg by you abandon'd quite,
greate shame it is to leaue, like one afraid,
so faire a peece, for one repulse so light.
Gainst such strong castles needeth greater might
then those small forces, ye were wont belay ;
such haughty minds enur'd to hardy fight,
disdaine to yeeld vnto the first assay.
Bring therefore all the forces that yee may,
and lay incessant batterie to her hart,
plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
those engines can the proudest loue conuert :
And if those faile, fall downe and die before her :
So dying liue, and liuing doe adore her.

SONNET XV.

YE tradefull Merchants, that with wearie toyle,
doe seek most precious things to make your gaine :
and both the Indias of their treasure spoile,
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine ?
For loe, my loue doth in herselfe containe
all this worlds riches that may farre be found ;
if Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine,
if Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies found :

If Pearles, her teeth be pearles, both pure and round :
if Iuorie, her forehead Iuorie weene ;
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground ;
if Siluer, her faire hands are siluer sheene :
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

ONe day as I vnwarly did gaze
on those fayre eyes my loues immortall light,
the whiles my stonish hart stood in a maze,
through sweet illusion of her lookes delight ;
I mote perceiue how in her glancing sight,
legions of loues with little wings did flie :
daring their deadly arrowes fierie bright,
at euery rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
ayming his arrow at my very hart :
wher suddenly with twinkle of her eye,
the Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had shee not so done, sure I had been flaine :
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

SONNET XVII.

THe glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
made to amaze weake mens confus'd skill,
and this worlds worthlesse glory to embrace,
what pen, what pensill can expresse her fill ?
For though he colours could deuize at will,
and eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
least trembling, it his workmanship should spill,
yet many wondrous things there are beside.
The sweet eye-glances, that like arrowes glide,
the charming smiles, that rob sense from the hart :
the louely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
cannot expresse'd be by any art.
A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth need,
That can expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THe rolling wheele that runneth often round,
the hardest Steele in tract of time doth teare :
and drizzling drops that often doe redound,
the firmest flint doth in continuance weare :
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare,
and long intreatie soften her hard hart :
that she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
or looke with pittie on my painefull smart.
But when I plead, she bids me play my part,
and when I weepe, she sayes, Teares are but water :
and when I sigh, she sayes, I knowe the art :
and when I wale, she turnes her selfe to laughter.
So doe I weepe and wale, and plead in vaine,
Whiles she as Steele and flint doth still remaine.

SONNET XIX.

THe merry Cuckowe, messenger of Spring,
his trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded :
that warnes all louers waite vpon their king,
who now is comming forth with girland crowned.

Wit

SONNETS.

With noyle whereof the quire of Birds resounded
their anthemes sweet deuized of floues praise,
that all the woods their Ecchoes back rebounded,
as if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loues honour raise,
no word was heard of her that most it ought,
but she his precept proudly disobayes,
and doth his idle message let at nought.
Therefore, O loue, vntill she turne to thee
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

SONNET XX.

In vaine I seeke and sue to her for grace,
and doe mine humble hart before her poure;
the whiles her foote she in my necke doth place,
and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
and raigneth ouer euery beast in field,
in his most pride disdeigneth to deuour
the silly Lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruell and more salvage wild,
then eyther Lyon, or the Lionesse,
shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defilde,
but taketh glory in her cruellnesse.
Fairer then fairest, let none euer say,
That yewere blooded in a yeelded pray.

SONNET XXI.

VVAs it the worke of Nature or of Art,
which tempted to the feature of her face,
that pride and meeknes mixt by equall part,
doe both appeare to adorne her beauties grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
she to her loue doth lookers eyes allure;
and with sterne count'ance backe againe doth chace
their looser looks that stir vp lustes impure.
With such strange traines her eyes she doth inure,
that with one lopke she doth my life dismay;
and with another doth it straight recure,
her smile me drawes, her frowne me driues away.
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her looks,
Such art of eyes, I neuer read in bookes.

SONNET XXII.

THis holy season, fit to fast and pray,
men to deuotion ought to be inclin'd:
therefore, I likewise on so holy day,
for my sweet Saint some seruice fit will find.
Her temple faire is built within my mind,
in which her glorious image placed is,
on which my thoughts doe day and night attend,
like sacred priests that neuer thinke amis:
There I to her, as th'author of my blis,
will build an altar to appease her ire,
and on the same my hart will sacrifice,
burning in flames of pure and chaste desire:
The which vouchsafe, O goddesse to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relics to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE for her VLYSSES sake,
deuiz'd a Web her wooers to deceaue:

in which, the worke that shee all day did make,
the same at night she did againe reweave:
Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
th'importune sute of my desire to shewne:
for, all that I in many daies doe weaue,
in one short houre I find by heauy downe:
So when I thinke, to end that I begunne,
I must begin and neuer bring to end:
for with one looke, she spins that long I sponne,
and with one word my whole yeares work doth rend.
Such labour like the Spydres web I find,
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wind.

SONNET XXIII.

When I behold that beauties wonderment,
and race perfection of each godly part:
of natures skill the onely complement,
I honour and admire the makers art.
But when I feeble the bitter balefull smart,
which her faire eyes vnto waies doe worke in mee:
thap death out of their shyny beames doe dart,
I thinke that I anew PANDORA see;
Whom all the Gods in counsell did agree,
into this finfull world from heauen to send:
that she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
for all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

How long shall this like dying life endure,
and know no end of her owne miserie?
but waste and weare away in termes vnsure,
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
and shew the last ensample of your pride,
then to torment me thus with crueltie,
to proue your power, which I too well haue tride.
But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
a close intent at last to shew me grace:
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
as meanes of blis I gladly will embrace;
And with that more and greater they might be,
That greater meed at last may turne to me.

SONNET XXVI.

Sweet is the Rose, but growes vpon a breere;
sweet is the Ianipere, but sharpe his bough;
sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh neere;
sweet is the sic bloome, but his branches rough:
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rind is tough,
sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
and sweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.
So euery sweet with soure is tempered still,
that maketh it be coueted the more:
for easie things that may be got at will,
most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I account of little paine,
That endlesse pleasure shall vnto me gaine?

SON.

SONNETS.

SONNET XXVII.

FAire proud, now tell me, why should faire be proud,
 fith all worlds glory is but drosse vnclean?
 and in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
 how-euer now thereof ye little weene.
 That goodly Idoll now so gay befeene,
 shall doffe her fleshes borrowd faire attire:
 and be forgot as it had neuer been,
 that many now much worship and admire.
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,
 ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
 but what this verse, that neuer shall expire,
 shall to you purchase with her thanklesse paine.
 Faire, be no longer proud of that shall perish:
 But that which shall you make immortall, cherish.

SONNET XXVIII.

THe Laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare,
 giues me great hope of your relenting mind:
 for since it is the badge which I doe beare,
 ye bearing it, doe seeme to me inclin:
 The power thereof, which oft in me I find,
 let it likewise your gentle brest inspire
 with sweet infusion, and put you in mind
 of that proud mayd, whom now those leaues attyre.
 Proud **DAPHNE**, scorning **Phœbus** louely fire,
 on the **Thessalian** shore from him did flee:
 for which the gods in their reuengefull ire
 did her transforme into a Laurell tree.
 Then flie no more faire **Loue** from **Phœbus** chace,
 But in your brest his leafe and loue embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEe how the stubborne damzell doth deprau
 my simple meaning with disdainfull scorne:
 and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
 accounts my selfe her captiue quite forlorne.
 The bay, quoth she, is of the **Victors** borne,
 yeelded, them by the vanquisht as their meeds,
 and they there-with doe Poets heads adorne,
 to sing the glory of their famous deeds.
 But fith she will the conquest challenge needs,
 let her acceptme as her faithfull thrall,
 that her great triumph which my skill exceeds,
 I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.
 Then would I deck her head with glorious bayes,
 And fill the world with her victorious prayse.

SONNET XXX.

MY **Loue** is like to **Ice**, and I to fire;
 how comes it then that this her cold so great
 is not dissolu'd through my so hot desire,
 but harder growes the more I her intreat?
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 is not delayd by her hart frozen cold:
 but that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
 and feele my flames augmented manifold?
 What more miraculous thing may be told,
 that fire which all thing melts, should harden **Ice**:
 and **Ice**, which is congeald with senselesse cold,
 should kindle fire by wonderfull deuise?

Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,
 That it can alter all the course of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

AH, why hath nature to so hard a hart
 giuen so goodly gifts of beauties grace?
 whose pride deprauces each other better part,
 and all those pretious ornaments deface.
 Sith to all other beafts of bloody race,
 a dreadfull countenance she giuen hath:
 that with their terrour all the rest may chace,
 and warne to shun the danger of their wrath.
 But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
 through sweet allurement of her louely hew:
 that she the better may in bloody bath
 of such poore thralls, her cruell hands embrew.
 But did she knowe how ill these two accord,
 Such crueltie she would haue soone abhord.

SONNET XXXII.

THe painfull Smith, with force of feruent heat,
 the hardest Iron soone doth mollifie,
 that with his heauy sledge he can it beat,
 and fashion to what he it list apply.
 Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry,
 her hart more hard then Iron loft awbit:
 ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
 doe beat on th' anuile of her stubborne wit:
 But still the more she feruent sees my fir,
 the more she friezeth in her wilfull pride:
 and harder growes the harder she ismit,
 with all the plaints which to her be applyde.
 What then remaines but I to ashes burne,
 And she to stones at length all frozen turne?

SONNET XXXIII.

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
 to that most sacred Empreffe my deare dread,
 not finishing her **Queene** of **Faery**,
 that mote enlarge her liuing prayles dead:
 But **L O D V V I C K**, this of grace to me ahead;
 doe ye not thinke th' accomplishment of it,
 sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
 all were it as the rest, but rudely writ.
 How then should I, without another wit,
 thinke euer to endure so tedious toyle?
 fith that this one is toft with troublous fir,
 of a proud **Loue**, that doth my spirit spoyle.
 Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grant me rest,
 Or lend you me another liuing brest.

SONNET XXXIII.

LIke as a ship, that through the Ocean wide,
 by conduct of some starre doth make her way,
 when as a storme hath dimd her trustie guide,
 out of her course doth wander far astray:
 So I, whose starre, that wont with her bright ray,
 me to direct, with cloudes is ouer-cast,
 doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
 through hidden perils round about me plait;

D

Yee

SONNETS.

Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past,
my **H E L I O**, the lodestar of my life
will shine againe, and looke on me at last,
with louely light to cleare my cloudy griefe.
Till then I wander carefull comfortles,
In secret sorrow, and sad pensiueness.

SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry eyes through greedy couetice,
still to behold the object of their paine,
with no contentment can themselves suffice:
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it, they cannot life sustaine,
and hauing it, they gaze on it the more:
in there amazement like **N A R C I S S U S** vaine,
whose eyes him staru'd: so plentie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
but loathe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glorie seemeth vaine to me,
And all their shewes but shadowes, sauing she.

SONNET XXXVI.

Tell mee, when shall these wearie woes haue end,
or shall their ruthlesse torment neuer cease?
but all my daies in pining languor spend,
without hope of asswagement or release.
Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:
but that their crueltie doth still increafe,
and daily more augment my mileries?
But when ye haue shew'd all extremities,
then thinke how little glory ye haue gained,
by slaying him, whose life though ye despise,
mote haue your life in honor long maintained.
But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

VVhar guile is this, that those her golden tresses
she doth attyre vnder a net of gold:
and with she skill so cunningly them dresses,
that which is gold or haire, may scarce be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
shee may entangle in that golden snare:
and beeing caught, may craftily enfold
their weaker harts, which are not well aware?
Take heede therefore, mine eyes, how ye doe stare
henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
in which, if euer ye entrapped are,
out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any beeing free,
To couet fetters, though they golden bee.

SONNET XXXVIII.

AR I O N, when through tempests cruell wrack,
he forth was throwne in to the greedy seas,
through the sweet musick which his harp did make,
allur'd a Dolphin him from death to ease.

But my rude musick, which was wont to please
some daintie eares, cannot with any skill,
the dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
nor moue the Dolphin from her stubborne will,
But in her pride she doth perseuer still,
all carelesse how my life for her decays:
yet with one word she can it saue or spill,
to spill were pittie, but to saue were praise.
Chuse rather to be prayd for dooing good,
Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

Sweet smile, the daughter of the **Q**ueene of loue,
expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,
with which she wons to temper angry **L O V E**,
when all the gods he threats with thundering dart;
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art,
for when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
a meking pleasure ran through euery part,
and me reuiued with hart-robbing gladnesse;
Whilst rapt with ioy resembling heavenly madnes,
my soule was ravisht quite as in a trauince:
and feeling thence no more her sorrowes sadnesse;
fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glance,
More sweet then **N**ectar or **A**mbrosiall meate,
Seemd euery bit which thenceforth I did eate.

SONNET XL.

MArke when the smiles with amiable cheare,
and tell me whereto can ye liken it:
when on each eye-lid sweetly doe appeare
an hundred Graces with in shade to sit.
Likest it seemeth in my simple wit,
vnto the faire sun-shine in sommers day,
that when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray:
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
and euery beast that to his den was fled,
comes forth afresh out of their late dillmay,
and so the light lift vp their drouping head.
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared,
With that sun-shine when cloudy lookes are cleared.

SONNET XLI.

IS it her nature, or is it her will,
to be so cruell to an humbled foe?
if nature, then she may it mend with skill:
if will, then she at will may will forgoe.
But if her nature and her will be so,
that she will plague the man that loues her most,
and take delight t'encrease a wretches woe,
then all her natures goodly gifts are lost.
And that same glorious beauties idle boast,
is but a baye such wretches to beguile,
as beeing long in her loues tempest tost,
she meanes at last to make her pittious spoile.
O fayrest faire, let neuer it be named,
That so faire beauty was was so foully shamed.

SONNET XLII.

THe loue which me so cruelly tormenteth,
so pleasing is in my extreamest paine,

that

SONNETS.

that all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
the more I loue and doe embrace my bane.
Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
to be acquit fro my continuall smart;
but ioy, her thrall for euer to remaine,
and yield for pledge my poore captiued hart;
The which that it from her may neuer start,
let her, if please her, bind with Adamant chaine:
and from all wandring loues which mote peruart,
in safe assurance strongly it restrain.
Onely let her abstaine from crueltie,
And doe me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIIII.

Shall I then silent be, or shall I speake?
and if I speake, her wrath renew I shall:
and if I silent be, my hart will breake,
or choked be with ouerflowing gall.
What tyrannie is this, both my hart to thrall,
and eke my tongue with proud restraint to tie;
that neither I may speake nor thinke at all,
but like a stupid stock in silence die?
Yet I my hart with silence secretly
will teach to speake, and my iust cause to plead:
and eke mine eyes with meeke humilitie,
loue-learned letters to her eyes to read:
Which her deepe wit, that true harts thought can spell,
Will soone conceiue, and learne to construe well.

SONNET XLIIII.

When those renowned noble Peers of Greece,
through stubborne pride among the selues did iar,
forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,
then O R P H E U S with his harp their strife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, ciuill war,
the which my selfe against my selfe doe make,
whilst my weak powres of passions warreid arre,
no skill can stint, nor reason can asslake.
But when in hand my tunelesse harpe I take,
then doe I more augment my foes despight:
and grieve renew, and passions doe awake
to battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight,
Mongst whom the more I seeke to settle peace,
The more I find their malice to increase.

SONNET XLV.

Leue Lady in your glasse of crystall cleane,
Your goodly selfe for euermore to view:
and in my selfe, my inward selfe I meane,
most liuely like behold your semblant true.
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
thing so diuine to view of earthly eye,
the faire Idea of your celestiall hew,
and euery part remains immortally:
And were it not that through your crueltie,
with sorrow dimmed and deformd it were,
the goodly image of your vniomny,
clearer then crystall would therein appeare.
But if your selfe in me ye plaine will see, (bee.
Remoue the cause by which your faire beames darkned

SONNET XLVI.

Vhen my abodes prefixed time is spent,
my cruell faire straight bids me wend away:
but then from heauen most hideous stormes are sent,
as willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I, or heauen or her obey?
the heauens knowe best what is the best for me:
but as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
my lower heauen, so it perforce must be.
But ye high heauens, that all this sorrow see,
sith all your tempests cannot hold me back,
affwage your stormes, or else both you and shee,
will both together me too sorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to sustaine
The stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

SONNET XLVII.

Trust not the treason of those smiling lookes,
vntill ye haue their guilefull traines well tride:
for they are like but vnto golden hookes,
that from the foolish fish their bayts doe hide:
So she with flattering myles weake harts doth guide
vnto her loue, and tempe to their decay;
whom beeing caught, she kills with cruell pride,
and feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:
Yet euen whilst her bloody hands them slay,
her eyes looke louely, and vpon them smile:
that they take pleasure in her cruell play,
and dying, doe themselves of paine beguile.
O mightie charme which makes men loue their bane,
And thinke they die with pleasure, liue with paine.

SONNET XLVIII.

Innocent paper, whom too cruell hand
did make the matter to auenge her ire:
and ere she could thy cause well vnderstand,
did sacrifice vnto the greedy fire:
Well worthy thou to haue found better hire,
then so bad end for hereticks ordained:
yet heresie nor treason didst conspire;
but plead thy Maisters cause, vniustly pained.
Whom she, all carelesse of his grieve constrained
to vitter forth the anguish of his hart:
and would not heare, when he to her complained
the pitious passion of his dying smart.
Yet liue for euer, though against her will,
And speake her good, though she require it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

Faire cruell, why are ye so fierce and cruell?
Is it because your eyes haue power to kill?
then knowe that mercy is the Mighties iewell,
and greater glory thinke to saue, then spill.
But if it be your pleasure and proud will,
to shew the powre of your imperious eyes:
then not on him that neuer thought you ill,
but bend your force against your enemies.
Let them feeble th'vmoist of your cruelties,
and kill with lookes as Cockatrices doe:
but him that at your footstoole humbled lies,
with mercifull regard, giue mercy to.

SONNETS.

Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be,
So shall you liue, by giuing life to me.

SONNET L.

Long languishing in double malady,
Of my harts wound, and of my bodies grieffe,
there came to me a Leach, that would apply
fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.
Vaine man, quoth I, that hast but little priefe,
in deepe discouery of the minds diseafe:
is not the hart of all the body chiefe?
and rules the members as it selfe doth please?
Then with some cordials seeke first to appeale
the inward languor of my wounded hart,
and then my body shall haue shortly ease:
but such sweet cordials passe Physitions art.
Then my lifes Leach, doe you your skill reueale,
And with one salue, both hart and body heale.

SONNET LI.

Doe I not see that fairest Images,
Of hardest Marble are of purpose made?
for that they should endure through many ages,
ne let their famous monuments to fade.
Why then doe I, vntraid in Louers trade,
her hardnesse blame, which I should more commend?
sith neuer ought was excellent assayd,
which was not hard t'atchiue and bring to end.
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend,
mote soften it and to his will allure:
so doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
and that it then more stedfast will endure.
Onely my paines will be the more to get her,
But hauing her, my ioy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

Soft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe like one that hauing lost the field,
is prisoner led away with heauy hart,
deipoyld of warlike armes and known shield.
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yield,
to sorrow and to solitarie paine:
from presence of my dearest deare exild,
long-while alone in languour to remaine.
There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine,
dare to approche, that may my solace breed:
but sudden dumps, and drery sad disdaine
of all worlds gladnesse more my torment feed.
So I her absence will my penance make,
That of her presence I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

The Panther knowing that his spotted hide
doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray:
within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide,
to let them gaze, whilst he on them may pray.
Right to my cruell faire with me doth play.
for with the goodly semblance of her hew,
she doth allure me to mine owne decay,
and then no mercy will vnto me shew.

Great shame it is, thing so diuine in view,
made for to be the worlds most ornament,
to make the bayte her gazers to embrew:
good shames to be to ill an instrument.
But mercie doth with beautie best agree,
As in their maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIIII.

Of this world Theater in which we stay,
my Loue like the Spectator, idly sits,
beholding me that all the pageants play,
disguising diuersly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,
and maske in mirth like to a Comedy:
soone after, when my ioy to sorrow flits,
I waile, and make my woes a Tragedie.
Yet she beholding me with constant eye,
delights not in my mirth, nor rues my smart:
but when I laugh, she mocks; and when I cry,
she laughs, and hardens euermore her hart.
What then can moue her? if nor mirth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a senselesse stone.

SONNET LV.

Soft as I her beautie doe behold,
and there-with doe her crueltie compare,
I maruaile of what substance was the mould,
the which her made attonce so cruell faire.
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heu'aly are.
not water; for her loue doth burne like fire:
not ayre; for she is not so light or rare.
not fire; for she doth frieze with faint desire.
Then needs another Element inquire
whereof she mote be made; that is the skye.
for to the heauen her hautie looks aspire:
and eke her loue is pure immortall hie.
Then sith to heauen ye likened are the best,
Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

Faire yee be sure, but cruell and vnkind,
as is a Tyger, that with greedinesse
hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find
a feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
Faire be ye sure, but proud and pittilesse,
as is a storme, that all things doth prostrate;
finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
beates on it strongly, it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
as is a rocke amidst the raging floods:
gainst which, a ship of succour desolate,
doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I,
Whom ye do wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

Sweet warriour, when shall I haue peace with you?
high time it is this warre now ended were:
which I no longer can endure to sue,
ne your incessant battery more to beare:

So

SONNETS.

So weake my powres, o fore my wounds appeare,
that wonder is how I should liue a iot,
seeing my hart through-lanuced euery where
with thousand arrowes, which your eyes haue shot:
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
but glory thinke to make these cruell stoures.
ye cruell one, what glory can be got,
in slaying him that would liue gladly yours?
Make peace therefore, and grant me timely grace,
That all my wounds will heale in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

VV Eake is th' assurance that weake flesh reposeth
in her owne power, and scorneth others ayde:
that soonest fals, when as the most supposeth
her selfe assur'd, and is of nought afraid.
All flesh is fraile, and all her strength vntayd,
like a vaine bubble blowne vp with ayre:
deuouring time & changefull chance haue prayd,
her glorious pride that none may it repaire.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or faire,
but faileth, trusting on his owne assurance:
and he that standeth on the highest stayre
falls lowest: for on earth nought hath endurance.
Why then do ye proud faire, misdeeme so faire,
That to your selfe ye most assured are?

SONNET LIX.

Thrife happy she, that is so well assur'd
vnto her selfe, and settled so in hart:
that neither will for better be assur'd,
ne feard with worse to any chance to start,
But like a steddie ship, doth strongly part
the raging waues, and keeps her course aright:
ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
ne ought for fayer weathers false delight.
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight
of grudging foes, ne fauour seek of friends:
but in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
neither to one herselfe nor other bends.
Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loues best.

SONNET LX.

They that in course of heauenly spheres are skild,
to euery planet point his sundry yeare:
in which her circles voyage is fulfilld,
as **M**A **R**S in threescore yeeres doth run his sphere.
So since the winged God his planet cleare,
began in me to moue, one yeare is spent:
the which doth longer vnto me appeare,
then all those fortie which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which louers bookes inuent,
the sphere of **C**V **P** **I** D fortie yeeres contains:
which I haue wasted in long languishment,
that seemd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my Lones faire planet short her waies,
This yeere enliuing, or else short my dayes.

SONNET LXI.

THe glorious image of the Makers beaurie,
my loueraigne faint, the Idoll of my thought,
dare not henceforth aboute the bounds of dutie,
t' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For, beeing as she is, diuinely wrought,
and of the brood of Angels heauenly borne:
and with the crew of blessed Saints vpbrought,
each of which did her with their gifts adorne;
The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,
the beame of light, whom mortall eyes admire:
what reason is it then but she should scorne
base things, that to her loue too bold aspire?
Such beau'nly formes ought rather worshipt bee,
Then dare belou'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET LXII.

THe wearie yeere his race now hauing runne,
the new begins his compact course anew:
with shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
betokening peace and plentie to enfew.
So let vs, which this chance of weather view,
change ecke our minds, and former liues amend,
the old yeares sinnes forepast let vs elchew,
and flie the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeeres ioy forth freshly send,
into the glooming world his glad some ray:
and all these stormes which now his beaurie blend,
shall turne to calmes, and timely cleare away.
So, likewise Loue, cheare you your beauly spright,
And change old yeares annoy, to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

After long stormes and tempests sad assay,
which hardly I endured heretofore,
in dread of death, and dangerous dismay,
with which my silly barke was tossed sore:
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
in which I hope ere long for to arrive:
faire soyle it seemes from far, & fraught with store
of all that deare and daintie is aliue.
Most happy he that can at last atchieue
the ioyous safetie of so sweet a rest;
whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
remembrance of all paines which him oppress.
All paines are nothing in respect of this,
All sorowes short that gaine eternall blis.

SONNET LXIIII.

Comming to kisse her lips (such grace I found)
since seemd I smelt a garden of sweet flowers:
that dainty odours from them threw around,
for damzels fit to decke their louers bowers.
Her lips did smell like vnto Gilliflowers,
her ruddy cheeks, like vnto Roses red:
her snowy browes like budded Bellamoures,
her louely eyes, like Pinkes but newly spread,
Her goodly bosome, like a Strawberry bed,
her necke, like to a bunch of Cullambines:
her breasts like Lillies, ere their leaues be shed,
her nipples like young blossome Iessamines:

D 3

Such

SONNETS.

Such fragrant flowres doe giue most odorous smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET LXV.

THe doubt which ye misdeeme, faire loue, is vaine,
that fondly feare to lose your libertie,
when losing one, two liberties ye gaine,
and make him bound that bondage erst did flie.
Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tie,
without constraint, or dread of any ill:
the gentle bird feesles no captiuitie
with in her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approache, nor discord spill
the league twixt them, that loyall loue hath bound:
but simple truth and mutuall good will,
seekes with sweet peace to salue each others wound:
There faith doth fearelesse dwell in brasen towre,
And spootelesse pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

TO all those happy blessings which ye haue,
with plentiful hand by heauen vpon you throwne,
this one disparagement they to you gaue,
that ye your loue lent to so meane a one.
Yee whose high worths surpassing paragon,
could not on earth haue found one fit for mate,
ne but in heauen matchable to none,
why did ye stoupe vnto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glorie gate,
then had ye sortd with a Princes peere:
for, now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
and in my darknesse, greater doth appeare.
Yet since your light hath once enlightned me,
With my reflex, yours shall encreased be.

SONNET LXVII.

Like as a huntsman after weary chace,
seeing the game from him escape away,
sits downe to rest him in some shadie place,
with panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So after long pursure and vaine assay,
when I all wearie had the chace forlooke,
the gentle Deere returnd the selfe-same way,
thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:
There she beholding me with milder looke,
sought not to flie, but fearelesse still did bide:
till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
and with her owne good will, her firmly tyde.
Strange thing me seemd to see a beast so wild,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguile.

SONNET LXVIII.

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day,
didst make thy triumph ouer death and sin:
and hauing harrowd hell, didst bring away
captiuitie thence captiue, vs to win:
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,
and grant that we for whom thou diddest die,
becing with thy deare blood cleane washt from sin,
may liue for euer in felicitie:

And that thy loue we weighing worthily,
may like wife loue thee for the same againe:
and for thy sake, that all like deare didst buy,
with loue may one another entertaine.
So let vs loue, deare Loue, like as we ought,
Loue is the lesson which the Lord vs taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THe famous warriors of the anticke world,
wide trophees to erect in stately wise:
in which they would the records haue enrolld,
of their great deedes and valorous emprise.
What trophie then shall I most fit deuise,
in which I may record the memorie
of my lous conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,
adorn'd with honour, loue, and chastitie?
Euen this verse, vowed to eternitie,
shall be thereof immortal moniment:
and tell her praise to all posteritie,
that may admire such worlds rare wonderment;
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
Gotten at last with labour and long toile.

SONNET LXX.

Fresh Spring, the herald of louses mightie king,
in whose coat-armour richly are displayd
all sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,
in goodly colours, gloriously arrayd;
Goe to my loue, where she is carelesse layd,
yet in her winters bowre not well awake:
tell her the ioyous time will not be staid,
vnlesse she doe him by the forelocke take.
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
to wait on loue amongst his louely crew:
where euery one that misseth then her make,
shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast therefore sweet loue, whilst it is prime,
For none can call againe the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

Ioy to see how in your drawn worke,
your selfe vnto the Bee ye doe compare;
and me vnto the Spyder that doth lurke
in close await, to catch her vnaware:
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare
of a deare foe, and thralld to his loue:
in whose streight bands ye now captiued are
so firmly, that ye neuer may remoue.
But as your worke is wouen all about,
with Woodbind flowers and fragrant Eglantine:
so sweet your prison you in time shall proue,
with many deare delights bedecked fine.
And all thenceforth eternall peace shall see,
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.

Oft when my spirit doth spred her bolder wings,
in mind to mount vp to the purest skie:
it downe is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,
and clogd with burden of mortalitie,

Where

SONNETS.

Where, when that foueraigne beautie it doth spy,
 rembling heauens glory in her light:
 drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth flie,
 and vnto heauen forgets her former sight.
 There my fraile fancie, fed with full delight,
 doth bathe in blisse, and mantleth most at ease:
 methinks of other heauen, but how it might
 her harts desire with most contentement please.
 Hart need not with none other happinesse,
 But heere on earth to haue such heauens blisse.

SONNET LXXIII.

Being my selfe captiu'd heere in care,
 my hart, whom none with seruile bands can tie:
 but the faire tresses of your golden haire,
 breaking his prison, forth to you doth flie.
 Like as a bird, that in ones hand doth spy
 desired food, to it doth make his flight:
 euen so my hart, that woot on your faire eye
 to feed his fill, flies backe vnto your sight.
 Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright,
 gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
 perhaps he there may learne with rare delight,
 to sing your name and prayes ouer all;
 That it heereafter may you not repent,
 Him lodging in your bosome to haue lent.

SONNET LXXIII.

Most happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,
 with which that happy name was first desynd,
 the which three times thrice happy hath me made,
 with gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
 The first, my beeing to me gaue by kind,
 from mothers wombe deriu'd by due descent,
 the second, is my foueraigne Queene most kind,
 that honour and larger riches to me lent.
 The third, my loue, my liues last ornament,
 by whom my spirit out of dust was raised,
 to speake her praise and glory excellent,
 of all aliuie most worthy to be praised,
 Ye three **ELIZABETHS** for euer liue,
 That three such graces did vnto me giue.

SONNET LXXV.

One day I wrote her name vpon the strand,
 but came the waues and washed it away:
 againe, I wrote it with a second hand,
 but came the tyde, and made my paines his pray.
 Vaine man, said she, that doost in vaine assay,
 a mortall thing so to immortalize,
 for I my selfe shall like to this decay,
 and eke my name be wiped out likewise.
 Not so, quoth I, let baser things deuise
 to die in dust, but you shall liue by fame:
 my verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
 and in the heauens write your glorious name.
 Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
 Our loue shall liue, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

Fire bosome fraught with vertues riches treasure,
 the nest of loue, the lodging of delight,

the bowre of blisse, the paradise of pleasure,
 the sacred harbour of that heauenly spright;
 How was I ransht with your louely sight,
 and my fraile thoughts too rashly led astray?
 whiles diuing deepe through amorous insight,
 on the sweet spoile of beautie they did pray.
 And twixt her paps, like earely fruite in May,
 whole haruest seemd to hasten now apace:
 they loofely did their wanton wings display,
 and there to rest themselues did boldly place.
 Sweet thoughts, I enuie your so happy rest,
 Which oft I wisht, yet neuer was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

VAs it a dreame, or did I see it plaine,
 a goodly table of pure luorie:
 all spred with iuncats, fit to entertaine
 the greatest Prince with pompous roialty.
 Mongst which, there in a siluer dish did ly
 two golden apples of vnalewd price:
 far passing those which **HERCVLES** came by,
 or those which **ATALANTA** did entice.
 Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinfull vice,
 that many sought, yet none could euer taste,
 sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradise,
 by Lowe him selfe, and in his garden plaste.
 Her brest that table was so richly spred,
 My thoughts the guests, which would thereon haue fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

Lacking my loue, I goe from place to place,
 like a young Fawne, that late hath lost the Hind:
 and seeke each where, where last I saw her face,
 whose image yet I carrie fresh in mind.
 I seeke the fields with her late footing synd,
 I seeke her bowre with her late preface dect,
 yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find:
 yet field and bowre are full of her aspect;
 But when mine eyes I thereunto direct,
 they idly backe retorne to me againe:
 and when I hope to see their true object,
 I find my selfe but fed with fancies vaine.
 Cease then mine eyes, to seeke her selfe to see,
 And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEn call you faire, and you doe credit it,
 for that your selfe ye daily such doe see:
 but the true faire, that is the gentle wit,
 and vertuous mind, is much more prais'd of me.
 For all the rest, how euer faire it be,
 shall turne to nought and lose that glorious hew:
 but onely that is permanent and free
 from fraile corruption, that doth flesh enfew.
 That is true beautie: that doth argue you
 to be diuine, and borne of heauenly seed:
 deriu'd from that faire Spirit, from whom all true
 and perfect beautie did at first proceed:
 He onely faire, and what he faire hath made,
 All other faire like flowres vntimely fade.

SON.

SONNETS.

SONNET LXXX.

After so long a race as I haue runne
through Faery land, which those six books compile,
giue leaue to rest me being halfe foredonne,
and gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then as a steed refreshed after toile,
out of my prison I will breake anew:
and stoutly will that second worke asloile,
with strong endeouour and attention due.
Till then giue leaue to me, in pleasant mew
to sport my Muse, and sing my loues sweet praise:
the contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
my spirit to an higher pitch will raise.
But let her praises yet be lowe and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

SONNET LXXXI.

Faire is my Loue, when her faire golden haire,
with the loose wind ye waing chance to marke:
faire when the rose in her red cheekes appeares,
or in her eyes the fire of loue doth sparke.
Faire when her brest like a rich laden barke,
with precious merchandize she forth doth lay:
faire when that cloud of pride, which oft doth darke
her goodly light, with smiles she driues away.
But fairest she, when so she doth display
the gate with pearles and rubies richly dight:
through which her words so wise do make their way
to beare the message of her gentle spright:
The rest be works of Natures wonderment,
But this the worke of harts astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

IOy of my life, full oft for louing you
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky placed:
but then the more your owne mishap I rewe,
that are so much by so meane loue embased.
For had the equall heauens so much you graced
in this as in the rest, ye more iouent
some heavenly wit, whose verse could haue enched
your glorious name in golden monument.
But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
that little that I am, shall all be spent,
in letting your immortal prayes forth:
Whose losie argument vplifting mee,
Shall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

MY hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,
still to behold the object of their paine:
with no contentment can themselves suffice,
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it, they cannot life sustaine:
and seeing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like *Narcissus* vaine,
whose eyes him staru'd: so pleantie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke:
but loathe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.

Al this worlds glory seemeth vaine to me,
And all their shewes but shadowes, sauing she.

SONNET LXXXIIII.

Let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fire
breake out, that may her sacred peace molest:
ne one light glance of sensuall desire,
attempt to worke her gentle minds vnrest.
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
and modest thoughts breath'd fro well tempered spirits,
goe visit her, in her chaste bowre of rest,
accompanide with Angel-like delights.
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous fights,
the which my selfe could neuer yet attaine:
but speake no word to her of these sad plights,
which her too constant stiffnesse doth constraene.
Onely behould her rare perfection,
And blesse your fortunes faire election.

SONNET LXXXV.

The world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
when I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:
so doth the Cuccow, when the Mauius sings,
begin his wilelesse note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
all that they knowe not, enuy or admire,
rather then enuy let them wonder at her,
but not to deeme of her desert aspire.
Deepe in the closet of my parts entire,
her worth is written with a golden quill:
that me with heavenly furie doth inspire,
and my glad mouth with her sweet praises fill.
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shall thunder,
Let the world chuse to enue or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXVI.

Venemous tongue, tipt with vile Adders sting,
of that selfe kind with which the Furies fell
their snakie heads doe combe, from which a spring
of poysoned words, and spightfull speeches well:
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell,
vpon thee fall for thine accured hire:
that with false forged lies, which thou didst tell
in my true loue did stirre vp coales of ire,
The sparkes whereof let kindle thine owne fire,
and catching hold on thine owne wicked hed
consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
in my sweet peace such breaches to haue bred.
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,
Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepar'd.

SONNET LXXXVII.

Since I did leaue the presence of my loue,
many long wearie dayes I haue out-worne:
and many nights, that slowly seemd to moue
their sad protract from euening vntill morne.
For, when as day the heauen doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end:
and when as night hath vs of length forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.

Thus

SONNETS.

Thus I the time with expectation spend,
and faine my grieve with changes to beguile,
that further seemes his terme still to extend,
and maketh euery minute seeme a mile,
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last,
But ioyous houres doe flie away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

Since I haue lackt the comfort of that light
the which was wont to lead my thoughts astray,
I wander as in darknesse of the night,
affraid of euery dangers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
when others gaze vpon their shadowes vaine,
but th'onely image of that heauenly ray,
whereof some glance doth in mine eye remaine.
Of which beholding the I doe a plaine,
through contemplation of my purest part,
with light thereof I doe my selfe sustaine,
and thereon feed my loue-affamisht hart,
But with such brightness whilst I fill my mind,
I starue my body, and mine eyes doe blind.

SONNET LXXXIX.

Like as the Culuer on the bared bough,
sits mourning for the absence of her mate:
and in her songs sends many a wishfull vow,
for his returne that seemes to linger late:
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
mourne to my selfe the absence of my loue:
and wandering here and there all desolate,
seeke with my plaints to match that mournfull Doue:
Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth houe,
can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight:
whose sweet aspect both God and man can moue,
in her vnspotted pleasures to delight.
Darke is my day, whilst her faire light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such liuely blis.

In youth, before I waxed old,
The blinded boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made mee bold,
In bitter hieue to grope for honny:
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did flie.

AS DIANE hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
his quiver by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close conway,
into the others stead:
With that, Loue wounded my Loutes hart,
But DIANE beafts with Cupids dart.

I Saw, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came:
and said to her, All haile my mother.
But when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame.
not knowing Venus from the other,
Then, neuer blush Cupid, quoth I,
For many haue err'd in this beautie.

Vpon a day, as Loue lay sweetely slumbring
all in his mothers lap:
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
about him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noise,
and saw the beast so small:
Whats this (quoth he) that giues so great a voice,
that wakens men withall?
In angry wise he flies about,
And threatens all with courage stout.

To whom his mother closely smiling said,
twixt earnest and twixt game:
See thou thy selfe likewise art little made,
if thou regard the same.
And yet thou suffrest neither gods in skie,
nor men in earth to rest:
But when thou art disposed cruelly,
their sleepe thou doost molest.
Then either change thy crueltie,
Or giue like leaue vnto the flie.

Nathlesse, the cruell boy not so content,
would needs the flie pursue:
And in his hand with heedlesse hardiment,
him caught for to subdue,
But when on it he hastie hand did lay,
the Bee him stung therefore:
Now out alas, he cride, and wele-away,
I wounded am full sore:
The flie that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne.

Vnto his mother straight hee weeping came,
and of his grieve complained:
Who could not chuse but laugh at his fond game,
though sad to see him pained.
Thinke now (quoth she) my sonne, how great the smart
of those whom thou doost wound:
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
that pittie neuer found:
Therefore henceforth some pittie take,
when thou doost spoile of Louers make.

Shew

SONNETS.

SHe tooke him straight full pitiously lamenting,
and wrapt him in her smock:
Shee wrapt him softly, all the while repenting,
that he the flie did mock.

She drest his wound, and it embalmed well,
with salve of soueraigne might:

And then she bath'd him in a daintie well,
the well of deare delight.

Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in V E N U S blis?

THe wanton boy was shortly well recured
of that his malady:

But hee, soone after, fresh againe enured
his former crueltie.

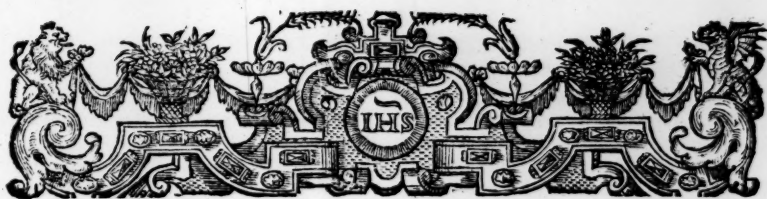
And since that time he wounded hath my selfe
with his sharpe dart of loue:

And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe,
his mothers heast to proue.

So now I languish, till he please
My pining anguish to appease.

FINIS.





EPITHALAMION.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



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EPITHELION.



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EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sisters, which haue oftentimes
 Been to me ayding, others to adorne,
 Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rimes,
 That euen the greatest did not greatly scorne
 To heare their names sung in your simple layes,
 But ioyed in their praise;
 And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
 Which death, or loue, or fortunes wreck did raile,
 Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
 And teach the woods and waters to lament
 Your dolefull dreciment:
 Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
 And hauing all your heads with girlands crown'd,
 Help me mine owne loues praises to resound,
 Ne let the same of any be enuide:
 So **O R P H E Y S** did for his owne bride:
 So I vnto my selfe alone will sing;
 The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

EArly before the worlds light giuing lampe
 His golden beame vpon the hills doth spred,
 Hauing disperst the nights vnchearefull dampe,
 Doe ye awake, and with fresh lustiehead,
 Go to the bowre of my beloued loue,
 My truste Turtle-doue,
 Bid her awake; for **H Y M E N** is awake,
 And long since, ready forth his maske to moue,
 With his bright Tread that flames with many a flake,
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,
 In their fresh garments trim;
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
 For loe the wished day is come at last,
 That shall for all the paines and sorrowes past,
 Pay to her vsury of long delight:
 And whilst she doth her dight,
 Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

BRing with you all the Nymphs that you can heare
 Both of the Riuer and the Forrests greene;
 And of the Sea that neighbours to her neare,
 All with gay girlands goodly well becene.
 And let them also with them bring in hand
 Another gay girland,
 For my faire Loue, of Lillies and of Roses,
 Bound true-loue-wife, with a blew silke riband.
 And let them make great store of bridale posies,
 And let them eke bring store of other flowers
 To deck the bridale bowers,
 And let the ground whereas her foote shall tread,
 For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
 Bestrewd with fragrant flowers all along,
 And diaped like the discoloured mead.
 Which done, doe at her chamber dore await,
 For she will waken strait,
 The whiles doe ye this song vnto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

YE Nymphs of Mulla, which with carefull heed
 The siluer scaly trouts do tend full well,
 And greedy pikes which vse therein to feed,
 (Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell)
 And ye likewise which keepe the rustie lake,
 Where none doe fishes take,
 Bind vp the locks the which hang scattered light,
 And in his waters which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the cryfall bright,
 That when you come whereas my Loue doth lie,
 No blemish she may spie.
 And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the dore,
 That on the hoary mountaine vse to towre,
 And the wilde Wolues which seek them to deuoure,
 With your Steele darts doe chace from comming neere,
 Be also present heere,
 To helpe to deck her, and to helpe to sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

WAke now my Loue, awake; for it is time,
 The rose Morne long since left **T I T H O N**'s bed,
 All ready to her siluer coach to clime,
 And **P H O E B V S** gins to shew his glorious head,
 Harke how the cheerefull birds do chaunt their laies,
 And carroll of loues praise.
 The merry Larke her mattins sings aloft,
 The Thrush reple, the Mauidescant playes,
 The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,
 So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
 To this daies meriment.
 Ah my deere Loue, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T'await the comming of your ioyous make,
 And hearken to the birds loue-learned song,
 The deawy leaues among:
 For they of ioy and pleance to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

MY Loue is now awakt out of her dreame,
 And her faire eyes like starres that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beames
 More bright then **H E S P E R V S** his head doth ere,
 Come now ye damsels, daughters of delight,
 Helpe quickly her to dight,
 But first come ye faire Hournes which were begot
 In **I O V E**'s sweet paradise of Day and Night,
 Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
 And all that euer in this world is faire,
 Doe make and still repaire.
 And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queene,
 The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
 Helpe to adorne my beautifulest bride:
 And as ye her array, still throw betwene
 Some graces to be seene:
 And as ye vse to **V E N V S**, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shall answer, & your eccho ring.

E

Now

EPITHALAMION.

NOW is my Loue all ready forth to come,
 Let all the virgins therefore well await,
 And ye fresh boyes that tend vpon her grooms,
 Prepare your selues for he is comming strait,
 Set all your things in teemely good aray,
 Fit for so ioyfull day:
 The ioyfullst day that euer sunne did see,
 Faire Sun, shew forth thy fauourable ray,
 And let thy life-full heat not feruent be,
 For feare of burning her sunshiny face,
 Her beautie to disgrace.
 O fairest **P H O E B V S**, father of the Muse,
 It euer I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,
 Doe not thy seruants simple boone refuse,
 But let this day, let this one day be mine,
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy loueraine prayes loud will sing,
 That all the woods shall answer, and their eccho ring.

HARKE how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry musick that resounds from far,
 The pipe, the taber, and the trembling Croud,
 That well agree withouten breach or iar.
 But most of all, the Damzels doe delight,
 When they their tymbrels smite,
 And thereunto doe daunce and caroll sweet,
 That all the senses they doe rauish quite,
 Thewhiles the boyes run vp and downe the street,
 Crying aloud with strong confused noise,
 As if it were one voyce,
H Y M E N, io **H Y M E N**, **H Y M E N** they doe shout,
 That euen to the heauens there shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
 To which the people standing all about,
 As in approuance doe thereto applaud,
 And loud aduance her laud,
 And euermore they **H Y M E N H Y M E N** sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

LOe where she comes along with portly pace,
 Like **P H O E B V S**, from her chamber of the East,
 Arising forth to run her mightie race,
 Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
 So well it her becomes, that ye would weene
 Some Angell she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearle, & perling flowres atweene;
 Doe like a golden mantle her attire:
 And beeing crowned with a girland greene,
 Seeme like some mayden Queene.
 Her modest eyes abashed to behold
 So many gazers, as on her do stare,
 Vpon the lowly ground affixed are;
 Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,
 But blusht to heare her prayes sung so loud,
 So farre from beeing proud.
 Nathelesse doe ye still loud her prayes sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

TELL me ye Merchants daughters, did ye see
 So faire a creature in your towne before?

So sweete, so louely, and so mild as shee,
 Adorn'd with beauties grace and vertues store:
 Her goodly eyes like Saphyres shining bright,
 Her forehead luorie white,
 Her cheekes like apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
 Her brest like to a bowle of creame vncruded,
 Her paps like lillies budded,
 Her snowie neck like to a marble towre,
 And all her bodie like a palace faire,
 Ascending vp with many a stately staire,
 To honours seate, and chastities sweet bowre.
 Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
 Vpon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring.

BYt if you saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beautie of her liuely spright,
 Garnisht with heavenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonisht like to those which red
M E D V S A E S mazefull head.
 There dwells sweet loue and constant chastitie,
 Vnsotted faith, and comely womanhood,
 Regard of honour, and mild modestie,
 There Vertue raines as Queene in royall throne,
 And giueth lawes alone,
 The which the base affections doe obey,
 And yeeld their seruices vnto her will,
 Ne thought of thing vncomely euer may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seene these her celestiall treasures;
 And vnreuealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder, and her prayes sing,
 That all the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.

OPen the temple gates vnto my Loue,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the postes adorne as doth behoue,
 And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
 For to receiue this Saint with honour dew,
 That commeth in to you.
 With trembling steps and humble reuerence,
 She commeth in, before th'almighties view:
 Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces;
 Bring her vp to th'high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which doe endlesse matrimony make,
 And let the roring Organs loudly play
 The prayes of the Lord in liuely notes,
 The whiles with hollow throates
 The Choristers the ioyous Antheme sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their eccho ring.

BEhold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
 And blesteth her with his two happy hands,
 How the red rotes flush vp in her cheekes,
 And the pure snowe, with goodly vermill staine,

Like

EPITHALAMION.

Like crimson dyde in graine:
That euen the Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altar doe remaine,
Forget their seruice and about her sie,
Of peeping in her face, that seemes more faire,
The more they on it stare?
But her sad eyes still fast'ned on the ground,
Are gouerned with goodly modestie,
That suffers not one looke to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought inlound.
Why blush ye Loue to giue to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing ye sweet Angels, Alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho ring.

NOW all is done; bring home the Bride againe,
Bring home the triumph of our victorie,
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With ioyance bring her and with iollurie.
Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,
Whom heauen would heape with blis,
Make feast therefore now all this liue-long day,
This day for euer to me holy is,
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may swear, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye god B A C C H U S with a coronall,
And H Y M E N also crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce vnto the rest,
For they can doe it best:
The whiles the maydens doe their carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answere, & their eccho ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the towne,
And leaue your wonted labours for this day:
This day is holy: doe you write it downe,
That ye for euer it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest light,
With B A R N A B Y the bright.
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chuse the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest siter were:
Yet neuer day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
And bonifiers make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing:
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho ring.

AH! when will this long weary day haue end,
And lend me leaue to come vnto my loue?
How slowly doe the houres their numbers spend?
How slowly doth sad T I M E his feathers mende?
Hitthee, O fairest Planet to thy home,
Within the Westerne some:
Thy tired steeds long since haue need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,

And the bright Euening star with golden cress
Appeare out of the East.
Faire child of beauty, glorious lampe of loue,
That all the host of heauen in ranks doost lead,
And guidest Louers through the nights sad dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from aboue?
And seem'st to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As ioying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for ioy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

NOW cease ye damfels your delights fore-past,
Enough it is that all the day was yours:
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bride into the bridall bowres.
Now night is come, now soone her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in Lillies and in Violets,
And silken curtaines ouer her display,
And odour sheets, and Arras couerlets.
Behold how goodly my faire Loue does ly,
In proud humilky;
Like vnto M A I A, when as I O V E R tooke,
In Tempe, lying on the flowrie gras,
Twix sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidan brooke.
Now it is night, ye damfels may be gone,
And leaue my Loue alone,
And leaue like wile your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answere, nor your eccho ring.

NOW welcome night, thou night so long expected,
That long dayes labour doost at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing ouer my Loue and me,
That no man may vs see,
And in thy sable mantle's enwrap,
From feare of perill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke vs to entrap,
Nor any drad disquiet once annoy
The safetie of our ioy:
But let the night be calme and quiet some,
Without tempestuous stormes or sad affray:
Like as when I O V E with faire A L C M E N A lay,
When he begot the great Tiryntian roome:
Or like as when he with thy selfe did lie,
And begot Maiestie.
And let the mayds and young men cease to sing:
Ne let the woods them answere, nor their eccho ring,

Let no lamenting cries, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceiued doubt.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let houte-fires, nor lightnings helpeless harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other euill sprights,
Ne let mischieuous Witches with their charmes,
Ne let Hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,

EPITHALAMION.

Pray vs with things that be not,
Let not the shriech-Owle, nor the Storke be heard,
Nor the night Rauē that still deadly yels,
Nor damned ghosts cald vp with mightie spels,
Nor grieſly vultures make vs once affeard:
Ne let th' vnpleaſant Quyre of Frogs ſtill croking
Make vs to wiſh their choking.
Let none of theſe their dreary accents ſing,
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor their eccho ring.

BVt let ſtill Silence true night watches keepe,
That ſacred peace may in aſſurance raine,
And timely ſleepe, when it is time to ſleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleaſant plaine,
The whiles an hundred little winged loues,
Like diuers feathered doves,
Shall ſlie and flutter round about your bed,
And in the ſecret darke, that none reprocues,
Their pretty ſtealthes ſhall worke, and ſnares ſhall ſpread
To filch away ſweet ſnatches of delight,
Conceald through couert night.
Ye ſonnes of V E N U S, play your ſports at will:
For greedy pleaſure, careleſſe of your toys,
Thinks more vpon her paraדיſe of ioyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will ſoone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that ſay or ſing,
Ne will the woods now anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

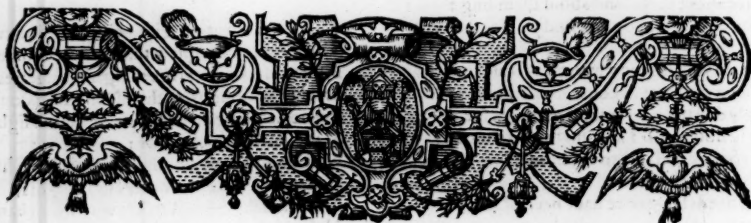
VVHo is the ſame, which at my window peeps?
Or whole is that faire face which ſhines ſo bright?
Is it not C Y N T H I A, ſhee that neuer ſleeps,
But walks about high heauen all the night?
O faireſt goddeſſe, doe thou not enuy
My Loue with me to ſpy:
For thou likewiſe didſt loue, though now vnthought,
And for a ſleece of wooll, which priuily
The Latmian ſhepherd ocne vnto thee brought,
His pleaſures with thee wrought.
Therefore to vs be fauourable now;
And ſith of womens labours thou haſt charge,
And generation goodly dooſt enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wiſhfull vow,
And the chaſte wombe informe with timely ſeed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we ceaſe our hopefull hap to ſing,
Ne let the woods vs anſwere, nor our eccho ring.

ANd thou great I V N O, which with awfull might
The lawes of wedlocke ſtill dooſt patronize,
And the religion of the faith firſt plight
With ſacred rites haſt taught to ſolemnize:
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their ſmart,
Eternally bind thou this louely band,
And all thy bleſſings vnto vs impart.
And thou glad Genius, in whoſe gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemiſh or ſtaine,
And the ſweer pleaſures of their loues delight
With ſecret ayde dooſt ſuccour and ſupply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send vs the timely fruit of this ſame night.
And thou faire H E B E, and thou H Y M E N free,
Grant that it may ſo bee.
Till which we ceaſe your further praife to ſing,
Ne any woods ſhall anſwere, nor your eccho ring.

ANd ye high heauens the temple of the gods,
In which a thouſand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly clods,
In dreadfull darkneſſe lend deſired light;
And all ye powers which in the ſame remaine,
More then we men can ſaine,
Poure out your bleſſing on vs plentifully,
And happy influence vpon vs raine,
That we may raiſe a large poſteritie,
Which from the earth, which they may long poſſeſſe,
With laſting happineſſe,
Vp to your haughty palaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit,
May heauenly tabernacles the re inherit,
Of bleſſed Saints for to increaſe the count.
So let vs reſt, ſweet Loue, in hope of this,
And ceaſe till then our timely ioyes to ſing,
The woods no more vs anſwere, nor our eccho ring.

Song made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my loue ſhould duly haue been deſt,
Which cutting off through haſty accidents,
Ye would not ſtay your due time to expect,
But promiſt both to recompence,
Be vnto her a goodly ornament,
And for ſhort time an endleſſe monument.

FINIS.





FOVRE
HYMNES,

MADE
By Edmund Spenser.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*
1617.



FOUR
HYMN





TO THE RIGHT HONOVRA-
ble and most vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Marga-*
ret, Countesse of Cumberland, and the Lady *Mary*,
Countesse of Warwicke.
(..)

HAuing, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the prayse of Loue and Beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which beeing too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then hony to their honest delight; I was moued by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But being vnable so to doe, by reason that many copies therof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolued at least to amend, and by way of retraction to reforme them, making (in stead of those two Hymnes of earth'y or naturall loue and beautie) two others, of heauenly and celestiall. The which I doe dedicate ioynntly vnto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true loue and beautie, both in the one and the other kind: humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble seruice, in lieu of the great graces & honourable fauours which ye daily shew vnto mee, vntill such time as I may by better meanes, yeeld you some more notable testimony of my thankful mind and dutifull deuotion. And euen so I pray for your

happinesse. Greenwich, this first of

September. 1596.

(*)

*Your Honours most bounden euer
in all humble seruice,*

Edm. Sp.

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and
 wondering how you are getting on. I hope you
 are well and happy. I have been very busy
 lately, but I have managed to find some time
 to write to you. I have been thinking of you
 very much lately, and wondering how you are
 getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I
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AN HYMNE, IN honour of Loue.

LOUE, that long since hast to thy mightie powre
Perforce subdude my poore captiu'd hart,
And raging now therein with restless stowre,
Dooft tyrannize in euery weaker part;
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart,
By any seruice I might doe to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t'assuage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the prayes of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to areed;
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wide wounds embrew'd,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdew'd.

Onely I feare, my wits enfeeble late,
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou hast me bred,
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-head,
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to ouer-spread
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy acts to sing.

Come then, & come, thou mighty God of loue,
Out of thy siluer bowres and secret blisse,
Where thou doost sit in VENVS lap aboute,
Bathing thy wings in her Ambrosiall kisse,
That sweeter farre then any Nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye sweet Muses, which haue often prou'd
The piercing points of his auengefull darts;
And ye faire Nymphs which oftentimes haue lou'd
The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare your selues, and open wide your harts
For to receiue the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft, when ye were sorie.

And yee faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,
Which in the conquests of your beauteie host,
Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,
But starue their harts, that needeth nurture most,
Prepare your selues, to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred Hymne doe sing,
Made in the honour of your Soueraigne King.

GREAT god of might, that reignest in the mind,
And all the bodie to thy hest doost frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankind,
That doost the Lions and fell Tygers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy scornfull game,
And in their roring taking great delight;
Who can expresse the glory of thy might?

Or who aloue can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie?
When thy great mother VENVS first thee bare,
Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine owne natiuitie;
And yet a child, renewing still thy yeares;
And yet the eldest of the heauenly Peares.

For ere this worlds still mouing mightie masse,
Out of great Chaos vgly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heaueus view, and in deepe darknesse kept;
LOUE, that had now long time securely slept
In VENVS lap, vnarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by CLOTO beeing waked.

And taking to him wings of his owne heat,
Kindled at first from heaueus life-giuing fire,
He gan to moue out of his idle seat,
Weakely at first: but after with desire
Lifted aloft he gan to mount vp hier,
And like fresh Eagle, made his hardie flight
Through all that great wide waste, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray:
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world that was not, till he did it make;
Whose sundry parts he from themselves did seuer,
The which before had lyne confused euer.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fire,
Then gan to range themselves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspire
Each against other, by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fire,
Till LOUE relented their rebellious ire.

He

An Hymne

He then them tooke, and tempering goodly well,
 Their contrary dislikes with loued meanes,
 Did place them all in order, and compell
 To keepe themselves within their sundry raines,
 Together linkt with Adamantine chaines;
 Yet so, as that in euery liuing wight
 They mixe themselves, and shew their kindly might.

So euer since they firmly haue remain'd,
 And duly well obserued his behest;
 Through which, now all those things that are contain'd
 Within this goodly cope, both most and least
 Their being haue, and daily are increast,
 Through secret sparks of his infused fire,
 Which in the barraine cold he doth inspire.

Thereby they all doe liue, and moued are
 To multiply the likenesse of their kind,
 Whilst they seeke onely, without further care,
 To quench the flame, which they in burning find:
 But Man, that breathes a more immortall mind,
 Not for lufts sake, but for eternitie,
 Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie.

For hauing yet in his deducted spright,
 Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fire,
 He is columind with that goodly light,
 Vnto like goodly semblant to aspire:
 Therefore in choice of loue, he doth desire
 That seemes on earth most heavenly, to embrace,
 That same is BEA VTY, borne of heavenly race.

For, sure of all, that in this mortall frame
 Contained is, nought more diuine doth seeme,
 Or that resembleth more th'immortall flame
 Of heavenly light, then BEA VTYES glorious beame.
 What wonder then, if with such rage extreme,
 Fraile men, whose eyes seeke heavenly things to see,
 At sight thereof so much eerauist bee?

Which well perceiuing, that imperious bay
 Doth therewith tip his sharp empouled darts:
 Which glancing through the eyes with count'nance coy,
 Rest not, till they haue pierst the trembling hart,
 And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
 Which suckes the blood, and drinketh vp the life
 Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe.

Thenceforth they plaine, and make full pitious mone
 Vnto the author of their balefull bane;
 The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and grone,
 Their liues they loathe, and heauens light disdain:
 No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
 Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
 They deigne to see, and seeing it, still dye.

The whilst, thou tyrant LOVE doost laugh & scorne
 At their complaints, making their paine thy play:
 Whilst they lie languishing like thral forlorne,
 The whiles thou doost triumph in their decay,
 And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,

Thou doost emmarble the proud hart of her,
 Whose loue before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (aye me the more)
 To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart,
 With thousand wounds thou manegled hast so fore,
 That whole remains scarce any little part:
 Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
 Thou hast enfrozend her disdainfull brest,
 That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then doe I this honour vnto thee,
 Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
 Sith thou doost shew no fauour vnto mee,
 Ne once moue ruth in that rebellious Dame,
 Somewhat to like the rigour of my flame?
 Certes, small glory doost thou winne hereby,
 To let her liue thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
 The worlds great Parent, the most kind preseruer
 Of liuing wights, the touraigne Lord of all,
 How talles it then, that with thy furious feruour,
 Thou doost afflict as well the not deseruer,
 As him that doth thy louely heasts despise,
 And on thy subjects most doost tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glorie seemeth more,
 By to hard handling those which best thee serue,
 That ere thou doost them vnto grace restore,
 Thou maist well trie if they will euer serue,
 And maist them make it better to deserue:
 And hauing got it, may it more effeme
 For things hard gotten men more deere deeme.

So hard those heavenly beauties be enfired,
 As things diuine, least passions doe imprelle:
 The more of stedfast minds to be admired,
 The more they stay'd be on steadfastnesse:
 But base borne minds such lamps regard the lesse,
 Which at first blowing take not halfe fire,
 Such fancies feeble no loue, but loose desire.

For loue is Lord of truth and loyaltie,
 Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust,
 On golden plumes vp to the purest skie,
 About the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
 Whole bale affect through cowardly distrust
 Of his weake wings dare not to heauen flie,
 But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth lie.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves court
 To durty drosse, no higher dare aspire,
 Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
 The flaming light of that celestiall fire,
 Which kindleth loue in generous desire,
 And makes him mount about the native might
 Of heauenly earth, vp to the heauens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
 That it all fordid basenesse doth expell,

And

of Loue.

And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Vnto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell;
Which he beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirrour of so heauenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry fantasie,
Still full, yet neuer satished with it,
Like TANTALE, that in store doth starued ly:
So doth he pine in most satietie:
For nought may quench his infinite desire,
Once kindled through that first conceived fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholly is,
Nethinks on ought, but how it to attaine;
His care, his ioy, his hope is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine.
Thrice happy man, might he the same possesse,
He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse.

And though he doe not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happy he himselfe doth weene,
That heauens such happy grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heauenly, to haue scene,
His harts enshrined Saint, his heauens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his faying eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitie.

Then forth he casts in his vnquiet thought,
What he may doe, her fauour to obtaine;
What braue exploit, what perill hardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what aduenturous paine
May please her best, and grace vnto him gaine:
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guide,
Thou beeing blind, lest him not lee his feares,
But cariest him to that which he hath eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand
(swords and speares:
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou arimest his resistlesse hand.

Witness LEANDER, in the Euxine waues,
And stout AENEAS in the Troiane fire,
ACHILLES preassing through the Phrygian glaues,
And ORPHEVS, daring to prouoke the ire
Of damned fiends, to get his loue retire:
For both through heauen and hell thou makest way,
To win them worship which to thee obey.

And if by all these perils and these paines,
He may but purchase liking in her eye,
What heauens of ioy, then to himselfe he faines,
Eftsoones he wipes quite out of memory
What euer ill before he did aby:
Had it been death, yet would he die againe,
To liue thus happy as her grace to gaine.

Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striueth still
T'approach more neare, till in her inmost brest,
He may embosomed bee, and loued best;
And yet not best, but to be lou'd alone:
For loue cannot endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, & how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more then hellish paine!
And to his faying fantasie represent
Sights neuer seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,
To breake his sleepe, and waste his idle braine:
Thou that hast neuer lou'd, canst not belieue
Least part of th'euils which poore Louers grieue.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmises, the distrustfull shewes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,
The fained friends, the vnassured foes.
With thousand moe then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a Louers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That canker-worme, that monster Ielousie,
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,
Turning all louers delight to miserie,
Through feare of losing his felicitie.
Ah Gods, that euer ye that monster placed
In gentle loue, that all his ioyes defaced.

By these, & LOVES, thou doost thy entrance make,
Vnto thy heauen, and doost the more endere
Thy pleasures vnto those which them partake,
As after stormes when clouds begin to cleare,
The sunne more bright & glorious doth appeare:
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,
Doost beare vnto thy blisse, and heauens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradise
Of all delight, and ioyous happy rest,
Where they doe feed on Nectar heauenly-wife,
With HERCVLES and HERES, and the rest
Of VENUS dearlings, through her bountie blest,
And lie like gods in Iuory beds arayd,
With rose and lillies ouer them displayd.

There, with thy daughter PLEASURE they do play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty shame,
After full ioyance of their gentle game;
Then her they crowne their goddesse & their Queene,
And decke with flowres thy altars well becene.

Aye me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length vnto the wished scope
Of my desire; or might my selfe assure,
That happy port for euer to recure.

Then

An Hymne

Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortall praise,
An heauenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,

And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Boue all the gods, thee onely honouring.
My guide, my God, my victor, and my King;
Till then, dread Lord, vouchsafe to take of mee
This humble song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

FINIS.



AN HYMNE, IN honour of Beautie.

AH! whither, **L O V E**, wilt thou now carry mee?
What wouldest thou doost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whilst seeking to assake thy raging fire,
Thou in me kindest much more great desire,
And vp aloft about my strength doest raise
The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I earst, in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honorable Hymne I eke should frame;
And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The ravish'd harts of gazefull men might reare,
To admiration of that heauenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule enchanting might.

Thereto doe thou great Goddesse, queen of **B E A U T Y**,
Mother of **L O V E**, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose soueraigne grace and kindly deutie,
Nothing on earth seemes faire to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy loue-kindling light,
Till illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this sacred Hymne of thine.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame
Hath darted fire into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasteth is with woes extreme,
It may so please, that she at length will streame
Some dew of grace, into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

Vhat time this worlds great workmaister did cast
To make all things, such as wee now behold,
It seemes that he before his eyes had plac't
A goodly Patterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashion'd them as comely as he could;
That now so faire and seemly they appeare,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous Patterne where'soere it bee,
Whether in earth layd vp in secret store,
Or else in heauen, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect **B E A U T Y**, which all men adore:
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortall sense, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse by influence diuine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly mine
Which closeth it, thereafter doth refine,
Dooing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame, which therein is empight.

For through infusion of celestially powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits priuily doth poure
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
They seeme to please. That is, thy soueraigne might
O Cyprian Queene, which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doost streame.

That

of Heauenly Beautie.

That is the thing which giueth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fire,
Light of thy lampe, which shining in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desire,
And robs the harts of those which it admire,
Therewith thou pointest thy sonnes poysned arrow,
That wounds the life, & waistes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then doe idle wits iouent,
That beautie is nought else, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a Sommers shade,
Or that it is but comely composition,
Of parts well meastred, with meet disposition?

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th'eyes vnto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restless stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part,
Moue such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both sense, and reason blind?

Why doe not then the blossoms of the field,
Which are araid with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most dainty odours yield,
Work like impression in the lookers view?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times, we Nature see of Art
Excel, in perfect limning every part.

But ah! beleeue me, there is more then so,
That workes such wonders in the mindes of men;
I that haue often prou'd, too well it know;
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by triall, and confesse it then,
That **B E A U T Y** is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things, that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinkled, shall decay.
And those sweet rosie leaues, so fairely spred
Vpon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.
That golden wire, those sparkling starres so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light;

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth Louers fire,
Shall neuer be extinguisht nor decay;
But when the vitall spirits doe expire,
Vnto her native planet shall retire:
For it is heauenly borne and cannot die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which deriued was
At first, out of that great immortal Spright,
By whom all liue to loue, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heauens hight,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light

And liuely spirits from that fairest starre,
Which lights the world forth from his fierie carre.

Which powre retainyng still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seed is erst enaced,
Through euery part she doth the same impresse,
According as the heauens haue her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoile
Of th'heauenly riches, which she robd erewhile.

Thereof it comes, that these faire soules, which haue
The most resemblance of that heauenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautifull and braue
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a foweraine might
Tempers so trim, that it may well becene,
A palace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So euery spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heauenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With cherefull grace and amiable sight.
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take:
For soule is forme, and doth the body make.

Therefore where-euer that thou doost behold
A comely corpe, with beautie faire endued,
Knowe this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauntious soule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receiue the seed of vertue strewed.
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a signe to knowe the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chance, against the course of kind,
Or through vnappetesse in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborne ground,
That will not yield vnto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with some soule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (aye me the more to rewe)
That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,
Is soule abused, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne;
Whilest euery one doth seeke and sue to haue it,
But euery one doth seeke, but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that doe abuse it vnto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested vnto will.
Nathelasse, the soule is faire and beauntious still,
How euer fleshes fault it filthy make:
For things immortal no corruption take.

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornaments,
And liuely images of heauenly light,

An Hymne

Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glory darkned quight :
But mindfull still of your first countries light,
Doe still preferue your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shines in your beautilous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloyall lust, faire BEAUTES foulest blame,
That base affections, which your eares would bland,
Commend to you by loues abused name;
But is indeed the bond. slave of defame,
Which will the garland of your glory marre,
And quench the light of your bright shining starre.

But gentle LOVE, that loyall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display,
Like as two mirrours by opposd reflexion,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoues to loue, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches, which in you ye beare,
That men the more admire their fountaine may,
For else what booteth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknes be enshrined euer,
That it of louing eyes be viewed neuer?

But in your choice of Loues, this well aduise,
That likest to your selues ye them select,
The which your formes first fourse may sympathise,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt :
For if you loosely loue, without respect,
It is not loue, but a discordant warre,
Whose vnlike parts amongst themselves do iarre.

For loue is a celestiall harmonie
Of likeli harts composd of starres concent,
Which ioyn together in sweet sympathy,
To worke each others ioy and true content,
Which they haue harbourd since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And knowe each other here belou'd to bee.

Then wrong it were, that any other twaine
Should in loues gentle band combined bee,
But those whom heauen did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t'agree :
For all that like the beauty which they see,
Straight doe not loue: for loue is not so light,
As straight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they which loue indeed, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes,
A more refined forme, which they present
Vnto their mind, voyde of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshs fraile infection.

And then conforming it vnto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still
Of that first Sunne, yet sparkling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill,
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will,
And it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admire.

Which seeing now so inly faire to bee,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie,
Counting it fairer, then it is indeed,
And yet indeed her fairencs doth exceed.

For Louers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loues delight,
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of the beames bright,
Which carry priue message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discouers dawning day.

Therein they see through amorous eye-glances,
Armies of loues still flying to and fro,
Which dart at them their little fierie launces :
Whom hauing wounded, backe againe they goe,
Carrying compassion to their louely foe :
Who seeing her fayre eyes so sharpe effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweet aspect.

In which, how many wonders doe they reed
To their conceit, that others neuer see,
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feed,
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
Now of her looks, which like to Cordials bee;
But when her words embassade forth she sends,
Lord, how sweet musick that vnto them lends !

Sometimes vpon her forehead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight.
Sometimes within her eye-lids they vafould
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
Doe seeme like twinkling starres in frosty night:
But on her lips, like rosie buds in May,
So many millions of echaite pleasures play.

All those, O CYPHERA, and thousands more
Thy handmaids be, which doe on thee attend,
To deck thy beauties with their dainties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and friend ;
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne castall,
And spread thy louely kingdome ouer all.

Then *Is triumph*, O great beauties Queene,
Aduance the banner of thy conquest hie,
That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
May drawe to thee, and with due fealtie,
Adore the power of thy great Maiestie,

Sing-

of Heauenly Loue.

Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.

In lieu whereof, grant, O great Soueraigne,
That she whole conquering beautie doth captiue
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length may to me giue,
That I her bounden thrall by her may lue:
And this same life, which first from me she reaued,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

And you faire V E N V S dearling, my deare dread,
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shall read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of due reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pynning griefe,
And shew what wondrous powre your beaurty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

F I N I S.

AN HYMNE, OF heauenly Loue.

LO V E, lift me vp vpon thy golden wings,
From this base world vnto thy heauens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things,
Which there thou workest by thy soueraigne might,
Farre aboue feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heauenly Hymne may sing
Vnto the god of L O V E, high heauens King.

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)
In praise of that mad fit, which fooles call loue,
I haue in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection moue.
But all those follies now I doe reproue,
And turned haue the tenor of my string,
The heauenly prailes of true loue to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire,
To read my fault, and wondering at my flame,
To warm your selues at my wide sparkling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes throwd my dying shame:
For who my passed follies now pursues,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renews.

BEfore this worlds great frame, in which all things
Are now containd, found any being place,
Ere sitting Time could wag his cyas wings
About that mighty bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Sphere, & parts their houres by space,
That high Eternall powre, which now doth moue
In all these things, mou'd in it selfe by loue.

It lou'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For faire is lou'd;) and of it selfe begot
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and void of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his ioy, in whom no iot
Of loues dislike, or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honour crown'd.

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glory and immortal might,
Together with that third from them deriued,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright,
Whole kingdoms throne, no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse,
With equall words can hope it to rehearfe.

Yet O most blessed Spirit, pure lampe of light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisedome true,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright,
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And giue me words equall vnto my thought,
To tell the marueiles by thy mercy wrought.

Yet beeing pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull loue, that loues to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of powre so great,
Yet full of beautie next he did beget
An infinite increase of Angels bright,
All glistering glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heauens illimitable hight
(Not this round heauen, which wee from hence behold,
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shining gold)
He gaue, as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serue him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne drad preface to attend,
Where they behold the glory of his light,
And caroll Hymnes of loue both day and night.

Both day and night is vnto them all one,
For he his beames doth vnto them extend,

F 2

That

An Hymne

That darknes there appeareth neuer none,
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend,
Neuer should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffed them vp with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase
About the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods owne seate without commiſſion:
The brightest Angell, euen the Child of light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming ire,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From heauens hight, to which they did aspire,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fire;
Where they in darknes and drad horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers loue,
Next to himselfe in glorious degree,
Degenerating to hate, fell from about
Through pride; (for pride and loue may ill agree)
And now of sinne: o all ensample bee:
How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

But that eternall fount of loue and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnes vnto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In his wide Palace, through those Angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new vnknown Colonie therein, (begin.
Whose roote from earths base ground-works should

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might,
According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
Which he had fashion'd in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breath'd a liuing spright
Into his face, most beautifull and faire,
Endew'd with wisdoms riches, heavenly rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him to be Lord of euery liuing wight,
He made by loue out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie selfe behold.
For loue doth loue the thing belou'd to see,
That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

But Man, forgetfull of his Makers grace,
No lesse then Angels, whom he did ensue,
Fell from the hope of promitt heavenly place,
Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw:
Where they for euer should in bonds remaine,
Of neuer dead, yet euer dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Loue, which him at first
Made of meere loue, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurs'd,
In that deepe horror of despeired hell,
Him wretch in doole would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blis,
In which hee reign'd with his glorious sire,
He downe descended like a most demis
And abiect thrall in fleshes fraile attire,
That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hire,
And him restore vnto that happy state,
In which he stood before his haples fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfide:
Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man surpas,
Could make amends to God for mans misguide.
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slide.
So taking flesh of sacred Virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake, he did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was borne
Without all blemish or reproachtull blame,
He freely gaue to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands who with despightfull shame
Reuiling him, that them most vile became,
A length him nayled on a gallow tree,
And flew the iust, by most vniust decree.

O huge and most vnspokeable impression
Of loues deepe wound, that pierst the pitious hart
Of that deare Lord with so entire affection;
And sharply launcing euery inner part,
Dolours of death into his soule did dart;
Dooing him die, that neuer it deseru'd,
To free his foes, that from his heast had sweru'd!

What hart can feele least touch of so sore launch,
Or thought, can thinke the depth of so deare wound?
Whose bleeding (ourse) their streames yet neuer staunch,
But still do flowe, and freshly still redound,
To heale the sores of sinfull soules vnfound,
And cleanse the guilt of that infected crime,
Which was emooted in all fleshy slime.

O blessed well of loue! O flowre of grace?
O glorious Morning starre! O lampe of light!
Most liuely image of thy fathers face,
Eternall King of glory Lord of might,
Mecke lambe of God before all worlds beight,
How can we thee require for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this loue,
But loue of vs, for guerdon of thy paine.
Aye me! what can vs lesse then that behoue;
Had he requir'd life of vs againe,
Had it bene wrong to aske his owne with gaine?

He

of Heauenly Loue.

He gaue vs life, he is restored lost ;
Then life were leaft, that vs fo little coft.

But he our life bath left vnto vs free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band ;
Ne ought demands, but that we louing bee,
As he himfelfe hath lou'd vs afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternall band,
Him firft to loue, that vs fo dearely bought,
And next, our brethren to his image wrought.

Him firft to loue, great right and reafon is,
Who firft to vs our life and being gaue ;
And after, when we fared had amis,
Vs wretches from the fecond death did faue:
And laft, the food of life which now we haue,
Euen hee himfelfe in his deare facrament,
To feede our hungry foules vnto vs lent.

Then next, to loue our brethren, that were made
Of that felfe mould, and that felfe Makers hand,
That we ; and to the fame againe fhall fade,
Where they fhall haue like heritage of land,
How-euer here on higher fteps we ftand ;
Which alfo were with felfe fame price redeemed
That we, how-euer of vs light efteemed.

And were they not, yet fith that louing Lord
Commanded vs to loue them for his fake,
Euen for his fake, and for his facred word,
Which in his laft bequeft he to vs fpake,
We fhould them loue, & with their needs partake ;
Knowing, that whatfoere to them we giue,
We giue to him, by whom we all doe liue.

Such mercy he by his moft holy reed
Vnto vs taught; and to approue it trow,
Enfampled it by his moft righteous deed,
Shewing vs mercy (miferable crew)
That we the like fhould to the wretches fhew,
And loue our brethren ; thereby to approue,
How much himfelfe that loued vs, we loue.

Then rouse thy felfe, & earth, out of thy foyle,
In which thou wallow'ft like to filthy fwine,
And dooft thy mind in durty pleasures moyle,
Vomindfull of that deareft Lord of thine ;
Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,
That thou his foueraigne bounty maift behold,
And read through loue his mercies manifold.

Begin from firft, where he encradled was
In fimple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toylefull Oxe and humble Affe,
And in what rage, and in how bafe aray,
The glory of our heauenly riches lay,
When him the filly fhepherds came to fee,
Whom greateft Princes fought on loweft knee.

From thence read on the ftory of his life,
His humble carriage, his vnfaultry waies,

His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
His paines, his pouerty, his sharpe affaies,
Through which he paff his miserable daies,
Offending none, and dooing good to all,
Yet being malic' both of great and small.

And looke at laft, how of moft wretched wights
He raken was, betrayd, and falfe accused,
How with moft fcornfull taunts, & fell defpights
He was reui'd, difgrast, and foule abused,
How fcourg'd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how bruised ;
And laftly, how twixt robbers crucifide, (fide.
With bitter wounds, through hands, through feet, through

Then let thy flinty hart that feelles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorfe :
And let thy bowels bleed in euery vaine,
At fight of his moft facred heauenly corfe,
So torne and mangled with malicious force:
And let thy foule, whole finnes his sorrowes wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieued thought.

With fenfe whereof, whilst to thy foftned fpirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endleffe merit,
Lift vp thy mind to th'author of thy weale,
And to his foueraigne mercy doe appeale ;
Learne him to loue, that loued thee fo deare,
And in thy breaft his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy foule and mind,
Thou muft him loue, and his beheafts embrace :
All other loues, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and ftirre vp affections bafe,
Thou muft renounce, and vterly difplace,
And giue thy felfe vnto him full and free,
That full and freely gaue himfelfe for thee.

Then fhalt thou feele thy fpirit fo poffefft,
And rauisht with deuouring great defire
Of his deare felfe, that fhall thy feeble brest
Inflame with lone, and fet thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through euery part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou fhalt delight,
But in his fweet and amiable fight.

Thenceforth, all worlds defire will in thee die,
And all earths glory, on which men doe gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure fighted eye,
Compar'd to that celeftiall beauties blaze,
Whole glorious beames all flefhly fenfe doth daze
With admiration of their paffing light,
Blinding the eyes, and luminizing the fpright.

Then fhall thy rauisht foule inspired bee
With heauenly thoughts farre aboue humane skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes fhall plainly fee
Th'Idée of his pure glory, prefent ftill
Before thy face, that all thy fpirits fhall fill
With fweet enagement of celeftiall loue,
Kindled through fight of thofe faire things aboue.



AN HYMNE, OF HEA- uently Beautie.

Rapt with the rage of mine owne rauisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious Images in heauen wrought
Whole wondrous beauty breathing sweet delights,
Doe kinde loue in high conceited sprights:
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most almightie Spright,
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flowe,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth; that I may shoue
Some little beames to mortall eyes belowe,
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mind I see.

That with the glorie of so goodly sight,
The harts of men, which fondly here admire
Faile-seeming shewes, and feede on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desire
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves vp hier,
And learne to loue with zealous humble dewty,
Th'eternall fountaine of that heauenly beautie.

Beginning then belowe, with th'easie view
Of this base world, subiect to fleshy eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
To contemplation of th'immortall skie,
Of the soare Faulcon so I learne to flie,
That flaps awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she herselfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke who list, thy gaze-full eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire: looke on the frame
Of this wide *Universe*, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures, which by name
Thou canst not count, much lesse their natures aime:
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

First th'Earth, on Adamantine pillars founded,
Amid the Sea, engirt with brazen bands;
Then th'Ayre still sitting, but yet firmly bounded
On euerie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Neuer consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;
And last, that mightie shining crysell wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof, it plainly may appeare,
That still as euery thing doth vpward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest beautie, it at last ascend:
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heauen then fire appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye,
On that bright shinie round still moouing masse,
The house of blessed Gods, which men call *Sxre*,
All tow'd with glistering flares more thick then grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe;
But those two most, which ruling night and day,
As King and Queene, the heauens Empire sway.

And tell me then what hast thou euer scene,
That to their beautie may compared bee,
O: can the sight that is most sharpe and keene,
Endure their Captains flaming head to see?
How much lesse these, much higher in degree,
Are to much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For, farre above these heauens which here we see,
Be others, farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, nor corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Vnmoouing, vn corrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no Sunne to illuminate their spheres,
But their own native light, farre passing theirs.

And as these heauens still by degrees arise,
Vntill they come to their first Movers bound,
That in his mighty compasse doth comprise,
And carry all the rest with him around;
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire, till they at last arriue
To the most faire, whereto they all doe stroue.

Faire is the heauen, where happy soules haue place,
In full enjoyment of felicitie
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the diuine eternall Maiestie:
More faire is that, where those *Idees* on his
Enranged be, which *Plato* so admired,
And pure *Intelligences* from God inspired.

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raigne
The *soverain Povers* & mighty *Potentates*,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heauenly *Dominationes* are set,
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.

Yet far more faire be those bright *Cherubins*,
Which all with golden wings are ouer-dight,
And those eternall burning *Seraphins*,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright
Be th'Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These

of Heauenly Beautie.

These thus in faire each other farre excelleng,
As to the Highest they approach more neare:
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioyned together were:
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

Cease then my tongue, and lend vnto my mind
Leaue to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Whose vtmost parts so beautifull I find:
How much more those excellent parts of his,
His truth, his loue, his wisdom, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,
By which he lends vs of himselfe a sight?

Those vnto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking glasse, through which he may
Be seene, of all his creatures vile and base,
That are vnable else to see his face,
His glorious face which glistereth else so bright,
That th' Angels selues cannot endure his sight.

But we fraile wights, whose sight cannot sustaine
The Sun-bright beames, when he on vs doth shine,
But that their points rebuted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne,
The glory of that Maiestie diuine;
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
Compared to his least refulgent sparke?

The meates therefore which vnto vs is lent
Him to behold, is on his works to looke,
Which he hath made in beautie excellent,
And in the same, as in a brassen booke,
To read enregistred in euery nooke
His goodnes, which his beautie doth declare,
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mind,
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose damps the soule doth blind,
And like the native brood of Eagles kind,
On that bright Sunne of glory fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence,
Before the footstool of his Maiestie,
Throwe thy selfe downe with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye,
On the drad face of that great DEITY;
For feare, least if he chance to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded bee.

But lowely fall before his Mercie seate,
Close couered with the Lambes integritie,
From the iust wrath of his auenging full threat,
That sits vpon the righteous throne on his:
His throne is built vpon Eternitie,

More firme and durable then Steele or brasse,
Or the hard Diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
Vnder the rigour of his iudgement iust:
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust;
From whence proceed her beames so pure & bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light.

Light farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke,
Which darted is from THE AN'S flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineeth the darke
The darke damp ayre, whereby all things are red:
Whole nature yet so much is maruelled
Of mortall wits, hat it doth much amaze
The greatest Wisards, which thereon doe gaze.

But that immortall light which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And euen the thoughts of men, doe plaine appeare:
For from th' eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heauenly vertue, which her beames do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light,
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes vntoind:
And vnderneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fire,
The instruments of his auenging ire.

There in his bosome SAPIENCE doth sit,
The soueraine deareling of the DEITY,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerlesse maie'tie;
And all with gemmes and jewels gorgeously
Adorn'd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her pautie brightnesse seeme more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest soueraintie:
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on his,
And menageth the euer-mouing sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all,
Subiect to her powre imperiall.

Both heauen and earth obey vnto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe:
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and doe in state remaine,
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through obseruation of her high behest,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can tell.
For she, the daughters of all womens race,

And

An Hymne

And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)
Which pictur'd VENUS with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admired it,
Haue pourtrayd this, for all his maistring skill;
Ne she herselfe, had she remained still,
And were as faire, as fabling wits doe faine,
Could once come neare this beautie foueraine.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
Or that sweet TITIAN Poet, which did spend
His plentious veine in setting forth her praise,
Scene but a glimpse of this, which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
Above that Idole of his faying thought,
That all the world should with his rimes be fraught?

How then dare I, the nouice of his Art:
Presume to picture so diuine a wight,
Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beautie fills the heauens with her light,
And darkes the earth with shadowe of her sight?
Ah gentle Muse, thou art too weake and faint,
The pourtraict of so heauenly hew to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold,
And see at will, her foueraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that faire loue of mightie heauen's King.
Enough is me t' admire so heauenly thing:
And being thus with her huge loue possit,
In th'onely wonder of her selfe to rest.

But who so may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne Beloued to behold:
For in the view of her celestially face,
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse haue place,
Ne ought on earth can want vnto the wight,
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For shee, out of her secret treasure,
Plentie of riches forth on him will poure,
Euen heauenly riches which there hidden lie
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th'eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath giuen to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receiue.

And letteth them her louely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceiue,
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereaue
Their soule of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasie,
And heare such heauenly notes, and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that fills the brazen sky,
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things remaine:
But all that earst seemed sweet, seemes now offence,
And all that pleased earst, now seemes a paine.
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see,
All other sights but fained shadowes bee.

And that faire lamp, which weth to enflame
The harts of men with selfe-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seemes foule, and full of sinfull blame;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspire
By name of honour, and so much desire,
Seemes to them balencesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnes, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such fatietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th'aspect of that felicitie,
Which they haue written in their inward eye;
On which they feed, and in their fast'ned mind,
All happy ioy and full contentment find.

Ah then my hungry soule, which long hast fed
On idle fancies of my foolish thought,
And with false beauties flattering bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought,
But late repentance through thy follies grieft;
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grieft.

And looke at last vp to that foueraigne light,
From whose pure beames all perfect beautie springs,
That kindleth loue in euery godly spright,
Euen the true loue of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world, and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possit,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for euer rest.

FINIS.



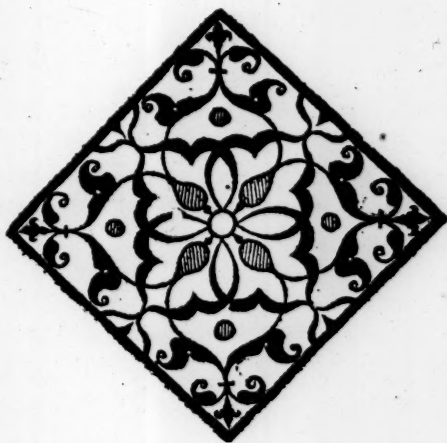
DAPHNAIDA.

AN ELEGIE VPON THE
DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND
vertuous *Douglas Howard*, daughter and heire of
Henrie Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and
wife of *Arthur Gorges, Esquire.*

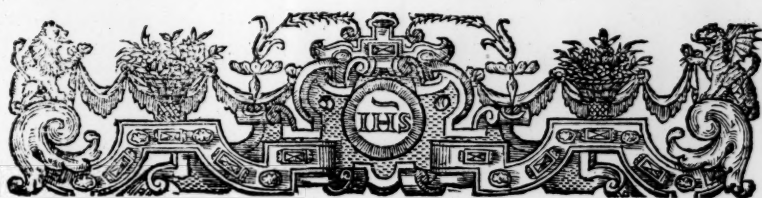
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Dedicated
TO THE RIGHT HONOVABLE THE LADY
Helena, Marques of North-hampton.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1617.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
ble and vertuous Lady *Helena*, Marquesse of
North-hampton.



Haue the rather presumed, humbly to offer vnto your Honour, the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere allied, and in affection greatly deuoted vnto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular good will which I beare vnto her husband Master *Arthur Gorges*, a louer of learning & vertue: whose house, as your Ladiship by mariage hath honoured, so do I find the name of them by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this Rea'me; and such as haue euer borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and vnspotted loyaltie to their Prince and country: besides, so lineally are they descended from the *Howards*, as that the Ladie *Anne Howard*, eldest daughter to *John Duke of Norfolke*, was wife to Sir *Edmund*, mother to Sir *Edward*, and grand-mother to Sir *William* and Sir *Thomas Gorges*, Knights. And therefore I doe assure my selfe, that no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladyship, whose husband and children doe so neerly participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honorable fauour and protection. London this
first of Ianuary. 1591.

Your Honors humbly euer,

Edm. Sp.

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DAPHNAIDA.

What euer man be he, whose heauy mind
With griefe of mournfull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increate would find,
Let read the ruefull plant herein exprest,
Of one (I weene) the wofullit man aline;
Euen sad **ALCYON**, whose emptierd brest,
Sharpe sorrow did in thousand peeces riuē.

But whoſo eſſe in pleaſure findeth ſenſe,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be baniſht farre away from hence:
Ne let the ſacred Siſters here be hight,
Though they of ſorrow heauily can ſing;
For euen their heauy ſong would breed delight:
But here no tunes, ſaue ſobs and groanes ſhall ring.

In ſtead of them, and their ſweet harmony,
Let thoſe three fatal Siſters, whoſe ſad hands
Doe waue the direfull treds of deſtinye,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto: and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darknes deep come from the **STYGIAN** ſtrands,
And grilly ghoſts to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomy euening, when the wearie Sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to reſt,
And ſweatie ſteeds now hauing ouer-run
The compoſt ſkie, gan water in the Weſt,
I walkt abroad to breathe the freſhing ayre
In open fields, whoſe flowing pride oppreſt
With early froſts, had loſt their beaue faire.

There came vnto my minde a troublous thought,
Which daily doth my weaker wit poſſeſs,
Ne lets it reſt, vnill it forth haue brought
Her long borne infant, fruit of heauineſs,
Which ſhe conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vaiueneſs, and lifes wretchedneſs,
That yet my ſoule it deeply doth empaiſion.

So as I muſed on the miſerie
In which men liue, and I of many moſte,
Moſt miſerable man; I did eſpy
Where towards me a ſory wight did coſte,
Clad all in black: that mourning did bewray,
And I **ALEXANDER** ſtaffe in hand deuoutly croſt,
Like to ſome Pilgrim, come from farre away.

His careleſſ ſocks, vncombed and vnſhorne,
Hung long adowne, and beard all ouer-growne,
That well he ſeemd to be ſome wight forlorne;
Downe to the earth his heauy eyes were throwne,
As lothing light: and euer as he went,
He ſighed oft, and inly deep did grone,
As if his heart in peeces would haue rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I vewed neere,
And by the ſemblant of his countenance,
Me ſeemd I had his perſon ſene elſewhere,
Moſt like **ALCYON** ſeeming at a glance;
ALCYON hee; the iolly Shepheards ſwaine,
That wont full merrily to pipe and dance,
And fill with pleaſance euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, becauſe of his diſguiſe,
I ſoſly ſaid, **ALCYON**? There-withall
He lookt aſide as in diſdainfull wiſe,
Yet ſtaied not: till I againe did call.
Then turning back, he ſaid with hollow ſound,
Who is it, that doth name me wofull thrall,
The wretchedſt man that treads this day on ground?

One, whom like wofulnes impreſſed deep,
Hath made fir mate thy wretched caſe to heare,
And giuen like cauſe with thee to waile and weep:
Griefe finds ſome eaſe by him that like does beare.
Then ſtay **ALCYON**, gentle Shepheard ſtay
(Quoth I) till thou haue to my truſtie care
Committed, what thee doth ſo ill apay.

Ceſe foo'iſh man (ſaid he, halfe wrothfully)
To ſecke to heare that which cannot be told:
For the huge anguiſh, which doth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold:
Ne doe I care, that any ſhould bemone
My hard miſhap, or any weep that would,
But ſecke alone to weep, and die alone.

Then be it ſo quoth I that thou art bent
To die alone, vnpietied, vnplained,
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient
To tell the cauſe, which thee thereto conſtrained:
Leaſt that the world thee dead, accuſe of guilt,
And ſay, when thou of none ſhalt be maintained,
That thou for ſecret crime thy blood haſt ſpilt,

G

Who

DAPHNAIDA.

Who life does loath, and longs to be vnbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh, quoth hee,
Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground
Deeme the occasion of his death to bee:
Rather desires to be forgotten quite,
Then question made of his calamities
For harts deepe sorrowe hates both life and light.

Yet sith so much thou seem'st to rue my griefe,
And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe:
For my reliefe exceedeth liuing thought)
I will to thee this beaue case relate.
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For neuer didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

Whilome I vs'd (as thou right well doost know)
My little flock on Western-downes to keepe,
Not far from whence **SABRINAE**s stream doth flow
And flowrie banks with siluer liquor steepe:
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce;
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearelesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
White as the native Rose before the change,
Which **VENUS** blood did in her leaues impresse,
I spied playing on the grassie plaine
Her youthfull sports and kindly wantonnesse,
That did all other Beasts in beautie staine.

Much was I moued at so goodly sight,
Whose like before, mine eye had seldome scene,
And gan to cast, how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene:
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with siluer chaine.

And afterwards, I handled her so faire,
That though by kind she stout and saluage were,
For beeing borne an ancient Lions heire,
And of the race, that all wild beasts doe feare;
Yet I her fram'd and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,
As the least lambe in all my flock that went.

For shee in field, where-euer I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day:
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or else in sleepe, if nay.
She would all night by me or watch or sleepe;
And euermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flocke would take full wary keepe.

Safe then and safest were my fillic sheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast:
All were I drow'd in carelesse quiet deepe:
My louely Lioness without behest
So carefull was for them, and for my good,

That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscaried or in playne or wood.

Ofte did the Shepheards, which my hap did heare,
And ofte their Ladies, which my luck enuide,
Daily resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lionesse, whose praises wide
Were spread abroad; and when her worthinesse
Much greater then the rude report they tride,
They her did praise, and my good fortune blisse.

Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my ioy would haue no end:
But oh! fond man, that in worlds ficklenesse
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy friend,
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daily doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter, fit for Tragedies.

For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruell **SATYR** with his murderous darr,
Greedy of mischiefe, ranging all about,
Gauc her the fatal wound of deadly smart:
And reft from me my sweet companion,
And reft from me my loue, my life, my hart:
My Lionesse (ah woe is me) is gone.

Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, vnworthy such a spoyle;
And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter prey:
Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle
ALCYDES slew, and fixt in firmament:
Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,
And lacking misse, and missing doe lament.

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pittie of his heauy plight,
Could not abstaine mine eyes with reares to sleepe:
But when I saw the anguish of his tpright
Some deale alayd, I him bespake againe;
Certes **ALCYON**, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equal paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderstand
The riddle of thy loued Lionesse;
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse,
Should to a beast his noble hart embasse,
And be the vassall of his vassalesse:
Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull case.

Then sighing sore, **DAPHNE** thou knew'st, quoth he,
She now is dead; ne more endur'd to say:
But fell to ground for great extremities,
That I beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much appald, and lightly him vprearing,
Reuoked life, that would haue fled away,
All were my selfe through griefe in deadly drearing.

Than gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with milde countaile stroue to mitigate

The

DAPHNAIDA.

The stormy passion of his troubled brest;
But he thereby was more empassionate:
As stubborn feed, that is with curbe restrained,
Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate,
And breaking forth at last, thus dearly plained;

1 What man henceforth that breatheth vitall ayre,
Will honour heauen, or heauenly powers adore?
Which to vniuſſly do their iudgements share
Mongſt earthly wights, as to afflict ſo fore
The innocent, as thoſe which doe tranſgreſſe,
And doe not ſpare the beſt or faireſt more
Than worſt or ſowieſt, but doe both oppreſſe.

If this be right, why did they then create
The world to faire, ſith faireneſſe is neglected?
Or why be they themſelues immaculate,
If pureſt things be not by them reſpected?
She faire, ſhe pure, moſt faire, moſt pure ſhe was,
Yet was by them as thing impure reſected:
Yet ſhe in pureneſſe, heauen it ſelfe did paſſe.

In pureneſſe and in all celeftiall grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excell, and ſeem'd of Angels race,
Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,
Adorn'd with wiſedome and with chaſtity,
And all the dowers of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (ſince faire ASTRÆA left
The ſinfull world) more vertue in a wight:
And when the parted hence, with her the reſt
Great hope: and robd her race of bounty quight:
Well may the ſhepherd Laſſes now lament,
For double loſſe by her hath on them light;
To loſe both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let ELISA, royall ſhepherdeſſe,
The prayes of my parted loue enuy,
For ſhe hath praies in all plentiuineſſe,
Pour'd vpon her, like ſhowers of CAſTALY
By her owne Shephard, COLIN her Shephard,
That her with heauenly hymnes doth deſtie,
Of ſtickie Muſe ſhall hardly be betterd.

She is the Roſe, the glory of the day,
And mine the Primroſe in the lowly ſhade,
Mine, ah! not mine; ſammiſe I mine did ſay:
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made:
Mine to be his, with him to liue for aye:
O that ſo faire a flowre ſo ſoone ſhould fade,
And through vniuſſely tempeſt fall away!

She fell away in her firſt ages ſpring,
Whiſt yet her leaſe was greene, and freſh her rind,
And whiſt her branch faire bloſſomes forth did bring,
She fell away againſt all courſe of kind:
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruite blowne down with wind:
Weepe the ſhephard, weepe to make my vnderſong.

2 What hart ſo ſtonie hard, but that would weepe,
And poure forth fountaines of inceſſant teares?
What TIMON, but would let compaſſion creepe
Into his breaſt, and pierce his frozen cares?
In ſtead of teares, whoſe brackiſh bitter well
I waſted haue, my hart bloud dropping wearis,
To thinke to ground how that faire bloſſome fell.

Yet fell ſhe not, as one enforſt to die,
Ne dyed with dread and prudging diſcontent:
But as one royl'd with trauell, downe doth lye,
So lay ſhe downe, as if to ſleepe ſhe went,
And cloſed her eyes with careleſſe quietneſſe;
The whiles loſt death away her ſpirit hent,
And ſoule aſſoyld from ſinfull ſuſhion ſe.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forſake,
She all reſolu'd, and ready to remoue,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wiſe beſpake;
ALCYON, ah! my firſt and laſt loue,
Ah! why does my ALCYON weepe and mourne,
And grieue my gholt, that ill mote him behoue,
As if to me had chaunſt ſome cuill tourne?

I, ſith the meſſenger is come for mee,
That ſummons ſoules vnto the bridale feaſt
Of his great Lord, muſt needs depart from thee,
And ſtraight obey his ſoueraine becheaſt:
Why ſhould ALCYON then ſo fore lament,
That I from miſery ſhould be releaſt,
And freed from wretched long imprifonment?

Our dayes are full of dolour and diſeaſe,
Our life afflicted with inceſſant paine,
That nought on earth may leſſen or appeaſe.
Why then ſhould I deſire here to remaine?
Or why ſhould he that loues me, forme bee
For my deliuerance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward ioyes to ſee?

I goe, and long deſired haue to goe,
I goe with gladnes to my wiſhed reſt,
Whereas no worlds ſad care, nor waiting woo
May come, their happy quiet to moleſt,
But Saints and Angels in celeftiall thrones
Eternally him praie, that hath them bleſt;
There ſhall I be amongſt thoſe bleſſed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with thee
Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs paſt,
My young AMBRASIA, in lieu of mee
Loue her: ſo ſhall our loue for euer laſt.
Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long.
So hauing ſaid, away the ſoftly paſt:
Weepe Shephard, weepe, to make mine vnderſong.

3 So oft as I record thoſe piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engrauen in my breaſt,
And thoſe laſt deadly accents, which like ſwords
Did wound my hart and rehd my bleeding cheſt,
With thoſe ſweet lugred ſpeeches doe compare.

DAPHNAIDA.

The which my soule first conquerd and possesst,
The first beginners of my endlesse care;

And when those pallid cheekes and ashie hew,
In which sad death his portraiture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit,
I matcht with that sweet smile and cheerefull brow,
Which all the world subdued vnto it;
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I, when I saw her lead
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in a round?
How trimly would she trace, and softly tread
The tender grasse with rosie garland crown'd?
And when she list aduance her heavenly voice,
Both Nymphes & Mules nigh she made astound,
And flocks and shepheards caused to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard Lasses, who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your vielayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the Lady of your holy dayes?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes,
And with the same fill euery hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight;
Ne euer Shepheard sound his Oaten quill
Vnto the many, that prouoke them might
To idle pleasure: but let ghastlinesse
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heauinesse.

Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woodes resound with dreadfull yells:
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching drouth dry vp the crystall wells;
Let th'earth be barren and bring forth no flowres,
And th'ayre be filld with noyle of dolefull knells,
And wandring spirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature, nurse of euery living thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monsters full of vglinesse:
For she it is, that hath me done this wrong,
No Nurse, but Stepdame, cruell, mercilesse.
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderlong.

4 My little flocke, whom earst I lou'd so well,
And wont to feede with sweetest grasse that grew,
Feede ye henceforth on bitter *ASTROPHELL*,
And stinking Smalage, and vnflaurie Rew;
And when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,
Be ye the prey of Wolves; ne will I rew,
That with your carcases wild beasts be glutted.

Ne worse to you my silly sheepe I pray,
Ne forer vengeance with on you to fall

Than to my selfe, for whose confuside decay
To carelessse heauens I doe daily call:
But heauens refuse to heare a wretches cry,
And cruell death doth scorne to come at call,
Or grant his boone that most desires to die.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th'vnnighteous which aliuie remaine:
But the vngodly ones he doth forsake,
By liuing long to multiply their paine:
Else surely death should be no punishment,
As the great Iudge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

Therefore my *DAPHNE* they haue tane away;
For worthy of a better place was she:
But me vnworthy willed her to stay,
That with her lack I might tormented be.
Sith then they so haue ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghost doe kruice day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my bitter age.
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
My drinke the teares which from mine eyes doe raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may find:
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

And she my Loue that was, my Saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne
(In which she ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemoue,
And pittie me that liuing thus doe die:
For heauenly spirits haue compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I haue with sorrowe satisfide
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th'heauens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pittie of my sufferance meeke,
Will send for me; for which I daily long,
And will tell then my painfull penance ecke:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderlong.

5 Henceforth I hate what euer Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure find:
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade.
So soone as on them blowes the Northern wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
Leauing behind them nought but griefe of mind,
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

I hate the heauen, because it doth with-hold
Me from my Loue, and eke my Loue from me;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshy slime, and fraile mortalitie;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies,
I hate the Ayre, because sighes of it be,
I hate the Sea, because it reares supplies,

I hate

DAPHNAIDA.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my Loue to see;
I hate the darknes, and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee:
I hate all times, because all times doe fly
So fast away, and may not staye bee,
But as a speedy post that passeth by.

I hate to speake, my voice is spent with crying:
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue duld mine cares:
I hate to taste, for food with-houlds my dying:
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares:
I hate to smell, so sweet on earth is left:
I hate to feele, my flesh is numb'd with feares:
So all my senses from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and shun all womankind;
The one, because as I they wretched are:
The other, for because I doe not find
My Loue with them, that wont to be their Starre:
And life I hate, because it will not last,
And death I hate, because it life doth marre,
And all I hate, that is to come or pass.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth euer to and fro,
And neuer standeth in one certaine state,
But still vnstedfast, round about doth goe.
Like a Mill wheele, in midst of miserie,
Driuen with streames of wretchednes and woe,
That dying liues, and liuing still does die.

So doe I liue, so doe I daily die,
And pine away in selfe-consuming paines:
Sith she that did my vitall powres supply,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine
Is fetcht from me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie dayes in dolour and disdain?
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnder-song.

6 Why doe I longer liue in lifes despight,
And doe not die then in despight of death?
Why doe I longer see this loathsome light,
And doe in darknes not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorowe should haue end thereby,
And cares finde quiet; is it so vneath
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue, I find it deadly dolorous;
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe:
Therefore to die must needs be ioyous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe.
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My DAPHNE hence departing bad me so,
She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

Yet whilst I in this wretched vale doe stay,
My wearie feet shall euer wandring be,
That still I may be ready on my way,
When as her messenger doth come for me?
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,

Ne will I rest my limmes for fraieltie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heauinesse.

But as the mother of the Gods, that sought
For faire ERYDICE her daughter deere
Throughout the world, with wefull heauy thought;
So will I trauell whilst I tarry heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
Ne when as drouping TITANDREWETH neere,
To looke his teeme, will I take vp my lute.

Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall euer lodge vpon mine eye-lids more,
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore:
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With PHILVMENE, my fortune to deplore,
With PHILVMENE, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I see the starre to fall,
And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to mind will call,
How my faire Starre (that shin'd on me so bright)
Fell suddainly, and faded vnder-ground;
Since whose departure, day is turned to night,
And night without a VENUS starre is found.

But soone as Day doth shewe his deawie face,
And calls forth men vnto their toylsome trade,
I will withdrawe me to some dark some place,
Or some deere caue, or solitarie shade;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares vnlade:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnder-song.

7 Henceforth mine eyes shall neuer more behold
Fairsthing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Ofought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight:
For all I see is vaine and transitory,
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
But in a moment lose their grace and glory.

And ye fond men, on Fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought vnder heauen repose assurance,
Be it riches, beaultie, or honours pride:
Be sure that they shall haue no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th'only vsance
Of a small time, which none ascertaine may.

And ye true Louers, whom defaustrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrowe and sad sufferance,
When ye doe heare me in that desert place,
Lamenting loud my DAPHNE'S Elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miserable case,
And when life parts, vouchsafe to close mine eye.

And ye more happy Louers, which enioy
The pretence of your dearest loues delight,

G 3

When

DAPHNAIDA.

When ye doe heare my torrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your enpassiond spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunt to me,
May happen vnto the most happiest wight;
For all mens states alike vntasted be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed
Your carelesse flocks on hills and open plaines,
With better fortune, then did me successe;
Remember yet my vnderferued paines:
And when ye heare, that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swaines;
That sad **A L C R O N** dyde in lifes disdaine.

And ye faire Damfels, Shepheards deare delights,
That with your loues doe their rude harts possesse,
When as my hearte shall happen to your sights,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cypresse;
And euer sprinkle brackish teares among,
In pittie of my vnderferu'd distresse,
The which I wretch endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrims, that with restlesse toyle
Wearie your selues in wandring desert wayes,
Till that you come, where ye your vowes asloyle,
When passing by ye read these wofull layes,
On my graue written, rue my **DAPHNE**s wrong,
And mourne for me that languish out my dayes:
Cease Shepheard, cease, and end thy vnderlong.

THUS when he ended had his heauie plaint,
The heauiest plaint that euer I heard found,

His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to fa nt,
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;
Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light)
Amooued him out of his stonie swound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nee,
But casting vp a disdainfull eye at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beate his blubbred face,
As one disposed wilfully to die,
That I fore grieu'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat ouer past,
And the outrageous passion nigh appeald,
I him desirde, sixth day was ouer-cast,
And darke night fast approached, to be pleased
To turne aside vnto my Cabinet,
An stay with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd, which him so fore beset.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to stay;
But without taking leaue he forth did goe
With staggering pale and dimall lookes a way,
As if that death he in the face had leene,
Or helish hags had met vpon the way:
But what of him became, I cannot weene.

F I N I S.

C O M.





COMPLAINTS
CONTAINING SVNDRY
SMALL POEMES OF THE
VVorlds Vanitie.

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE
following maketh mention.
(* *)

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*
1617.



A note of the fundry Poemes contained
in this Volume.

- 1 *The Ruines of Time.*
- 2 *The Teares of the Muses.*
- 3 *Virgils Gnat.*
- 4 *The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.*
- 5 *Muiopotmos, or The tale of
the Butterflie.*
- 6 *Visions of the Worlds vanity.*
- 7 *Bellayes Visions.*
- 8 *Petrarches Visions.*





THE RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED

To the right Noble and beautifull Ladie, the
Ladie Marie, Countesse of
Pembrooke.



Oft Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there be long
sithens deepe sowed in my breast, the seedes of most
entire loue & humble affection vnto that most braue
Knight your noble brother deceased; which taking
roote, began in his life time somewhat to bud forth:
& to shew themselves to him, as then in the weaknesse
of their first spring; And would in their riper strength
(had it pleased high God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth
fruite of more perfection. But sith God hath disdeigned the world of that
most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron
of my young Muses; together with him both their hope of any further
fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossomes
nipped and quite dead. Yet sithens my late comming into England, some
friends of mine (which might much preuaile with me, and indeede com-
mand me) knowing with how straight bands of dutie I was tied to him,
& also bound vnto that noble House, (of which the cheefe hope then re-
sted in him) haue sought to reuiue them by vpbrayding mee, for that I
haue not shewed any thankfull remembrance towards him or any of
them; but suffer their names to sleepe in silence & forgetfulnesse. Whom
chieflie to satisfie, or else to auoyd that foule blot of vnthankfulnesse, I
haue conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The*
Worlds Ruines: yet specially intended to the renowning of that noble
Race, from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some
of the chiefe of them late deceased. The which I dedicate vnto your Laas
whom it most specially concerneth: and to whom I acknowledge my
selte bounden, by many singular fauours and great graces. I pray for your
Honorable happinesse: and and to humbly kisse your hands.

Your Ladiships euer
humbly at command,
Edm. Sp.



THE PRINTER TO THE gentle Reader.



Since my late setting forth of the Faicrie Queene, finding that it hath found a fauourable passage amongst you ; I haue sithence endeuoured by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my hands such small Poemes of the same Authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundry hands, and not easie to be come by, by himselfe ; some of them hauing been diuersly imbeziled and purloyned from him, since his departure ouer sea. Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered together these fewe parcels present, which I haue caused to bee imprinted altogether, for that they all seeme to containe like matter of argument in them : beeing all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie graue and profitable. To which effect I vnderstand that hee besides wrote sundry others, namely, Ecclesiastes, and Canticum canticorum translated, A senights slumber, The hell of Louers, His Purgatorie, beeing all dedicated to Ladies ; so as it may seeme, hee meant them all to one volume. Besides, some other Pamphlets loosely scattered abroad : as, The dying Pellican, The houres of the Lord, The sacrifice of a Sinner, The seauen Psalmes, &c. Which when I can either by himselfe, or otherwise attaine to, I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set forth.

*In the meane time, praying you gently to accept of these,
and graciously to entertaine the new*

Poet ; I take leaue.





THE RVINES OF TIME.

IT chanced me one day beside the shore
Of silver-streaming THAMESIS to bee,
Nigh; where the goodly VERLAME stood of yore,
Of which there now remains no memorie,
Nor any little monument to see,
By which the traualer, that fares that way,
This once was shee, may warned be to lay.

There, on the other side, I did behold
A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing,
Rending her yellow locks, like wirie gold,
About her shoulders carelessly downe trailing,
And streames of teares from her faire eyes forth railing.
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heauen she seemd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Riuer Nymphes,
Which did the losse of some deere loue lament,
I doubt; or one of those three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th'ancient GENIUS of that Citie bent:
But seeing her so pittiously perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

Ah! what delight (quoth she) in earthly thing,
Or comfort can I wretched creature haue?
Whose happinesse the beaues enuying,
From highest staire to lowest step me draue,
And haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and Fortunes scorn.

Much was I moued at her pitious plaint,
And felt my hart nigh riuen in my brest

With tender ruth to see her sore constraind,
That shedding teares a while, I still did rest,
And after, did her name of her request.
Name haue I none (quoth she) nor any beeing,
Bereft of both by Fates vniust decreeing.

I was that Cittie, which the garland wore
Of BRITAINES pride, deliuered vnto me
By ROMANE Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lie in mine owne ashes, as ye see:
VERLAME I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wastefull gras?

O vaine worlds glorie, and vnstedfast state
Of all that liues on face of siofull earth!
Which from their first vntill their vtmost date,
Taste no one houre of happinesse or merrith:
But like as at the ingate of their berth,
They crying creepe out of their mothers wombe;
So wailing, backe goe to their wofull tombe.

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and aduancement vaine,
And reare a trophee for deuouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his dayes for euer should remaine?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decay.

Looke backe, who list, vnto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become;
Where be those learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wisedome knew the perfect somme?

Where

The Ruines of Time.

Where those great Warriors, which did ouercome
The world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th'earth and of their raigne?

What now is of th' **A S S Y R I A N** Lyonsse,
Of whom no footing now on earth appeares?
What of the **P E R S I A N** Beares outrageousse,
Whose memory is quite worne out with yeares:
Who of the **G R E C I A N** Libbard now ought heares,
That ouer-ran the East with greedy powre,
And left his whelps their kingdoms to deuoure?

And where is that same great seven-headed beast,
That made all Nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feet at her behest,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous wealth now hide?
With her owne weight downe pressed now she lies,
And by her heapes her hugenels testifies.

O R O M E, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall, my farall ouerthrowe,
That whilom was, whilst heauens with equall view
Deign'd to behold me, and their gifts bestowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous shewe:
And of the whole world as thou wast the Empresse,
So I of this small Northern world was Princeesse.

To tell the beautie of my buildings faire,
Adorn'd with purest gold, and precious stones;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all spent and gone:
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but lost labour, that few would beleue,
And with rehearsing, would me more agreeue.

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walles, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, braue houses, sacred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,
All those (O pittie) now are turn'd to dust,
And ouer-growne with black obliuious rust.

Thereto for warlike power, and peoples store,
In **B R I T A N N I E** was none to match with mee,
That many often did abie full sore:
Ne **T R O I N O V A N T**, though elder sister thee,
With my great forces may compared bee;
That stout **P E N D R A G O N** to his perill felt,
Who in a siege seauen yeeres about me dwelt.

But long ere this, **B V N D V C A**, Brizonnese,
Her mightie host against my bulwarks brought,
B V N D V C A, that victorious conquereffe,
That lifting vp her braue heroick thought
Boue womens weaknes, with the **R O M A N S** fought,
Fought, and in field against them thrice preuailed:
Yet was she foyld, when as she me assailed.

And though at last, by force I conquer'd were
Of hardie **S A X O N S**, and became their thrall;

Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full dere,
And priz'd with slaughter of their Generall:
The monument of whole sad funeral,
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,
But now to nought through spoile of time is wasted.

Wasted it is, as if it neuer were,
And all the rest that me so honour'd made,
And of the world admir'd eu'ry where,
Is turn'd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appears no shade,
But grislie shades, such as doe haunt in hell,
With fearefull fiends, that in deepe darknes dwell.

Where my high steeples whilom vs'd to stand,
On which the lordly Faulcon went to towre,
There now is but an heape of lime and sand,
For the Shrike-owle to build her balefull bowre:
And where the Nightingale wont forth to powre
Her ranselle plaints, to comfort wakefull Louers,
There now haunt yelling Mewes & whining Plowers.

And where the crysfall **T H A M I S** wont to slide
In siluer channell, downe along the Lee,
About whose flowrie banks on either side,
A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
There now no riuers course is to be seene,
But moorish fennes, and marshes euer greene.

Seemes, that the gentle Riuer for great grieffe
Of my mishap, which oft I to him plained;
Or for to shun the horrible mitchiefe,
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure streames with guiltlesse bloud oft stained,
From my vnhappy neighbourhood farre fled,
And his sweet waters away with him led.

There also where the winged ships were seene
In liquid waues to cut their fomic way,
And thousand Fishers numbred to haue been,
In that wide Lake looking for plentiful pray
Of fish, which they with baits vs'd to betray,
Is now no Lake, nor any Fishers store,
Nor euer ship shall saile there any more.

They are all gone, and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remains, but to lament
My long decay, which no man else doth mone,
And mourne my fall with doletull dremment,
Yet is it comfort in great languishment,
To be bemoaned with compassion kinde,
And mitigates the anguish of the minde.

But mee no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eye:
Nor any liues that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of posteritie,
Sauie One, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,
And times decay, and enuiers cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

CAMDEN

The Ruines of Time.

CAMDEN, the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne vnto late succeeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie,
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage:
CAMDEN, though time all monuments obscure,
Yet thy iust labours euer shall endure.

But why (vnhappy wight!) doe I thus cry,
And grieue that my remembrance quite is rased
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique monuments defaced?
Sith I doe daily see things higheft placed,
So soone as Fates their vitall thred haue shorne,
Forgotten quite, as they were neuer borne.

It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mighty Prince, of most renowned race,
Whom England high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace:
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his Soueraigne,
And *Right and Loyall* did his word maintaine.

I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought forth on beere.
I saw him die, and no man left to mooe
His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare:
Scarce any left to close his eye-lids neare;
Scarce any left vpon his lips to lay
The sacred sod, or *Requiem* to say.

O trustlesse state of miserable men,
That build your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainely thinke your selues halfe happy then,
When painted faces with smooth flatering
Doe fawne on you, and your wide praises sing,
And when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in hart and trueth to you rowe.

All is but fained, and with Oaker dide,
That euery shower will wash and wipe away,
All things doe change that vader heauen abide,
And after death all friendship doth decay.
Therefore, what euer man beart worldly sway,
Liuing, on God, and on thy selfe relie:
For, when thou diest, all shall wish thee die.

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Saue what in heauens storehouse he vplaid,
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dead,
And euill men (now dead) his deedes vpbraide:
Spight bites the dead, that liuing neuer haide.
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse vpon the water shone,
Which vanished quite, so soone as it was sought:
His name is worne already out of thought,

Ne any Poet seekes him to reuiue;
Yet many Poets honourd him aliue.

Ne doth his COLIN, careless COLIN CLOVE,
Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the lifting rout
Of shepheard groomes, which wont his songs to praise:
Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
Vntill he quite him of this guiltie blame:
Wake shepheards boy, at length awake for shame.

And who so else did goodnes by him gaine,
And who so else his bountious mind did try,
Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards iwayne,
(For many did, which doe it now denie)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
And I, the whilstt you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

He dide, and after him his brother dide,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whilstt he liued, was of none enuide,
And dead is now, as liuing, counted deare,
Deare vnto all that true affection beare:
But vnto thee most deare, O dearest Dame,
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of Fame.

Hee, whilstt he liued, happy was through thee,
And beeing dead, is happy now much more;
Liuing, that linked chauntt with thee to bee,
And dead, because him dead thou doost adore
As liuing, and thy lost deare Lone deplore,
So whilstt that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
Doost liue, by thee thy Lord shall neuer die.

Thy Lord shall neuer die, the whiles this verse
Shall liue, and surely it shall liue for euer:
For euer it shall liue, and shall rehearse
His worthy praise, and vertues dying neuer,
Though death his soule doe from his body letter;
And thou thy selfe, heerein shalt also liue;
Such grace the heauens do to my verses giue.

Ne shall his Sister, ne thy Father die,
Thy Father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patron of weake pouertie,
Whose great good deeds in country and in towne,
Haue purchast him in heauen a happy crowne:
Where he now liueth in eternall blis,
And left his sonne to enue those steps of his.

He, noble bud, his Grandfires liuely heire,
Vnder the shadow of thy countenance
Now ginnes to shoot vp fast, and flourish faire
In learned Arts, and goodly gouernaunce,
That him to highest honor shall aduance.
Braue Impe of BEDFORD, growe apace in bountie,
And count of wisdom more then of thy Countie.

Ne may I let thy husbands Sister die,
That goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spring

H

Out

The Ruines of Time.

Out of this stocke, and famous familie,
Whose praises I to future age do sing,
And forth out of her happy wombe did bring
The sacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heauens pourd all their gifts vpon her.

Most gentle spirit breathed from aboue,
Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue
Appared in their natiue properties,
And did enrich that noble breast of his,
With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
Worthy of heauen it selfe, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirit, full of power diuine,
And influence of all celestiaall grace,
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthly slime,
Fled backe too soone vnto his natiue place;
Too soone for all that did his loue embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happy soule to heauen went
Out of this fleshly gaole, he did deuise
Vnto his heauenly Maker to present
His body, as a spotlesse sacrifice;
And choise, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should poure forth th'offring of his guiltles blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble spirit, liue there euer blessed,
The worlds late wonder, & the heauens new ioy,
Liue euer there, and leaue me here distressed
With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.
But where thou doost that happines enioy,
Bid me, O bid me quickly come to thee,
That happy there I may thee alwaies see.

Yet whilst the Fates afford me vitall breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, vntill that timely death
By heauens doome doe end my earthly daies:
Thereto doe thou my humble spirit raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest, perfect and entire.

Then will I sing: but who can better sing,
Then thine owne Sister, peereles Lady bright,
Which to thee sings with deepe harts sorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare, I feeble feeble spright
Robbed of sense, and rauished with ioy,
(O sad ioy!) made of mourning and anoy.

Yet will I sing: but who can better sing,
Then thou thy selfe, thine owne selfe valiance,
That whilst thou liuedst, mad'st the forests ring,
And fields resound, and flocks to leape and daunce,
And Shepheards leaue their lammes vnto mischaunce,
To ruine thy thrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare:
O happy were those dayes, thrice happy were.

But now more happy thou, and wretched wee,
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in *Elysian* fields to free,
With *ORPHAVS*, with *LINVS*, and the choise
Of all that euer did in rimes reioice,
Conuersest, and doost heare their heauenly layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doe better praise.

So there thou liuest, singing euermore,
And here thou liuest, heeing euer long
Of vs. which lining, loned thee afore.
And now thee worship, mongst that blessed throng
Of heauenly Poets, and Hero's strong.
So thou both here and there immortal art,
And euerie where through excellent depart.

But such as neither of themselves can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
Which neuer was; ne euer with regard,
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rustie darknes euer lie,
Vnlesse they mentio'd be with infamie.

What booteth it to haue beene rich alieue?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth surue,
Of former beeing in this mortall hous,
But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious,
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils is,
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

How many great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies most famously did florish:
Of whom no word we heare, nor signe now see,
But as things wipt out with a sponge do perish,
Because they lining, cared not to cherish
No gentle wits, through pride or couetize,
Which might their names for euer memorize.

Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye liue,
That of the Muses ye may friended bee;
Which vnto men eternitie doe giue:
For they be daughters of Dame *Memorie*,
And *IOVS*, the Father of eternitie,
And doe those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorifie doe choise.

The seauen-fould yron gates of grisly Hell,
And horrid house of sad *PROSERPINA*,
They able are with power of mightie spell
To breake, and thence the soules to bring away
Out of drad darknes, to eternall day,
And them immortal make, which else would die
In foule forgetfulnesse, and namelesse lie.

So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden-girt *ALCMEANA*, for great merit,
Out of the dust, to which the *ORTHEAN* wood
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirit;
To highest heauen, where now he doth inherit

The Ruines of Time.

All happinesse in HEBES siluer bowre,
Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure.

Soraisde they eke faire LEDAES warlike twinnes,
And interchanged life vnto them lent,
That when th'one dies, the other then begins
To shew in heauen his brightnes orient;
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment,
Which ORPHEVS for EYRIDICE did make,
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

So happy are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the PERRIAN sacred Sisters loue,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And powre of death, they liue for aye aboue,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remoue:
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambrosia doe feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noblie donne,
And thoughts of men doe in themselues decay:
But wise words taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, liue for aye;
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter breathing winds with harmfull blast,
Nor age, nor enuie shall them euer wast.

In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine
Seek with Pyramides, to heauen aspired;
Or huge Colosses, built with costly paine;
Or brazen Pillours, neuer to be fired,
Or Shrines, made of the metall most desired;
To make their memories for euer liue:
For how can mortall immortalitie giue?

Such one MAYSOVS made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one MARCELLVS, but was torne with thunder:
Such one LISIPPVS, but is worne with raine:
Such one King EDMOND, but was rent for gaine.
All such vaine monuments of earthlie masse,
Deuour'd of Time, in time to nought doe passe.

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beat the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:
Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heauen, on PEGASVS must ride,
And with sweet Poets verse be glorified.

For not to haue been dipt in LETHAE lake,
Could saue the sonne of THETIS from to die;
But that blind Bard did him immortal make,
With verses, dipt in dew of CASTALIE:
Which made the Easterne Conqueror to crie,
O fortunate young man whose vertue found
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to sound.

Therefore in this, halfe happie I doe read
Good MELIBAE, that hath a Poet got,

To sing his liuing praises beeing dead,
Deferuing neuer here to be forgot,
In sight of enuie, that his deeds would spot:
Since whose deceale, learning lies vnregarded,
And men of Armes doe wander vnrewarded.

These two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieue the noble spright
Of SALOMON, with great indignities;
Who whilome was alieue the wisest wight.
But now his wisdom is disproued quight:
For, such as now haue most the World at will,
Scorneth'one and th'other in their deeper skill.

O grieue of griefes! O gall of all good harts!
To see that vertue should despised bee
Of such as first were raide for vertuous parts,
And now broad spreading, like an aged tree,
Let none shoote vp that nigh them planted bee:
O! let not those, of whom the Muse is scorned,
Alieue nor dead, be of the Mase adorned.

O vile worlds trust, that with such vaine illusion,
Hath so wise men bewicht, and ouerkest,
That they see not the way of their confusion:
O vaineesse to be added to the rest,
That doth my soule with inward griefe infest:
Let them behold the pitious fall of mee,
And in my case their owne ensample see.

And who so else that sits in highest seat
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threat,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end vnto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in him selfe be mou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her pitious plaint,
With dolefull shrikes she vanished away,
That I through inward forrowe wexen faint,
And all astonish'd with deepe dismay,
For her departure, had no word to say:
But fate long time in senselesse sad affright,
Looking still, if I might of her haue sight.

Which when I missed, hauing looked long,
My thought returned grieued, home againe,
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
For ruth of that same womans pitious paine;
Whose words recording in my troubled braine,
I felt such anguish wound my feeble hart,
That frozen horror ran through euery part.

So inly grieuing in my groning breast,
And deeply musing at her doubtfull speech,
Whose meaning, much I laboured forth to wrest,
Beeing about my slender reasons reach:
At length, by demonstration me to teach,
Before mine eyes strange sights presented were,
Like tragicke Pageants seeming to appeare.

H 2

I saw

The Ruines of Time.

1

I Saw an Image, all of massie gold,
 Placed on high vpon an Altar faire,
 That all, which did the same from far behold,
 Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.
 Not that great Idoll might with this compare,
 To which th' **ASSYRIAN** Tyrant would haue made
 The holy brethren falslie to haue praid.

But th' Altar, on the which this Image staid,
 Was (ô great pittie!) built of brittle clay,
 That shortly the foundation decaid,
 With shoures of heauen & tempests worne away:
 Then downe it fell, and lowe in ashes lay,
 Scorned of euerie one, which by it went;
 That I it seeing, dearely did lament.

2

N Ext vnto this, a stately Towre appear'd,
 Built all of richest stone, that might be found,
 And nigh vnto the Heauens in high vprear'd,
 But placed on a plot of sandie ground.
 Not that great Towre, which is so much renownd
 For tongues confusion in holie writ,
 King **NINVS** worke, might be compar'd to it.

But ô vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
 That buildes so strongly on so fraile a soyle,
 As with each storme does fall away, and flit,
 And giues the fruit of all your traualles toyle,
 To be the prey of Time, and Fortunes spoyle!
 I saw this Towre fall suddainely to dust,
 That nigh with griefe thereof my hart was burst.

3

T Hen did I see a pleasant Paradiſe,
 Full of sweet flowres and daintiest delights,
 Such as on earth man could not more deuise,
 With pleasures choice to feed his cheerefull sprights.
 Not that which **MERLIN** by his Magick flights
 Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine
 His faire **BELPHOEBE**, could this garden staine.

But ô short pleasure, bought with lasting paine,
 Why will hereafter any flesh delight
 In earthly blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine,
 Sith that I saw this garden wasted quight,
 That where it was, scarce seemed any light?
 That I which once that beautie did behold,
 Could not from teares my melting eyes with-hold.

4

S Oone after this, a Giant came in place,
 Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,
 That none durst view the horror of his face,
 Yet was he milde of speech, and meeke of nature.
 Not he, which in despite of his Creatour,
 With railing rearmes deside the Iewish hoast,
 Might with this mightie one in hugenets boast.

For from the one he could to th' other coast,
 Stretch his strong thighes, and th' Ocean ouerstride,
 And reach his hand into his enemies hoast.
 But see the end of pompe and fleshy pride;
 One of his feet vnwares from him did slide,
 That downe he fell into the deepe Abyſſe,
 Where drown'd with him is all his earthly blisse.

5

T Hen did I see a Bridge, made all of gold,
 ouer the Sea, from one to other side,
 Withouten prop or pillour it t'vphold,
 But like the coloured Rainbowe arch'd wide.
 Not that great Arche, which **TRAIAN** edifice,
 To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
 Was matchable to this in equall viewing.

But (ah!) what bootes it to see earthly thing
 In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
 Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
 This goodly Bridge, one foote not fastned well,
 Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
 Ne of so braue a building ought remain'd;
 That griefe thereof my spirit greatly pain'd.

6

I Saw two Beares, as white as any milke,
 Lying together in a mightie caue,
 Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
 That salvage nature seemed not to haue,
 Nor after greedy spoile of blond to craue:
 Two fairer beasts might not else-where be found,
 Although the compass world were sought around.

But what can long abide about this ground
 In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?
 The Caue, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
 Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse
 Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppresse,
 That for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
 Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heauie spright,
 At sight of these sad spectacles crepast,
 That al my senses were bereaued quight,
 And I in mind remained sore agast,
 Distraught twixt feare and pittie when at last
 I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
 That with the suddaine thrill I was appalled.

Behould (said it) and by ensample see,
 That all is vanitie and griefe of mind,
 Ne other comfort in this world can bee,
 But hope of heauen, and hart to God inclin'd;
 For all the rest must needs be left behind.
 With that it bade me, to the other side
 To cast mine eyes, where other sights I spide.

7

V Pon that famous Riuer further shore,
 There stood a snowie Swan of heauenly hew,

And

The Ruines of Time.

And gentle kind, as euer Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white **S T R I M O N** an brood might no nan view:
There he most sweetly fung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At last, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight about the earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest heauen mounted:
Where now he is become an heauenly signe;
There now the ioy is his, here sorrow mine.

2

VVhilst thus I looked, loe, adowne the Lee
I saw an Harpe strung all with siluer twine,
And made of gold and costly Iuorie,
Swimming, that whilome seemed to haue been
The Harpe, on which **D A N O R P H E V S** was scene
Wild beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of **P H I L I S I D E S** now dead.

At length, out of the Riuer it was reard,
And borne about the cloudes to be diuin'd,
Whilst all the way most heauenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind:
So now in heauen a signe it doth appeare,
The harp well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

3

Soone after this, I saw on th' other side,
A curious Coffre made of **H E B E N** wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser worldes good:
Yet through the ouerflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought;
That sight thereof much grieu'd my pensine thought.

At length, when most in perill it was brought,
Two Angels downe descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
About the race of any liuing sight:
So now it is transform'd into that starre,
In which all heauenly treasures locked are.

4

Looking aside, I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for any Princes couch be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it should
Be for some Bride, her ioyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay;
A fairer wight saw neuer Sommers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking, bad her quickly dight,

For loe, her Bridegrome was in ready ray
To come to her, and seeke her loues delight:
With that she started vp with cheerefull sight,
When suddenly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

5

STill as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged steed,
The same that bred was of **M E D V S A E S** blood,
On which **D A N P E R S E V S**, borne of heauenly seed,
The faire **A N D R O M E D A** from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That streames of blood forth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him alas)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoyle, which late he did purchas
Through braue atchieuements from his enemies.
Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to heauen him bore,
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

6

Lastly, I saw an Arke of purest gold
Vpon a brazen pillour standing hie,
Which th' ashes seem'd of some great Prince to hold,
Encloude therein for endlesse memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heauens with th' earth did disagree,
Whether should of those ashes keeper bee.

At last, me seem'd, wing-footed **M E R C V R I E**,
From heauen descending to appease their strife,
The Arke did beare with him about the skie,
And to those ashes gaue a second life,
To liue in heauen, where happines is rife:
At which, the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L' Envoy.

Immortall spirit of **P H I L I S I D E S**,
Which now art made the heauens ornament,
That whilome wast the worlds chiefeft riches;
Giue leaue to him that lou'd thee, to lament
His losse by lacke of thee, to heauen hent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighes, to deck thy fable Herse.

And ye faire Lady, th' honour of your daies,
And glory of the world, your high thoughts scorne:
Vouchsafe this monument of his last praise,
With some few siluer-dropping teares t' adorne:
And as ye be of heauenly off-spring borne,
So vnto heauen let your high mind aspire,
And loathe this dross of finfull worlds desire.

F I N I S.

H 3

THE



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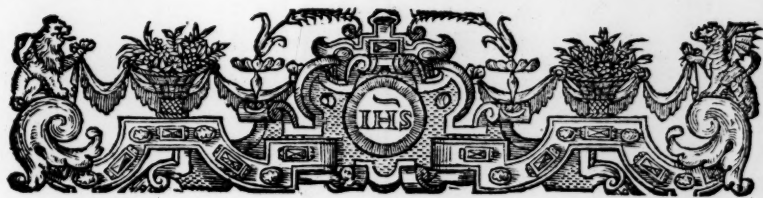
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1. The first group of variables is related to the characteristics of the firm, such as its size, age, and industry. These variables are measured using a series of dummy variables and are included in the model to control for the effect of these characteristics on the firm's performance.

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THE
TEARES OF
THE MVSES.

By Edmund Spenser.



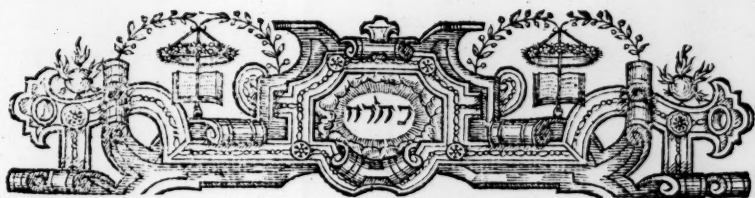
AT LONDON,
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1881



TO THE RIGHT HONOV-
rable, the Ladie *Strange*.

(* *)



MOST BRAVE AND NOBLE
Ladie, the things that make yee so much ho-
nored of the world as ye be, are such, as (with-
out my simple lines testimonie) are throughly
knowne to all men ; namely, your excellent
beautie, your vertuous behauiour, and your
noble match with that most honourable Lord,
the verie Patterne of right Nobilitie : But the
causes for which ye haue thus deserued of mee
to bee honoured (if honour it be atall) are, both
your particular bounties, and also some pri-
uate bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge.
Of which when as I found my selfe in no part woorthy, I deuised this last
slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, &
also to make the same vniuersallie knowne to the world ; that, by honoring
you, they might know me, and by knowing me, they might honour you.
Vouchsafe noble Lady to accept this simple remembrance, though nor
worthy of your selfe, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof, yee
may heereafter cull out a more meet and memorable euidence
of your owne excellent deserts. So, recommen-
ding the same to your Ladiships good
liking, I humbly
take leave.

Your La: humblyeuer,

Ed. Sp.



THE TEARES OF THE MVSES.

Rehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great **APOLLO** swit,
Those pitious plaints and sorrowfull sad time,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
Beside the siluer Springs of **HELLICONE**,
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone.

For since the time that **PHOEBVS** foolish sonne
Ythundered through **LOVES** auengfull wrath,
From tauerling the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull Sisters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were euer since inuented.

Nor since that faire **CALLIOPE** did lose
Her louest Twiues, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her **PALICI**, whom her vnkindly foes
The fatal Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space;
Was euer heard such wailing in this place.

For all their groues, which with the heauenly noyses
Of their sweet instruments were wont to sound,
And th' hollow hills, from which their siluer voices
Were wont redoubled Ecchoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne vp into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in chanel cleare
To rumble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A Baies part amongst their comforts oft;
Now forst to ouerflow with brackish teares.
With troublous noyle did dull their dairie cares.

The ioyous Nymphs, and lightfoote Faeries
Which thither came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to moue their nimble-shifting feet;
Now hearing them so heauilie lament,
Like heauily lamenting from them went.

(*)

And all that else was wont to worke delight
Through the diuine infusion of their skill,
And all that else seemed faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serue their will,
Was turned now to dismall heauinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull vglinesse.

Aye me! what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what fiend with felon deeds
Hath stirred vp so mischiruous despight?
Can griefe then enter into heauenly harts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smart?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concerns,
To me those secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
Begin thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensue.

CLIO.

Hear thou great Father of the Gods on hie,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts:
And thou our Sire that reignst in *Castalie*,
And Mount *Parnasse*, The God of goodly Arts:
Heare and behold the miserable state
Of vs thy daughters; dolefull desolate.

Behould the foule reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day vnto vs wrought,
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
They, not contented vs themselves to scorne,
Doe lecke to make vs of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignorance;
But they, whom thou great **IOVS** by doome vniust

Didst

The Teares of the Muses.

Didst to the type of honour earl aduance;
They now putt vp with (deignfull insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to shoote vp still,
And grow to height of kingdoms gouernment,
They vnder keepe, and with their spreading armes,
Doe beate their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoues the honourable race
Of mightie Peeres, true wisdomes to sustaine,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned forehead, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather learnd themselves behoues to bee;
That is the girdle of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwise they doe esteeme
Of th'heauenly gift of wisdomes influence,
And to be learned, is a base thing deeme;
Base minded they thus want intelligence:
For, God himselfe for wisdom most is praised,
And men to God thereby are highest raised.

But they doe onely striue themselves to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie;
In th'eyes of people they put all their praise,
And onely boast of Armes and Ancestrie:
But veruous deeds, which did those Armes first giue
To their Grandfathers, they care not to archiue.

So I, that doe all noble feates profess
To register, and sound in trumpe of gold,
Through their bad dooings, or base foolishnesse,
Find nothing worthy to be writ, or told:
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Then telling them, to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages haue no light
Of things forepast, nor monuments of time,
And all that in this world is worthy bright
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in flume:
Therefore I mourne with deepe hart sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble haue to sing.

With that she rauid such store of streaming teares,
That could haue made a stonie hart to weepe,
And all her Sisters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with salt humour steepe,
So ended shee: and then the next anew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensue.

MELPOMENE.

Who shall poure into my swollen eyes
A sea of teares that neuer may be drie,
A brassen voice that may with shrilling cries
Pierce the dull heauens, and fill the ayer wide,
And yron sides that sighing may endure
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickednes,
Deformed with filth and foule iniquitie;
Ah! wretched world, the house of heauinesse,
Fild with the wrecks of mortall miserie;
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaues of sin.

Most miserable creature vnder sky,
Man without vnderstanding doth appeare;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes is wisely taught to beare:
Of wretched life the onely ioy he is,
And th'only comfort in calamities.

Shee armes the breast with constant patience,
Against the bitter throes of dolorous darts:
She tolaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldly smart:
When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
And coth refresh his sprights when they be wearie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,
Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway,
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships euent:
So is the man that wants intendment.

Why then doe foolish men so much despise
The precious store of this celestiall riches?
Why doe they banish vs, that patronize
The name of learning? Most unhappy wretches
The which he drowned in deepe wretchednesse,
Yet doe not see their owne vnhappy nesse.

My part it is, and my professed skill,
The Stage with Tragick buskins to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaints and out-cries shrill
Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can find
Then this, of men depriv'd of sense and mind.

For all mans life me seemes a Tragedie,
Full of sad sights and fore Catastrophes;
First coming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous Trophies,
Are heapt with spoiles of fortune and of feare,
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull spectacles is fild,
Fit for MEGERA or PERSEPHONE;
But I, that in true Tragedies am skild,
The flower of wit, find nought to busie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise:
And all her Sisters thereto answering,
Threw forth lowd shrieks and dreerie dolefull cries.
So rested she: and then the next in rewe,
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensue.

The Teares of the Muses.

THALIA.

WHere be the sweet delights of learnings treat,
That went with Comick lock to beauty (sure,
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes, and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raigne as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well beleene?

O! all is gone: and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome vnicemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and grisly countenance,
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliance.

And him beside sits vgly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, yecapt of late
Out of drad darknes of the deepe Abyssme,
Where beeing bred, he light and heauen does hate:
They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
And the faire Scene with rude, and foule disguise.

All places they with folly haue possesst,
And with vaine toys the vulgar entertaine;
But me haue banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,
Fine Counterselance and vnhurtfull Sport,
Delight and Laughter deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that else the Comick Stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasance graced,
By which mans life in his likeliest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced:
And those sweet wits which wont the like to frame,
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter vnder Mimick shade,
Our pleatant WITLY, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all ioy and iolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrillitie,
And scorning Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shamelesse ribaudry
Without regard, or due Decorum kept,
Each idle wit at will preumes to make,
And doth the Learneds taske vpon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of Honny & sweet Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth to rashly throwe;
Doth rather choote to sit in idle Ceil,
Then to him selfe to mockery to sell.

So am I made the seruant of the manie,
And laughing, stocke of all that list to scorne,

Not honored nor cared for of any,
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
Vntill my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shrike,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly,
And all her Sisters with compassion like,
The breaches of her singulits did supply.
So rested shee: and then the next in rewe,
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth ensue.

EVTERPE.

Like as the dearling of the Summers pride,
Fairst PHILOMELA, when Winters stormy wrath
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
In colours diuers, quie delipoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her cheerlesse head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilst fauourable times did vs afford
Free liberty to chaunt our charmes at will;
All comfortlesse vpon the bared bow,
Like wofull Caluers doe sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme then winters stowe
The beutie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,
Hath marr'd quite, and all their blossoms blasted:
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t'abound,
Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A Ronie coldnes hath benumbd the sense,
And liuely spirits of each liuing wight,
And dimd with darknes their intelligence,
Darknes more then *Cymmerians* daily night:
And monstrous Error flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that seemed fayre.

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance,
Borne in the bosome of the black Abyss,
And fed with Furies milke for sustenance
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night:
So he his Sonnes both Sire and brother hight.

He, armd with blindnes and with boldnes stout,
(For blind is bold) hath our faire light defaced;
And gathering vnto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings rased;
And our chaste bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutishnes and beastly hild hath stained.

The sacred springs of horse-foote *Helicon*,
So oft bedew'd with our learned ayres,
And speaking streames of pure *Cathalion*,
The famous wittnes of our wonted praise,

The Teares of the Muses.

They trampled haue with their foule footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles haue them made.

Our pleasant groues, which planted were with paines,
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
And Arbors sweet, in which the Shepheards swaines
Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to sing,
They haue cut downe, and all their pleance mard,
That now no Pastorall is to be hard.

In stead of them, foule Goblins and Shriekowles,
With fearefull howling doe all places fill;
And feeble Echo now laments and howles
The dreadfull accents of their out-cries shrill.
So all is turned into wildernesse,
Whilst ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I whose ioy was earst with spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull,
Doe mone my misery with silence soft.
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the heauens afford me remedie.

Therewith she wailed with exceeding woe.
And pittious lamentation did make,
And all her Sisters seeing her doe so,
With equall plaints her sorrow did partake.
So rested shee: and then the next in rew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensue.

TERPSICHORE.

VVHoso hath in the lap of soft delight (sweet,
Been long time lull'd, and fedde with pleasures
Fearelesse through his owne fault or Fortunes spight,
To tumble into sorrow and regret,
If chance him fall into calamitie,
Finds greater burthen of his miserie.

So we that earst in ioyance did abound,
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
Like virgin Queenes with laurell garlands crown'd,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit;
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Be now become most wretched wights on ground.

And in our royall thrones which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of foule Infamie,
Blind Error, scornfull Folly, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong, that we should haue by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merry with their fooleries:
They cheerely chaunt, and rimes at randon sing,
The fruitfull spawn of their ranke fantasies:
They feed the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnifie.

All places they doe with their toys possess,
And raigoe in liking of the multitude,
The schooles they fill with fond new-fangleness,
And sway in Court with pride and rashnes rude;
Mongst simple Shepheards they do boast their skill,
And say their musick matcheth P H O E B U S quill.

The noble harts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,
Faire Ladies loues they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with lewd delights distaune:
Clerks they to loathly idlenes intice,
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So euery where they rule and tyrannize,
For their vsurped kingdomes maintenance,
The whiles we silly Maids, whom they despize,
And with reproachfull scorn discountenance,
From our owne natiue heritage exile,
Walke through the world of euery oneruild.

Nor any one doth care to call vs in,
Or once vouchsafeth vs to entertaine,
Vnlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties sake compassion our paine,
And yeeld vs some reliefe in this distresse:
Yet to be so relieu'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all;
So seeke we help our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call:
Therefore we mourne and pittilesse complaine,
Because none liuing pittieeth our paine.

With that she wept and woefully waymented,
That nought on earth her griefe might pacifie;
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented,
With shrieks and groanes and grievous agonie.
So ended shee: and then the next in rew
Began her pittious plaint as doth ensue.

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,
Where ye in V E N U S siluer bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe diuine, full of the fire of loue,
With beautie kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in securitie possesse.
Forgetfull of your former heauinesse,

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
With which ye vse your loues to deifie,
And blazon forth an earthly beauties praise,
Aboue the compasse of the arched skie:
Now change your praises into pittious cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont whenas those bitter sounds
Of raging loue first gan you to torment,

And

The Teares of the Muses.

And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your Loues did take you vnto grace;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule, in measure moderate,
The tempest of that stormie passion,
And vnto paint in rimes the troublous state
Of louers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
Banisht by those that Loue with leawdnes fill.

Loue wont to be schoole-master of my skill,
And the deuicefull matter of my song;
Sweet Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotlesse, as at first he sprong
Out of th'Almighties bosome where he nests;
From thence infused into mortall breasts.

Such high conceit of that celestiall fire,
The bale-borne brood of blindness cannot ghesse,
Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Vnto so lostie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and doe rage in loue;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behoue.

Faire **CYTHERRA**, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beaurie, now thou maist goe pack:
For lo, thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack,
And thy gay Sonne, the winged God of Loue,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Dove.

And yee three Twins to light by **VENVVS** brought,
The sweet companions of the Muses late,
From whom what euer thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Go beg with vs, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall any more,
Find entertainment, or in Court or Schoole:
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meede, is now leat to the foole:
He sings of loue, and maketh louing layes;
And they him heare, and they him highly praise.

With that she poured forth a brackish flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Sisters seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one.
So ended she: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth ensue.

CALLIOPE.

TO whom shall I my euill case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pittie a perplexed hart?

But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
With foule reproach, and cruell banishment.

For they to whome I vsed to apply
The faithfull seruice of my learned skill,
The goodly of-spring of **IOVVS** progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whole lining praises in heroick stile,
It is my chiefe profession to compile;

They all corrupted through the rust of time,
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through vnnoble sloth, or sinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race:
Haue both desire of worthy deeds forlorne,
And name of learning vtterly doe scorne.

Ne doe they care to haue the auncestrie
Of th'old Heroës memorizd anew:
Ne doe they care that late posteritie
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew:
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to haue beene nobly bred?
What oddes twixt **IRVS** and old **INACHVS**,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dead;
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would euer care to doe braue deed,
Or strue in vertue others to excell;
If none should ycelld him his deserued meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well;
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would chuse goodnes of his owne free-will.

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trumpet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift vp to heauens hight,
And mortall men haue powre to deifie:
BACCHVS and **HERCVLES** I raide to heauen,
And **CHARLEMAINE**, amongst the Starris leauen,

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more:
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raise,
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great reuenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;
And the rich fee which Poets wont diuide,
Now Parasites and Sycophants doe share:
Therefore I mouree and endlesse sorrow make,
Both for my selfe, and for my Sisters sake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shrike,
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre,

The Teares of the Muses.

And all her Sisters with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.
So ended she: and then the next in rew,
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue.

VRANIA.

VW^Hat wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conspiring wretched men t'afflict,
Hath pourd on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortall minds doth inwardly infect
With loue of blindnes and of ignorance,
To dwell in darknes without sencerance?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th'heavenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th'ornaments of wisdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Vnweeting of the danger he is in,
Through fleshes frailtie, and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
It is the onely comfort which they haue,
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day;
But hell and darknes, and the grislie graue
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men borne heauenly doth debace.

Through knowledge, we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was;
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formelesse mas:
By knowledge we doe learne our selues to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God we owe.

From hence, we mount aloft vnto the skie,
And looke into the crystall firmament:
There we behold the heauens great Hierarchie,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift mouement,
The Spirits and Intelligences faire,
And Angels waiting on th'Almighties chaire.

And there, with humble mind and high insight,
Th'eternall Makers maiestie wee view,
His loue, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more then mortall men can view.
O soueraigne Lord, O soueraigne happinesse,
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse!

Such happinesse haue they, that doe embrace
The precepts of my heauenlie discipline;
But shame and sorrow and accursed case
Haue they, that scorne the schoole of Arts diuine,
And banish me, which doe professe the skill
To make men heauenly wise, through humbled will.

How-euer yet they me despise and spight,
I feed on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heauenlie wrought:

So, loathing earth, I looke vp to the sky,
And beeing driuen hence, I thither flie.

Thence I behold the miserie of men,
Which want the blis that wisdom would them breed,
And like brute beasts doe lie in loathsome den
Of ghostly darknes, and of gasly dreed:
For whom I mourne and for my selfe complaine,
And for my Sisters eake whom they diddaine.

With that, shee wept and waild so pitiously,
As if her eyes had beene two springing wells:
And all the rest, her sorrow to supplie,
Did throw forth shrikes and cries and dreery yells.
So ended shee, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournfull plaint as doth ensue.

POLYHYMNIA.

A Dolefull case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements:
And (qualid Fortune into balenes fong,
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for me,
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding be.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
With which I wont the winged words to ty,
And make a tunefull Diapate of pleasures;
Now beeing let to runne at libertie
By those which haue no skill to rule them right,
Haue now quite lost their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words vphoorded hideously,
With horrid sound though hauing little fence,
They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry;
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Haue mard the face of goodly Poësie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilome in ages past none might professe
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill.
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill:
Then was she held in soueraigne dignitie,
And made the nourling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintaine,
But suffer her profaned for to be
Of the base vulgar, that with hands vnclane,
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie;
And treadeth vnder foote her holy things,
Which was the care of Kefars and of Kings.

One onely liues, her ages ornament,
And mirror of her Makers maiestie,
That with rich bountie and deare cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble Poësie:
Ne onely fauours them which it professe,
But is her selfe a peerlesse Poëtesse.

Most

The Teares of the Muses.

Most peerelesse Prince, most peerelesse Poëtesse,
The true PANDORA of all heauenly graces,
Diuine ELIZA, sacred Emperesse,
Liue she for euer, and her royall P'laces
Be filld with praises of diuincst wits,
That her eternize with their heauenly writs.

Some few, beside, this sacred skill esteeme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence;
Which beeing lightned with her beauties beme,
Are thereby filld with happy influence,
And listd vp about the worldes gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortall praise.

But all the rest as borne of saluage brood,
And hauing beene with Acornes alwaies fed,
Can no whit sauour this celestiall food;
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day:
For whom I waile and weepe all that I may.

Essoones such store of teares she forth did powre,
As if she all to water would haue gone;
And all her sisters seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did breake.
The rest, vtold, no liuing tongue can speake.

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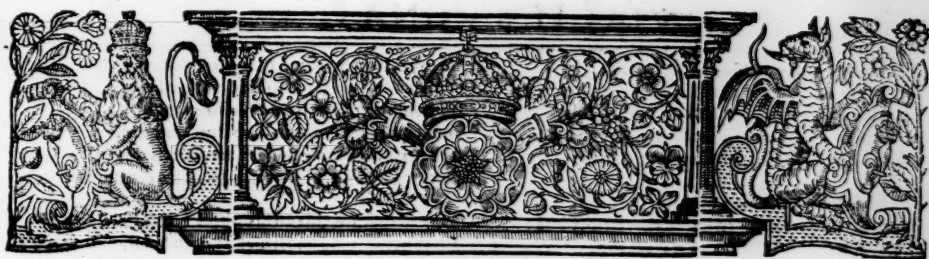


VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED
To the most noble and excellent Lord, the Earle
of *Leicester, deceased.*
(* *)

VV Rongd, yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Vnto your selfe, that onely priuie are :
But if that any *Oedipus* vnware,
Shall chaunce, through power of some diuining spright,
To read the secret of this riddle rare,
And knowe the purport of my euill plight,
Let him be pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to glose vpon the text :
For grieve enough it is to grieued wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vex.
But what-so by my selfe may not be showne,
May by this *Gnats* complaint be easily knowne.

11-11-1964



VIRGILS

G N A T.

WE now haue plaid (A V G V S T V S) wantonly,
Tuning our song vnto atender Muse;
And like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Hane onely playd: let thus much then excuse
This G N A T's small Poëme, that th'whole historie
Is but a skit, though enuie it abuse:
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme then this G N A T's idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit Poësie:
The golden offspring of L A T O N a pure,
And ornament of great I O V E's progenie,
P H O E B V S, shall be the Author of my song,
Playing on Iuorie harp with siluer strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle moode
Of Poets Prince, whether he wooen beside
Faيرة X A N T H V S sprinkled with C H I M A E R A S
Or in the woods of A s t y r y abide; (blood;
Or whereas mount P a r n a s s e, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two hornes diuide,
And the sweet waues of sounding C a s t a l y,
With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters which the glorie be
Of the P i e r i a n streames, fayre N A I A D E S,
Goe to, and dauncing all in companie,
Adore that God: and thou holy P A L E S,
To whom the honest care of husbandrie
Returneth by continuall successe,
Haue care for to pursue his footing light: (dight.
Through the wide woods, and groues, with greene leaues

Professing thee, I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the Forrest wide and starriesky:
And thou most drad (O C T A V I V S) which oft
To learned wits giu'st courage worthily,
O come (thou sacred child) come sliding soft,
And fauour my beginnings graciously:

For not these leaues do sing that dreadfull stound,
When Giants blood did staine P h l e g r a a n ground.

Nor how th'halfe-horsie people, C E N T A V R E S hight,
Fought with the bloudie L A P I T H A E S at bord,
Nor how the East with tyrannous despight
Burnt th' A t t i c k towres, and people slew with sword;
Nor how mount A t h o s through exceeding might
Was digged downe, nor yron bands aboard
The P e n t i c k sea by their huge Naue cast,
My volume shall renowe, so long since past.

Nor H e l l e s p o n t trampled with horses feet,
When flocking P e r s i a n s did the G r e e k e s affray;
But my soft Muse, as for her power more meet,
Delights (with P H O E B V S friendly leaue) to play
An easie running verse with tender feet,
And thou (drad sacred child) to thee alwaie,
Let euerlasting light some glorie strue,
Through the worlds endlesse ages to suruiue.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed soules doe rest;
And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deseruest best,
Hereafter many yeeres remembred bee
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft art blest.
Liue thou for euer in all happinesse:
But let vs turne to our first businesse.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight,
Vp to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
Out of his golden Charet glistering light;
And faire A V R O R A with her rosie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight,
When as the shepheard seeing day appeare,
His little Goats gan driue out of their stalls,
To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickest grasie did cloathe the open hills:
They now, amongst the woods and thicketts ment,

Now

VIRGILS GNAT.

Now in the valleyes wandring at their wills,
Spread themselves farre abroad through each descent;
Some on the soft Greene grasse feeding their fills,
Some clambing through the hollow cliffes on hie,
Nibble the bushie shrubs, which growe thereby.

Others, the vtmost boughes of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twiggess, that freshly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the vtmost top
Of some soft Willow, or new grown stud;
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another, high doth ouerlook
Her owne like image in a crytall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards haue,
Who lo loathes not too much the poore estate,
With mind that all vse doth before depraue,
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward braue:
No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie minds of couetous men,
Doe euer creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian die;
Ne glittering of gold, which vnderlayes
The Summer beames, doe blind his gazing eye;
Ne pictures beantie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious stoness, whence no good cometh by;
Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery
Of BASTVS, or of ALCONS vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian Seas brought far away:
But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
In sweet Spring time, when flowres varietie
With sundry colours paints the sprinkled lay:
There lying all at ease, from guile or spight,
With pype of fennie reeder doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milke-dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitfull P A L E S, and the Forrest Greene,
And darksome caues in pleasant vallies pight,
Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,
And where fresh springing wells, as crytall neate,
Doe alwaies flowe, to quench his thirstie beate.

O! who can lead then a more happy life,
Then he, that with cleane mind and hart sincere,
No greedy riches knowes, nor bloudie strife,
No deadly sight of warlike fleete doth feare,
Ne runnes in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophie of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
Or may abound in riches aboue measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished:

He ioyes in groues, and makes himselfe full blythe,
With sundry flowres in wilde fields gathered;
Ne frankincense he from *Panchaea* buyth,
Sweet quiet harbours in his harmelets head,
And perfect pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre,
Free from sad cares, that rich mens harts deuowre.

This all his care, this all his whole endeavour
To this, his mind and senses he doth bend,
How he may flowe in quiet matchles treasure,
Content with any food that God doth send,
And how his limbs, resolu'd through idle leisour,
Vnto sweet sleepe he may securely lend,
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chewed cuds doe eate.

O flocks! & Fauoes! and & ye pleasant springs
Of *Tempe*, where the country Nymphs are ripe,
Through whose not costly care each shepheard sings
As merry notes vpon his rusticke Fife,
As that *Asiatic* Bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leades as ioyfull life;
Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyle,
In which foud men doe all their dayes turmoyle,

In such delights, whilst thus his carelesse time
This shepheard drines, vpleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reeds chaunting his rusticke rime,
Hyperion throwing forth his beames full hott,
Into the highest top of heauen gan clime;
And the world parting by an equall lott,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great Ocean doth himselfe diuide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one
His stragling Goates, and draue them to a foord,
Whole crule stream, rombling on Pibble stone,
Crept vnder mosse as Greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouergone,
When he is heard back from that water foord,
Draue from the force of P H O E B V S boyling ray,
Into thicke shadows, there themselves to lay.

Soone as he them, plac't in thy sacred wood,
(O *Delian* Goddess!) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old C A D M V S brood,
Cruell A G A V E, flying vengeance fore
Of king N I C T I L E V S, for the guiltie blood,
Which she with cursed hands had shed before;
There she halfe frantick hauing slaine her sonne,
Did throwd her selfe, like punishment to shonne.

Heere also playing on the grassie Greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
With maney Fairies oft were dauncing seene.
Not so much did Dan O R P H E V S repress
The streames of *Hebrus* with his songs I weene,
As that faire troupe of wooddie Goddesses
Staid thee, (O P E N E V S) pouring forth to thee,
From cheerfull lookes, great mirth, & glad some glee.

The

VIRGILS GNAT.

The verie nature of the place, rebounding
With gentle murmur of the breathing ayre,
A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
In the fresh shadow did for them prepaire,
To rest their limbs with wearinels rebounding.
For first, the high Palme trees with branches faire,
Out of the lowly vallis did arise,
And high shoote vp their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
VLYSSES men, whom rapt with sweetnes new,
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay,
And eke those trees in whose transformed bew,
The Sunnes sad daughters wald the rash decay
Of PHAETON whole limbs with lightening rent,
They gathering vp, with sweet reares did lament.

And that same tree, in which DEMOPHOON,
By his d.loyalie lamented fore,
Eternall hurt left vnto many one:
Who also accompanied the Oake, of yore
Through fatall charmes transform'd to such an one:
The Oake, whose Acornes were our foodde, before
That CERES seed of mortall men was knowne,
Which first TRIPTOLEME taught how to be sowne.

Here also grew the rougher-rinded Pine,
The great *Argoan* ships braue ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heauely signe,
Which coueting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres diuine,
Decks all the Forrest with embellishment,
And the blacke Holme that loues the watric vale,
And the sweet Cypress, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest, the clambring Yuic grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping bold,
Least that the Poplar happely should rewe
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top puruew,
And paint with pallid Greene her buds of gold,
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet remindfull of her older reproach.

But the small Birds in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their sundry tunes with sweet concent,
And vnder them a finer Spring forth pouring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmur sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slumie scowring
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent;
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them a round:
All which the ayrie Echo did rebound.

In this so pleasant place, this Shepherds flock
Lay euerie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On euerie bush, and euerie hollow rock,
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best:
The whiles the Shepherd selfe tending his stock,
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleepe oppressed him,
Displaid on ground, and seized euerie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keepe,
But looslie on the grassie Greene disprede,
His dearest life did trust to careless sleep;
Which weighing down his drouping drowlie hed,
In quiet rest his molten hart did sleepe,
Deuoid of care, and feare of all falshed:
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange milchance his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time, in that same place,
An huge great Serpent all with speckles pide,
To drench himselfe in moorish slumie did trace,
There from the boyling heat himselfe to hide:
He passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandisht tongue the empie ayre did gride,
And wrapt his scalie boughs with fell despiht,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

Now more and more hauing himselfe enrolde,
His glittering breast he listeth vp on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;
His crest aboue, spotted with purple die,
On euerie side did shine like scalie gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fire,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last he spide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocke of grand Captaine, and most trustie guide:
Eftsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his fire eyes on euerie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full sternely rends, that might his passage stay.

Much he misdaines, that any one should dare
To come into his haunt; for which intent
He ioly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which to him Nature had lent:
Felly he hilleth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his iawes with angry spirits rent,
That all his track with bloodie drops is stained,
And all his folds are now in length outstrained.

Whom thus at point prepared, to preuent,
A little nourling of the humid ayre,
A GNAT, vnto the sleepeie Shepheard went,
And marking where his eye-lids twinkling rare,
Shewd the two pearles which sight vnto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing faire,
His little needle there infixing deepe,
Warn'd him awake, from death himselfe to keepe.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan vpstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruizing, flew,
As in auengement of his beedlesse smart,
That straight the spirit out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When suddenly casting aside his view,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And feruent eyes to his destruction bent.

VIRGILS GNAT.

All suddenly dismaid, and battelle quight,
He fled-abacke; and catching hasty hold
Of a young Alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and streight about him gan behold,
What God or Fortune would asist his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold,
Its hard to read: yet hardy will he had
To ouercome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie back of that most hideous Snake,
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake
Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre;
And for he was but slowe, did stoth off shake,
And gazing ghastly on (for feare and ire
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feard;))
Yet when he saw him slaine, himselfe he cheard.

By this, the night forth from the darksome bowre
Of HERBVS her teemed seeds gan call,
And lazie VESPER in his timely bowre,
From golden OETA gan proceed withall:
Whenas the Shepheard after this sharp stowre,
Seeing the double shadows lowe to fall,
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,
And vato rest his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
Was entered, and now loosing euery lim,
Sweet slumbring deaw in carelesnes did sleepe,
The image of that GNAT appear to him,
And in fast tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
With grisly countenance and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In steed of good, hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deseru'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am out-cast,
Whilst that thy life more deare and precious
Was then mine owne, so long as it did last?
I now in lieu of paines so gracious,
Am tost in th'ayre with euery windy blast:
Thou safe deliuered from sad decay,
Thy careles limbs in loose sleepe doost display.

So liuest thou: but my poore wretched ghost
Is forst to ferry ouer LETHES River,
And spoyld of CHARON, to and fro am tost.
Seest thou not, how all places quake and quier,
Lightned with deadly lamps on euery poit?
TESIPHONE each where doth shake and shiuer
Her flaming fier brond, encountering me,
Whose lockes vncombed cruell Adders be.

And CERBERVS, whose many mouthes do bay,
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed:
Adowne whole neck in terrible array,
Ten thousand Soakes cralling about his hed
Doe hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloody eyes doe glister fire red:
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten,
With painfull torments to be sorely beaten.

Ay me, that thanks so much should taile of need,
For that I thee restord to life againe,
Euen from the doore of death and deadly deed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my so pittious deed?
The praise of pity vanish is in vaine,
And th'antique faith of Iustice long agone
Out of the Land is fled away and gone.

I saw anothers fate approaching fast,
And lest mine owne, his safety to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shound destruction doth destruction tender:
Not vato him that neuer hath trespast,
But punishment is due to the offender.
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

I carried am into waste wilderness,
Waste wilderness, amongst Cymmerian shades,
Where endlesse paines, and hideous heauincesse
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.
For there huge ORION sits in sad distresse,
Fast bound with Serpents that him oft inuades:
Farre of beholding EPHEALTES use,
Which once assaid to burne this world so wide.

And there is mournfull TRYVS, mindfull yet
Of thy displeasure, & LATONA faire;
Displeasure too inapacable was it,
That made him meate for wild toules of the ayre:
Much doe I teare among such fiends to lit,
Much doe I teare back to them to reparaire,
To the black shadows of the STYGIAN shore,
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing euer-more.

There next the vtmost brinke doth he abide,
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whole throat through thirst to nought nigh being drie,
His sense to seeke for eate turnes euery way:
And he that in auengement of his pride,
For scornning to the sacred Gods to pray,
Against a mountaine rolls a mighty stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, and can haue none.

Goe ye with them, goe cursed DEMOFELS,
Whole bristall torches foule ERYNNIS rynde,
And HYMEN at your tpoutalls sad, foretells
Tydings of death, and massacre vnkind:
With them, that cruell COLCHID mother dwells,
The which conceu'd in her reuengefull mind,
With bitter wondrs her owne decre babes to slay,
And murderd troupes vpon great heapes to lay.

There also those two Pandonian maides,
Calling on TRIS, TRIS euermore,
Whom (wretched boy) they slew with guiltie blades:
For whom the Thracian king lamenting sore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, soule them vphraides,
And fluttering, round about them still does loze:
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

But

VIRGILS GNAT.

But the two brethren borne of CADMVS blood,
Whilst each does for the Soueraignty contend,
Blind through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth against the others bodie bend
His curd Steele, of neither well withstood,
And with wide wounds their carcases doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was flaine.

Ah! (weladay) there is no end of pain,
Nor change of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
Where other Powers farre different I see,
And must passe ouer to th' *Elysian* Plaine:
There grim *PERSPHONE* encountering mee,
Doth vrge her fellow Furies earnestly,
With their bright firebrands me to terrifie,

There chaste *ALCESTE* liues inniolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
Shee did prolong by changing fate for fate,
Lo there liues also the immortal praise
Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,
PENELOPE: and from her farre awaies
A rulelesse rout of young-men, which her woo'd,
All flaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood,

And sad *EVRIDICE* thence now no more
Must turne to life, but there detained bee,
For looking back, beeing forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, *ORPHEVS*, in thee.
Bold sure he was, and worthy spirit bore,
That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
And could beleuee that any thing could please
Fell *CERBERVS*, or *Stygian* Powres appeale.

Ne feard the burning waues of *Phlegeton*,
Nor those same mournfull kingdoms, compasied
With rustie horreur and foule fashion,
And deepe digd vawtes, and Tartar couered
With bloodie night, and darke confusion,
And iudgement seates, whole Iudge is deadly dred;
A Iudge, that after death doth punish fore
The faults, which life hath trespasssed before.

But valiant fortune made *DAN ORPHEVS* bold:
For the swift running riuers still did stand,
And the wilde beasts their furie did with-hold,
To follow *ORPHEVS* musick through the land:
And th' Oakes deepe grounded in the earthly mold
Did moue, as if they could him vnderstand:
And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereau'd,
Through their hard barke his siluer sound receau'd.

And eke the Moone her hastie steeds did stay
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie,
And didd (ô monthly Virgin) thou delay
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?
The same was able with like louely lay
The Queene of hell to moue as easly,
To yeeld *EVRIDICE* vnto her fere,
Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were,

Shee (Lady) hauing well before approoued
The friends to be too cruell and seuer,
Obserr'd th' appointed way, as her behooued,
Ne euer did her eye-sight turne arere,
Ne euer spake, ne cause of speaking moued:
But quell *ORPHEVS*, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kille her, brok't the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'st her euer damn'd to be.

Ah! but sweet loue of pardon worthy is,
And, doth deserue to haue small faults remitted;
If Hell, at least, things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted:
Yet are ye both receiued into blis,
And to the seates of happy soules admitted.
And, you beside, the honourable band
Of great Heroës doe in order stand.

There be the two stout sonnes of *AECYVS*,
Fierce *PELEVS*, and the hardie *TELAMON*,
Both seeming now full glad and ioyeous
Through their Sires dreadfull iurisdiction,
Beeing the Iudge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them by strange occasion,
Renow'd in choyce of happy marriage
Through *VENVS* grace, and vertues cariage.

For th' one was rauisht of his owne bond-maid,
The faire *LXIONE*, captiu'd from Troy:
But th' other was with *THETIS* sloue assaid,
Great *NEREVS* his daughter, and his ioy.
On this side them there is a yong-man laid,
Their march in glorie, mightie, fierce and coy:
That from th' Argolick ships, with furious ire,
Bett back the furie of the Trojan fire.

O! who would not recount the strong diuorces
Of that great warre, which Trojans oft beheld,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When *Teucrican* foyle with bloody riuers tweld,
And wide *Sigeen* shores were spred with corles,
And *Simois* and *Xanthus* blood out-weld,
Whilst *HÆCTOR* rag'd with outrageous mind,
Flames, weapons, wounds in *Greekes* Rect to haue tynd.

For *Ida* selfe, in ayd of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies,
And like a kindly nurse, did yeeld (for sight)
Store of firebrands out of her nurseries,
Vnto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the Nauie of their enemies,
And all the *Rhetean* shore to ashes turne,
Where lay the ships, which they did seecke to burne,

Gainst which the noble sonne of *TELAMON*
Opposd himselfe, and thwarting his huge shield,
Them battell bad, gainst whom appeared anon,
HÆCTOR, the glory of the Trojan field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mighty strokes so shild,
As the great clap of thauder, which doth rue
The rattling heauens, and cloudes asunder drue.

VIRGILS ÆNÆAT.

So th'one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships, from turning home againe
To *Argos*: th'other stroue for to defend
The force of *VULCANE* with his might and maine.
Thus th'one *ÆEACIDE* did his fame extend:
But th'other roy'd, that on the *Phrygian* plaine
Hauing the blood of vanquish't *HECTOR* shed,
He compass't *Troy* thrice with his body ded.

Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death vnfaithfull *PARIS* sent;
And also him that false *VELYSSES* slewe,
Drawne into danger through close ambusement:
Therefore from him *LÆRTESS* sonne his vewe
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good euent
In working of *Strymonian Rheus* fall,
And efr in *Deion's* subtle lurpiall.

Againe the dreadfull *Cycons* him dismay,
And blacke *Leſtrigones*, a people stout:
Then greedie *Scylla*, vnder whom there bay
Many great bandogs, which her gird about:
Then doe the *Ætnean* Cyclops him affray,
And deepe *Charybdis* gulphing in and out:
Lastly, the equall lakes of *Tartarie*,
And grisly friends of hell him terrifie.

There also goodly *AGAMEMNON* boasts
The glorie of the stocke of *TANTALVS*,
And famous light of all the *Greekish* hosts
Vnder whose conduct most victorious,
Th' *Dorick* flames consum'd the *Black* posts,
Ah! but the *Greekes* themselues more dolourous,
To thee *ô Troy* paid penance for thy fall,
In th' *Hellepont* being nigh drowned all.

Well may appeare by prooffe of their mischance,
The changeiull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none, whom fortune freely doth aduance,
Himselfe therefore to heauen should eleuate:
For lostie type of honour through the glance
Of enues dart, is downe in dust prostrate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

Th' *Argolicke* power returning home againe,
Enrich't with spoyle of th' *Erichonian* towre,
Did happie wind and weather entertaine,
And with good speed the fomie billowes scowre:
No siges of storme, no feare of future paine,
Which soone ensued them with heauie stoure,
Neris to the Seas a token gaue,
The while: their crooked keeles the surges claue.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,
The heauens on euerie side enclouded bee:
Black stormes and fogs are blown vp from farre,
That now the *Pylote* can no loadstarre see,
But skies and seas doe make most dreadfull warre;
The billowes striving to the heauens to reach,
And th' heauens striving them for to impeach.

And in auengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and starres, and all the heauenly powres,
Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,
And down on them to fall from highest towres:
The skie in peeces seeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, & haile & harmfull showers,
That death on euerie side to them appeares
In thousand formes, to worke most ghastly feares.

Some in the greedy fouds are sunke and drent,
Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are throwne;
Some on th' *Euboick* Cliffs in peeces rent;
Some scattred on the *Hercean* shores vnknowne;
And many lost, of whom no monument
Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne:
Whilst all on purchase of the *Phrygian* pray
Toft on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

Heere many other like *Heroës* bee,
Equall in honour to the former crew,
Whom ye in goodly leates may placed see,
Descended all from *Rome* by linage due,
From *Rome*, that holds the word in loueraigtee,
And doth all Nations vnto her subdue:
Heere *Fabius* and *Decius* doe dwell,
Horatius that in vertue did excell.

And here the antique fame of stout *CAMILL*
Doth euer lue, and constant *CVRTIVS*,
Who stiffe bent his vowed life to spill
For Countries health, a gulf most hideous
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
To appeale the Powers; and prudent *MVTIVS*,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by example of the same.

And here wife *CVRTIVS*, his companion
Of noble vertues, liues in endles rest;
And stout *FLAMINIVS*, whose deuotion
Taught him the fires scornd forie to detest;
And heere the praise of either *SCRIPION*
Abides in highest place about the best,
To whom the round walls of *Carthage* vow'd,
Trembling their forces, loud their praises loud.

Liue they for euer through their lasting praise:
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the sad lakes, that *PHOEVS* sunny rayes
Doe neuer see, where foules doe alwaies mourne,
And by the wailing shores to waste my dayes,
Where *Phlegeton* with quenchlesse flames doth burne:
By which iust *MINOS* righteous soules doth seuer
From wicked ones to liue in blisse for euer.

Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell
Girt with long snakes, & thousand yron chaines,
Through d some of that their cruell Iudge, compell
With bitter torture and impatient paines,
Cause of my death, and iust complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complains
To be the Authour of her ill vnwares,
That careless hear'st my intollerable cares.

Them

VIRGILS GNAT.

Them therefore as bequeathing to the wind,
I now depart, returning to thee neuer,
And leaue this lamentable plaint behind.
But doe thou haunt the soft downe rolling riuer,
And wilde greene woods, and fruitfull pastures mind,
And let the flitting ayre my vaine words leuer.
Thus hauing said, he heauily departed
With pitious cry, that any would haue smarted.

Now, when the slothfull fit of lifes sweet rest
Had left the heauie Shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieved minde full fore opprest;
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares,
For that G N A T's death, which deeply was imprest:
But bends what-euer power his aged yeeres
Him lent, yet beeing such, as through their might
He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same Riuer lurking vnder greene,
Eltsoones he gins to fashion forth a place;
And squaring it in compasse well bescene.
There plotteeth out a tombe by measured space:
His yron headed spade tho making cleene,
To dig vp lods out of the flowrie grasfe,
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,
Enclosing it with banks on euerie side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little Mount, of greene turfs edifice;
And on the top of all, that passers by

Might it behould, the tombe he did provide
Of smoothest Marble-stone in order set,
That neuer might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweet flowres to grow;
The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,
The Marigold, and cheerefull Rosemarie,
The *Spartan* Myrtle, whence sweet gum does flowe,
The purple Hyacinth, and fresh Costmarie,
And Saffron sought for in *Cilician* soyle,
And Laurell th' ornament of *PHOEBVS* toyle.

Fresh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* flowre
Matching the wealth of th'auncient Frankincense,
And pallid Iuie building his owne bowre,
And Box yet mindfull of his old offence,
Red *Amaranthus*, lucklesse Paramour,
Ox-eye still greene, and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale *Narcisse*, that in a well
Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell:

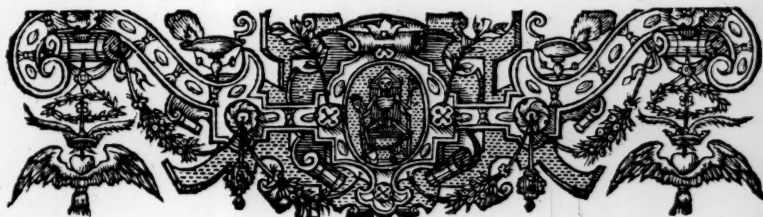
And whatsoeuer other flowre of worth,
And whatso other herb of louely hew
The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To clothe her selfe in colours fresh and new;
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whole high front was writ as doth ensue.

To thee, small G N A T, in lieu of his life saved,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued.

F I N I S.

K₂

THE





THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.

I

YE heauenly Spirits, whose ashie cinders lie
Vnder deepe ruines, with huge walles opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall neuer die
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest;
If to be shrilling voyce of wight aliue,
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deepe Abysses open riue,
That ye may vnderstand my shrieking yell.
Thrice hauing scene vnder the heauens veale
Your tombs deuoted compass ouer all,
Thrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie, heere doe call,
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing.

2

Great BABYLON her haughtie walls will praise,
And shapred steeples high shot vp in ayre:
Greece will the old Ephesian buildings blaze;
And Nylus ourslings their Pyramides faure,
The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie
Of IOVES great Image in Olympus placed,
MAVSOLVS worke will be the Carians glorie,
And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now rased;
The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
The great Colosse, erect to Memorie;
And what else in the world is of like worth,

Some greater learned wit will magnifie.
But I will sing aboue all monuments
Seuen *Romane* Hills, the worlds seuen wonderments:

3

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome her seekest,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiue't at all,
These same old walls, old arches, which thou see'st,
Old Palaces, is that, which Rome men call.

Behold what wreake, what ruine and what wast,
And how that she, which with her mighty powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her selfe at last,
The prey of time, which all things doth deuowre.

Rome now of Rome is th'only tuncerall,
And onely Rome, of Rome hath victorie;
Ne ought saue Tyber, hastning to his fall
Remaines of all: O worlds inconstancie!

That which is firme, doth flie and fall away,
And that is flitting, doth abide and stay.

4

Shee, whose high top aboue the staries did fore,
One foote on THERIS, th'other on the Morning,
One hand on Scythia, th'other on the More,
Both heauen and earth in roundels compassing,
I o v a fearing, least if shee should greater grow,
The Giants old should once againe vprise,

K 3

Her

The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.

Her whelmd with hills, these 7. hills, which be now
Tombs of her greines, which did threat the skies:

Vpon her head he heapt Mount *Saturnall*,
Vpon her belly th' antique *Palatine*,
Vpon her stomack laid Mount *Quirina'll*,
On her left hand the noysome *Esquiline*,
And *Celian* on the right; but both her feet,
Mount *Viminal* and *Auentine* do meet.

5

Who lists to see, what euer Nature, Art,
And Heauen could doe ô *Rome*, thee let him see,
In case thy greates he can ghesse in hart,
By that which but the picture is of thee.

Rome is no more; but if the shade of *Rome*
May of the body yeeld a seeming sight,
Its like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magick skill out of eternall night:

The corps of *Rome* in ashes is entomb'd,
And her great spirit reioyned to the spirit
Of this great masse, is in the same enwomb'd;
But her braue writings, which her famous merite
In sight of time out of the dust doth reare,
Doe make her Idole through the world appeare.

6

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddesse bright
In her swift charret, with high turrets crown'd,
Proud that so many Gods she brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good dayes found:

This Citie more then that great *Phrygian* mother,
Renownd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greates, by the greatnes of none other,
But by her selfe her equall match could see:

Rome onely might to *Rome* compared bee,
And onely *Rome* could make great *Rome* to tremble:
So did the Gods by heauenly doome decree,
That other earthly powre should not resemble
Her that did match the whole earths puissaunce,
And did her courage to the heauens aduance.

7

Yet sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doe the name of *Rome* retaine,
Old monuments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doe maintaine:

Triumphant Arks, spyres neighbours to the skie,
That you to see doth th' heauen it selfe appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples table, and the spoyle of all:

And though your frames doe for a time make warre
Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate;

For if that time make end of things so sure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

8

Through armes and vassals *Rome* the world subdu'd,
That one would weene, that one sole Citie strength
Both land and sea in roundnes had suruiew'd,
To be the measure of her bredth and length:

This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie
Striuing in power their grandfathers to passe,
The lowest earth ioyn'd to the heauen lie;

To th' end that hauing all parts in their powre,
Nought from the *Romane* Empire might be quight,
And that though time doth Common-wealths deuoure;
Yet no time should so lowe embate their height,

That her head earth'd in her foundation deepe,
Should not her name and endless honour keepe.

9

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods vnkind,
Heauen enuious, and bitter stepdame Nature,
Be it by fortune, or by course of kind
That ye do wield th' affaires of earthly creature;

Why haue your hands long sithence traueiled
To frame this world that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these *Romane* palaces
Made of some matter no lesse firme & strong?

I say not, as the common voice doth say,
That all things which beneath the Moone haue being,
Are temporall, and subiect to decay:

But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some, that weene the contrarie in thought;
That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

10

As that braue sonne of *Aeson*, which by charmes
Atchieu'd the golden Fleece in *Colchid* land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, lowne in the sacred sand;

So this braue Towne, that in her youthly daies
An Hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nourlings praise
The fire funnes both one and other house:

But they at last, there being then no living
An *Hercules*, so rank seed to repress;
Emongst themselves with cruell furie striuing,

Mow'd down themselves with slaughter mercilesse;
Renewing in themselves that rage vnkind,
Which whilom did thole earth-born brethren blind

11

Marres, shaming to haue giuen so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce
Pufft vp with pride of *Romane* hardiehead,
Seemd aboue heauens power it selfe to aduance:

Cooling againe his former kindled heart,
With which he had those *Romane* spirits filld,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,

Into

The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.

Into the Gothicke cold hot rage inflid :

Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giants brood,
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of warre,
And beating downe these walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;

To th' end that none, all were it I o v e r his fire,
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire.

12

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hills on hills, to scale the starrie skie,
And fight against the Gods of heavenly berth,
Whiles I o v e r at them his thunder-bolts let flie ;

All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th' earth vnder her childrens weight did grone,
And th' heavens in glorie triumpht ouer all :

So did that haughtie front, which heaped was
On these seven Romane hills, it selfe vpreare
Ouer the world, and lift her lotie face
Against the heauen, that gan her force to feare,
But now the scorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

13

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deepe wounds of Victors raging blade,
Nor rublesse spoyle of soldiers blood-desiring,
The which to oft thee (Rome) their conquest made ;

Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men vnsable,
Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne puillance ;
Nor th' horrible vprore of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that God snicke-pated,
Which hath to often with his ouerflowing
These drenched, haue thy pride so much abated ;
But that his nothing, which they haue thee left,
Makes the world wonder, what they from thee reft.

14

As men in Summer feare lets passe the foord,
Which is in Winter Lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboard
The ploughmans hope, and shepheards labour vaine :

And as the coward beasts vnto despise
The noble Lion after his liues end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foole-hardie
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend :

And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes
Did braue about the corps of H e c t o r cold ;
So thole which whilome went with pallid cheeks
The Romane triumphs glory to behold,
Now on these ashie tombes thew boldness vaine,
And conquer dare the Conquerour disdaine.

15

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghosts,
Which ioying in the brightnes of your day,

Brought forth those signes of your presumptuous
Which now their dusty reliques doe bewray ;

Tell me ye spirits (with the darksome ruer
Of Styx not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for euer,
Doe not restraîne your images still mourning)

Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
Yet heere about him secretly doth hide)
Doe ye not feele your torments to accrew,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old Romane workes built with your hands,
Now to becom nought else, but heaped sands ?

16

Like as yce see the wrathfull sea from farre,
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noyse,
Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a Rock to breake with dreadfull poys :

Like as ye see fell S o r e a s with sharpe blast,
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled sky,
Eftsoones hauing his wide wings spent in wast,
To stop his wearie carriere suddenly :

And as yce see huge flames spred diuerslie,
Gathered in one vp to the heauens to spire,
Eftsoones consumed to fall downe feeblely :
So whilom did this Monarchie aspire
As waues, as wind, as fire spred ouer all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

17

So long as I o v e r s great Bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heauen doth vs fray,
Heauen had not feare of that presumptuous might,
With which the Giants did the Gods assay.

But all so soone, as scorching Sunne had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to ouerspred,
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
That antique horror, which made heauen adred.

Then was the Germane Rauens in disguise
That Romane Eagle seene to cleaue asunder,
And towards heauen freshly to arise
Out of these mountaines, now consumed to powder,
In which the fowle that serues to beare the lightning,
Is now no more seene flying, nor alighting.

18

These heapes of stones, these old wals which yce see,
Were first enclosures but of saluage foyle ;
And these braue Palaces which mailed bee
Of time, were shepheards cottages somewhile.

Then tooke the shepheards Kingly ornament,
And the stout hynd armd his right hand with Steele :
Eftsoones their rule of yeerely Pretidents
Grew great, and sixe monthes greater a great deale ;
Which made perpetuall role to great might,
Tha: thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th' heauen it selfe oppoling gainst her might,

Het

The Ruines of Rome : by Bellay.

Her power to PETER's successor betooke;
Who Shepheard-like (as Fates the same foreseeing)
Doth shew, that all things turne to their first beeing.

19

All that is perfect, which, th'heaven beautifies;
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
All that doth feed our spirits and our eyes;
And all that doth consume our pleasures soone;
All the mishap, the which our dayes outweares,
All the good hap of th'oldest times afore,
Rome in the time of her great ancestors,
Like a PANDORA, locked long in store.

But destinie this huge Chaos turnoyling,
In which all good and euill was enclodet,
Their heauenly vertues, from these woes assoyling,
Caried to heauen, from sinfull bondage loset:
But their great finnes, the causers of their paine,
Vnder these antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwise then rainie cloud, first fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Eftsoones in compass archt, to sleepe his hed,
Doth plunge himselve in THETYS bosome faire;
And mounting vp againe, from whence he came,
With his great belly spreds the dimmed world,
Till at the last dissolving his moist frame,
In raine, or snowe, or haile, he forth is hord;

This Citie, which was first but Shepheards shade,
Vprising by degrees, grew to such height,
That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made:
At last not able to beare so great weight,

Her power disperst, through all the world did vade;
To shew that all in th'end to nought shall fade.

21

The same which PYRRHVS, and the puissaunce
Of Africk could not tame, that same braue Cittie,
Which with stout courage armd against mischaunce,
Sustained the shock of common enmitie;

Long as her ship tost with so many freakes,
Had all the world in armes against her bent,
Was neuer seene, that any fortunes wreakes
Could breake her course begun with braue intent,

But when the obiekt of her vertue failed,
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme:
As he that hauing long in tempest sailed,
Faine would arriue, but cannot for the storme,
If too great wind against the port him driue,
Doth at the port it selfe his vessell riuie,

22

When that braue honour of the Latine name,
Which mead her rule with Africa and Byzæ,

With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arise;
Her nourlings did with mutinous vprore
Harten against her selfe, her conquerd spoile,
Which she had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was spoyld within a while.

So when the compact course of th'vniuerse
In fixe and thirtie thousand yeares is runne,
The bands of th'elements shall backe reuerse
To their first discord, and be quite vndonne:
The seedes, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

23

O warie wise dome of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from spoile should be forborne!
To th'end that his victorious people should
With cankring leisure not be ouerworne;

He well foresawe, how that the Romane courage,
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
Through idlenes would turne to ciuill rage,
And be her selfe the matter of her fires.

For in a people giuen all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easily;
As in a vicious body, grosse disease
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.

That came to passe, when swolne with plenties pride,
Nor Prince, nor Peere, nor kin they would abide.

24

If the blind furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not to enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with claws, or scalie crests;

What fell ERYNNIS with hot burning tonges,
Did grype your hearts, with noysome rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your owne bowels you enbrew'd?

Was this (ye Romans) your hard destinie?
Or some old sinne, whole vnappeased guilt
Powrd vengeance forth on you eternally?
Or brother's blood, the which at first was spilt
Vpon your walles, that God might not endure
Vpon the same to set foundation sure?

25

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th'infernall shade
Those antique CAESARS sleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made!

Or that I had AMPHION'S instrument,
To quicken with his vitall notes accord,
The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,
By which th'Auson light might be restord:
Or that at least I could with penstill fine,
Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palacis,

By

The Ruines of Rome : by Bellay.

By patience of great VIRGIL's spirit diuine ;
I would assay with that which in me is,
To build with leuell of my losie stile,
That which no hands can euermore compile.

26

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for vñage right
Of line or lead, or rule, or square, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight :
But him behooues to view in compasse round
All that the Ocean graipes in his long armes ;
Be it where th'yeerely starre doth scorcht the ground,
Or where cold BOREAS blowes his bitter stormes.
Rome was th'whole world, & all the world was *Rome*.
And if things nam'd their names doe equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye *Rome* ;
And naming *Rome*, ye land & sea comprize :
For th' auncient Plot of *Rome*, displaid plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

27

Thou that at *Rome* astonisht doost behold
The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of old,
These wals, these arks, these baths, these temples hie ;
Iudge, by these ample ruines view, the rest
The which iniurious time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen held in reckning best,
Yet these old fragments are for patterns borne:
Then also marke, how *Rome* from day to day,
Repaying her decayed fashion,
Renewes her selfe with buildings rich and gay ;
That one would iudge, that the *Romane Damon*
Doth yet him selfe with fatall hand enforce,
Agaie on foote to reare her pouldred corse.

28

Hee that hath seene a great Oake dry and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of some Trophees old,
Lifting to heauen her aged hoarie head,
Whose foote on ground hath left but feeble hold ;
But halfe disboweld lies about the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunk all rotten and vnfound,
Onely supports herselfe for meat of wormes ;
And though she owe her fall to the first wind,
Yet of the deuout people is ador'd,
And many yong plants spring out of her rind :
Who such an Oake hath seene, let him record
That such this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongst all Cities florished much more.

29

All that which *Egypt* whilome did deuise,
All that which *Greece* their temples to embraue,

After th' Ionick, Attick, Dorick guise,
Or *Corinth*, skild in curious works to graue ;
All that *LYSIPPVS* praefike art could forme,
APOLLIS wit, or *PHIDIAS* his skill,
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
And heauen it selfe with her wide wonders fill.
All that which *Athens* euer brought forth wise,
All that which *Africk* euer brought forth strange,
All that which *Asie* euer had of prise,
Was hers to see, O meruailous great change !
Rome liuing, was the worlds sole ornament ;
And dead, is now the worlds sole monument.

30

Like as the seeded field greene graske first shoves,
Then from greene graske into a stalke doth spring,
And from a stalke into an eare forth growes,
Which eare the fruitfull graine doth shortly bring ;
And as in season due the husband mowes
The waving locks of those faire yellow heares,
Which bound in sheaves and laid in comly rowes,
Vpon the naked fields in stacks he reares ;
So grew the *Romane* Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
And left of it but these old markes to see,
Of which all passers by doe somewhat pill :
As they which gleane, the reliques vs to gather,
Which th' husbandman behind him chanit to scatter.

31

That same is now nought but a champain wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, who loeuer doost abide
By *Nyle*, or *Gange*, or *Tygre*, or *Euphrate* :
Ne *Africk* thereof guiltie is, nor *Spayne*,
Nor the bold people by the *Thamis* brooks,
Nor the braue warlike broode of *Alemaine*,
Nor the borne souldiour which *Rhine* running drinks :
Thou onely cause, ô *Ciuit* ill furie art,
Which sowing in th' *Aemathian* fields thy spight,
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart ;
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight
To greatness growne, through long prosperitie,
Thou shen adowne might' it fall more horribly.

32

Hope ye my verses that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you euer read ?
Hope ye that euer immortalie
So meane Harpes work may challenge for her meed ?
If vnder heauen any endurance were,
These monuments, which not in paper writ,
But in *Porphyre* and *Marble* doe appeare,
Might well haue hop't to haue obtained it.
Nath'lesse my *Lute*, who *PHOEBVS* deign'd to giue,
Ceale

The Ruines of Rome : by Bellay.

Cease not to sound these old antiquities :
For if that time doe let thy glory liue,
Well maist thou boast, how euer base thou be,
That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
Th'olde honour of the people gowned long.

L'Envoy.

¶ BELLAY, first garland of free Poësie
That *France* brought forth, though fruitfull of braue
Well worthy thou of immortalitie, (wits,

That long hast traueled by thy learned wits,
Old *Rome* out of her ashes to reuiue,
And giue a second life to dead decayes :
Needs must be all eternitie suruiue,
That can to other giue eternall dayes.

Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy praise
Excelling all, that euer went before :
And after thee, gins BARTAS his to raise
His Heauenly Muse, th'Almightie to adore.
Liue happy spirits, th'honour of your name,
And fill the world with neuer-dying fame.

FINIS.

M V IO.





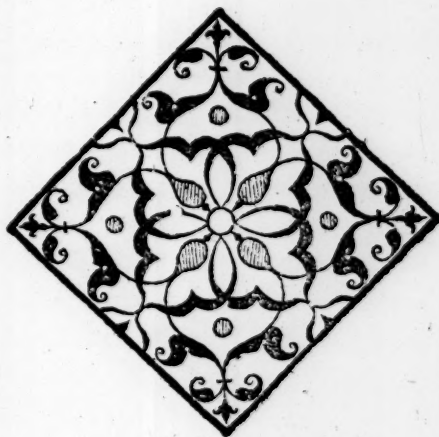
M V I O P O T M O S,

O R

THE FATE OF THE BVTTERFLY.

By Edmund Spenser.

Dedicated to the most faire and vertuous Lady,
the Ladie CAREY.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1617.



TO THE RIGHT WORTHY
and vertuous Ladie ; the Lady
Carey.



Oft braue and bountifull Lady, for so excellent fauours as I haue receiued at your sweet hands, to offer these few leaues as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the Gods for their diuine benefits. Therefore I haue determined to giue my selfe whollie to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your seruices: which in all right is euer held for full recompence of debt or damage, to haue the person yeelded. My person I wot well how little worth it is.

But the faithfull mind & humble zeale which I bear vnto your Ladiship, may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and vse the poore seruice therof; which taketh glory to aduance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honoring you: not so much for your great bounty to my selfe, which yet may not be vnminded, nor for name or kindred sake by you vouchafed, being also regardable; as for that honorable name, which ye haue by your braue deserts purchast to your selfe, and spread in the mouthes of all men: vvith vvich I haue also presumed to grace my verses, and vnder your Name, to commend to the world this small Poeme. The which beseeching your Ladiship to take in worth, & of all things therein according to your wonted gracioufnes

to make a milde construction, I humbly
pray for your happinesse.

(* *)

Your La: euer humbly;

Edm.Sp.

L.

MVIO-



MVIOPOTMOS:

OR

The Fate of the Butterflie.

I Sing of deadly dolourous debate,
Stirr'd vp through wrathfull NEMESIS despight,
Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through proud ambition, and hart-swelling hate,
Whilst neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small iarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicali effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfullst Mule of nine,
That won't it the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wailefull time,
Reuale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad CLARION did at last decline
To lowest wretchednes: And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of siluer-winged Flies
Which doe possesse the Empire of the ayre,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,
Was none more fauourable, nor more faire,
Whilst heauen did fauour his felicities,
Then CLARION, the eldest sonne and heire
Of MVSCAROLL, and in his fathers sight
Of all aliue did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed
About th'ensample of his equall Peares,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,
(Whilst oft his hart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would sure proue such an one,
As should be worthy of his fathers throne.

The fresh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull youth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdain to subiect his desire
To lothsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,
But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast,
And with vawearied wings each part t'inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned fire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to stie
Vp to the cloudes, and thence with pmeons light,
To mount aloft vnto the crystall skie,
To view the workmanship of heauens high:
Whence down descending he along would flie
Vpon the streaming riuers, sport to find;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So, on a Summers day when season milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in heauen HYPERION's fierie childe
Ascending, did his beames abroad disspred,
Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures smilde;
Young CLARION with vauntfull lustiehed,
After his guise did cast abroad to fare;
And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble hart he firmly bound,
That mought his life from iron death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound:
For it by art was framed, to endure
The bit of balefull Steele and bitter stound,
No lesse then that which VULCAN made to shield
ACHILLES life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of some wild beast, whom hee
In saluage Forrest by aduenture slew,
And rest the spoyle his ornament to bee:
Which spreading all his back with dreadfull view,
Made all that him so horrible did see,
Thinke him ALCIDES with the Lyons skin,
When the Nemean conquest he did win.

Vpon his head his glistering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous deuise,
And curiously engrauen, he did set:
The metall was of rare and passing price;
Not Bilbo Steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
Nor costly Oricalch from strange Pharnice;
But such as could both PHOEBVS arrowes ward,
And th'hailing darts of heauen beating hard.

L 2

There.

MVIOPOT MOS.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore :
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death doe hyde :
So did this Flie out-stretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adorne.

Lastly, his shinie wings as siluer bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre
All Painters kill, he did about him dight :
Not halfe so many sundry colours arre
In Iris bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling starre,
Nor Ivnos Bird in her eye-spotted traine
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
The Archer God, the sonne of CYTHRES,
That ioyes on wretched louers to be wroken,
And heaped spoiles of bleeding harts to see,
Beares in her wings so many a changefull token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,
If fought against thine honour I haue told,
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly enuide,
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft,
And golden faire, her Loue would her provide;
Or that when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would steale them priuily away,
And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that dame VENVS on a day,
In spring when flowres doe clothe the fruitfull ground,
Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels flocking her around,
To gather flowres, her forehead to array :
Amongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight ASTERY, excelling all the crewe
In courteous vlage, and vnraigned bewe.

Who being nimbler ioynted then the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the fields honour, than the others best;
Which they in secret harts enuying sore,
Told VENVS, when her as the worthiest
She praisd, that CYPRID (as they heard before)
Did end her secret ayde, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the Goddesse gathering jealous feare,
Not yet vnmindfull, how not long agoe
Her sonne to PSYCHES secret loue did beare,
And long it close conceald, till mickle woo
Thereof arose, and many a rusfull teare;
Reason with sudden rage did ouergoe,
And giuing hasty credit to th'accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Etioones that Damzell by her heavenly might,
Shee turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide ayre to make her wandring flight;
And all those flowres, with which so plentifully
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that Flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh CLARION being readie dight,
Vnto his iourney did himselte addresse,
And with good speed begyn to take his flight :
Ouer the fields in his franke lustinesse,
And all the champagne o're he foared light,
And all the country wide he did possesse,
Feeding vpon their pleasures bountioullic,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him enuie.

The woods, the riuers, and the medowes greene,
With his ayre-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he lesse the mountaines bare vnto see,
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights vnto ride.
But none of these, how euer sweet they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t'abide :
His choicfull sense with euery change doth flit,
No common things may please a wauering wit.

To the gay gardens his vnstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
There lauish Nature in her best attire,
Poures forth sweet odors, & alluring sights;
And Art with her contending, doth aspire,
T'excelle the naturall, with made delights:
And all that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excessse doth there abound.

There he arruuing, round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes suruey with curious busie eye,
Of euery flowre and herbe there set in order;
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaues deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And euermore with most varietie,
And change of sweetnesse (for all change is sweet)
He casts his glutton sense to satisie,
Now sucking of the lap of herbes most meet,
Or of the dew, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete :
And then he percheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise;
The wholesome Salge, and Lauender still gray,
Ranke smelling Rue, and Cammin good for eyes,
The Roses raining in the pride of May,
Sharpe Slope, good for Greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigolds, and Bees alluring Thyme,
Sweet Marioram, and Daylies decking prime.

Cools

MVIOPOTMOS.

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing still,
Embathed Balme, and cheerfull Galingale,
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppy, and drinke quickning Setuale
Veine-healing Veruen, and head-purging Dill,
Sound Saworie, and Bazill harte-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perfeline,
Cold Lettuce, and refreshing Roismarine.

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grew in this Garden, fetcht from farre away,
Of euery one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
Then when he hath both plaide, and fed his fil,
In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there humrecks in riotous iustsaunce
Of all his gladfulness, and kingly ioyauce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature,
Then to enioy delight with liberty,
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raigne in th'aire from earth to highest sky,
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what euer thing doth please the eye?
Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness.

But what on earth can long abide in state?
Or who can him assure of happy day:
Sith morning faire may bring foule euening late,
And least mishap the most blisse alter may?
For thousand perills lie in close awaite
About vs daily, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them auoyde, or remedy prouide.

And whatso heauens in their secret doome
Ordained haue, how can frail fleshly wight
Fore-cast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea, the ayre, the fire, the day, the night,
And th'armies of their creatures all and some
Do serue to them, and with importune might
Warre against vs the vassals of their wil.
Who then can saue, what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O CLARION, though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, vnhappy happy Flie,
Whose cruell fate is wouen euen now
Of IOVE'S owne hand, to worke thy miserie:
Ne may thee help the many hartie vow,
Which thy old Sire with sacred piety
Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars sprent:
Nought may thee saue from heauens autengement.

It fortun'd (as heauens had beight)
That in this garden, where yong CLARION
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight
The foe of faire things, th'author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bond slaue of spight,
Had lately built his hatefull mansion,
And lurking closely, in awaite now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spide the ioyous Butterflie
In this faire plot displacing to and fro,
Fearelesse of foes and hidden ieopardie,
Lord how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part apply!
His hart did yerne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with rankling poyson sweld,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion held.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced,
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
ARACHNE, by his meanes was vanquished
OF PALLAS, and in her owne skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow neuer ended.

For the Tritonian Goddesse hauing hard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had filld,
Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward
For her praise-worthy workmanship to yield:
But the presumptuous Damze rashly dar'd
The Goddesse selfe to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

MINERVA did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse
What storie she will for her tapet take.
ARACHNE figur'd how IOVE did abuse
EVROPA like a Bull, and on his back
Her through the Sea did beare; so liuely scene,
That it true Sea, and true Builde would weene.

Shee seem'd still backe vnto the land to looke,
And her play-fellows ayde to call, and feare
The dashing of the waues, that vp shee tooke
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare:
But (Lord) how she in euery member shooke,
When as the Land she saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wilderness of waters deepe:
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Loue,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
Vpon the waues, as each had been a Dove;
The one his bowe and shafts, the other spring
A burning Teade about his head did moue,
As in their Sires new loue both triumphing:
And many Nymphes about them flocking round,
And many Tritons which their hornes did found.

And round about, her worke she did em pale
With a faire border wrought of sundry flowres,
Enwouen with an Iulie-winding traile:
A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres,
Such as Dame PALLAS, such as Ennie pale,
That all good things with venomous tooth deuoures,
Could not accuse. Then gan the Goddesse bright
Her selfe likewise vnto her worke to dight.

MVIOPOTMOS.

She made the storie of the old debate,
Which the with NEPTVNE did for *Athenes* say:
Twelue Gods do sit around in royall state,
And IOV E in midst with awfull Maiestie,
To iudge the strife between them stirred late:
Each of the Gods by his like visnomie
Eathe to be knowne; but IOV E about them all,
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming; that sea-coast Citie as his right,
And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in fight,
The signe by which he challengeth the place;
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous might,
Did surely deeme the victorie his due:
But seldom seene, foreiudgement proueth true.

Then to herselfe she giues her *Aegide* shield,
And steel-head speare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as the oft is seene in warlike field:
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
Shee smote the ground, the which streight forth did
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries spreadd, (yield
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the storie
She compast with a wreath of Olyues hoarie.

Emongst these leaues she made a Butterflie
With excellent deuce and wondrous sight,
Fluttring among the Oliues wantonly,
That seem'd to lue, so like it was in fight:
The veluet nap which on his wings did lie,
The silken doune with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched hornes, his ayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his glistering eyes.

Which when ARACHNE saw, as overlaid,
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gaine sayd,
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, signe of one dismayd,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share:
Yet did she inly fret, and felly bursae,
And all her bloud to poysonous rancor turne.

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was when PALLAS she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dryrined,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:
Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered
To crooked crawling shanks, of marrowe emptied,
And her faire face to foule and loathsome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This cursed creature, mindefull of that olde
Infested grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as CLARION he did behold,
His hart with vengefull malice inly swelt;
And weaving straight a net with many a fold
About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely sponne, that scarce they could be spide,

Not any damzell, which her vaunteth most
In skilfull knitting of soft filken twine;
Nor any weauer, which his worke doth boast
In diaper, in damaske, or in lynes;
Nor any skild in workmanship embost;
Nor any skild in loupes of fingring fine,
Might in their diuers cunning euer dare,
With this so curious net-worke to compare.

Ne doe I thinke, that that same subtile gin,
The which the Lemnian God framde craftily,
MARS sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and scoroe their shamefull sin;
Was like to this. This same he did apply,
For to entrap the carelesse CLARION,
That rang'd each where without suspicio.

Suspicion of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Little wist he his fatal future woe,
But was secure, the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardless of his gouernance.

Yet still ARAGNOLL (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to surpise,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Dreil in good order as he could deuise.
At length, the foolish Flie without foresight,
As he that did all danger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying carelessely,
Where hidden was his fatal enemy.

Who seeing him with secret ioy therefore
Did tuckle inwardly in euery vaine,
And his false hart taught with all treasons store,
Was fill'd with hope, his purpose to obtaine:
Himselfe he close vpgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne any noyle, ne any motion made.

Like as a wily Foze, that hauing spide,
Where on a tunny bankethe Lambes doe play,
Full closely creeping by the bolder side,
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe, till seeing readie tide,
He russeth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little yonglings vnawares:
So to his worke ARAGNOLL him prepares.

Who now shall giue vnto my heauie eyes
A well of teares, that all may overflow?
Or where shall I find lamentable cries,
And mournfull tunes enough my griefe to show?
Help O thou tragick Muse, me to deuise
Notes sad enough, to expresse this bitter throw:
For loe, the dreerie stownd is now arriued,
That of all happines hath vs deprived.

The

MYIOPOTMOS.

The luckles CLARION, whether cruell Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
Or some vngracious blast out of the gate,
Or AEOLUS raine perforce him drone on hed,
Was (O sad hap and houre vnfortunate!)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the curfed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall ouerthroe.

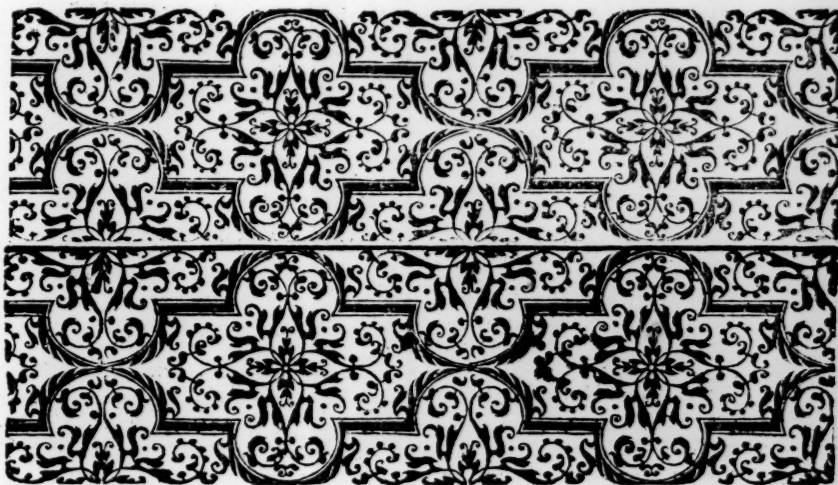
There the fond Flie entangled, strugled long,
Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.
For struing more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his wings twaine

In lymie soares the subtrill loupes among;
That in the ende he breathelesse did remaine,
And all his youthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th'auenger lent.

Which when the griesly tyrant did espy,
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedily
On the resistles prey, and with tell spight,
Vnder the left wing strooke his weapon slie
Into his hart, that his deepe groning spright
In bloody streames forth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

FINIS.

VISIONS



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VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

(.)

1
One day, whiles that my daily cares did sleepe,
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griete of good minds, to see goodnesse disgraced.
On which when as my thought was throughly plated,
Vnto my eyes strange shewes presented were,
Picturing that, which I in mind embraced,
That yet those sights empassion me full nere.
Such as they were (faire Lady) take in worth,
That when time serues, may bring things better forth.

2
In Summers day, when Phoenix fairly shone,
It was Bull as white as driuen snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,
In a fresh flowing meadow lying lowe:
Vp to his eares the verdant grasle did growe,
And the gay flowres did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatnel's so did over-flowe
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beate,
Ne car'd with them his dainrie lips to sweeten:
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angry sting did threaten,
And vex't so sore, that all his goodly feature,
And all his plentious pasture nought him pleased:
So by the small, the great is oft disealed.

3
Beside the fruitfull shore of muddy Nile,
Vpon a sunnie banke outstretched lay

In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
That cramd with guiltles blood, and greedy pray
Of wretched people trauailing that way,
Thought all things lesse then his disdainfull pride,
I saw a little Bird, call'd *Tedula*,
The least of thousands which on earth abide,
That forst this hideous beast to open wide
The grieftly gates of his deuouring bell,
And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,
Vpon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.
Why then should greatest things the least disdain,
Sith that so small so mightie can constraîne?

4
The kingly Bird, that beares Iov's thunder-clap,
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
Proud of his highest service, and good hap,
That made all other Fowles his thralls to bee:
The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
Spide where the Eagle built his trowing nest,
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt vp his young ones, and himselfe distrest;
Ne suffred him in any place to rest,
But droue in Iov's owne lap his eggs to lay;
Where gathering also filth him to intrest,
Forst with the filth his eggs to fling away:
For which when as the Fowle was wroth, said Iov's,
Lo how the least the greatest may reprove,

5
Toward the Sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it sleepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flie,
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe

The

Vilions of the worlds vanitie.

The fomie waues out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that many makes to weepe;
A sword-fith small him from the rest did funder,
That in his throat him pricking softly vnder,
His wide Abyſſe him forced forth to ſpewe,
That all the ſea did roare like heauens thunder,
And all the waues were ſtain'd with filthy hewe:
Heereby I learned haue, not to deſpiſe,
What-euer thing ſeemes ſmall in common eyes;

6

An hideous dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whoſe backe was arm'd againſt the dint of ſpeare,
With ſhields of Braſſe, that ſhone like burniſht gold,
And forked ſting, that death in it did beare,
Stroue with a Spider, his vnequall peare:
And bad defiance to his enemye,
The ſubtrill vermine creeping cloſely neare,
Did in his drieke ſhed poiſon priuile;
Which through his entrailes ſpreading diuerſly,
Made him to ſwell, that nigh his bowels burſt,
And him enforſt to yeeld the victorie,
That did ſo much in his owne greatnes truſt,
O how great vaineſſe is it then to ſcorne
The weake, that hath the ſtrong fo oft forlorne!

7

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and ſtraight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe,
Mongſt all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beautie was not any one.
Shortly, within her inmoſt pith there bred
A little wicked worme, percei'd of none,
That on her ſap and vitall moiſture fed:
Thenceforth her garland ſo much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the ſame!)
And her faire locks fell from her loſtie head,
That ſhortly bald, and bared ſhe became.
I, which this ſight beheld, was much diſmay'd,
To ſee ſo goodly thing ſo ſoone decay'd.

8

Soone after this, I ſaw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and boſſes gorgeouſly,
That on his backe bid beare (as battailant)
A gildentower, which ſhone exceedingly;
That he himſelfe through fooliſh vanitie,
Both for his rich attire and goodly form,
Was puff'd vp with paſſing ſurquedry,
And ſhortly gan all other beaſts to ſcorne.
Till that a little Ant, a ſilly worme,
Into his noſthrills creeping, ſo him pain'd,
That caſting downe his towre, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie ſtain'd.

Let therefore nought that great is, therein glory,
Sith ſo ſmall thing his happineſs may varie.

9

Looking farre forth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ſhip with banners brauely dight,
And flagge in her top gallant I eſpide,
Through the maine ſea making her merry flight:
Faſt blew the wind into her boſome right;
And the heauens looked ſouely all the while,
That ſhe did ſeeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did ſmile.
All ſuddainly there cloued vnto her keele
A little fiſh, that men call Remora,
Which ſtopt her courſe, and held her by the keele,
That winde nor tide could moue her thence away.
Strange thing me ſeemeth, that ſo ſmall a thing
Should able be ſo great an one to wring.

10

A mightie Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Hauing his hunger thoroughly ſatiſfide,
With prey of beaſts, and ſpoile of lining blood,
Safe in his dreadleſſe den him thought to hide:
His ſternneſſe was his praiſe, his ſtrength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
I ſaw a Waſp, that fiercely him deſide,
And bad him battaile euen to his iawes;
Sore he him ſtung, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proud hart is ſild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes;
And from his bloody eyes doth ſparkle fire;
That dead himſelfe he wiſheth for deſpight.
So weakeſt may annoy the moſt of might.

11

What time the Roman Empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and flouriſht moſt in might,
The Nations gan their ſoueraigntie diſdaine,
And caſt to quit them from their bondage quight:
So when all throuded were in ſilent night,
The Gallies were, by corrupting of a maid,
Poſſeſt nigh of the Capitoll through flight,
Had not a Goole the treachery bewrayd.
If then a Goole, great Rome from ruine ſtayd,
And I o v x himſelfe, the Patron of the place,
Preferu'd from beeing to his foes betrayd;
Why doe vaine men meane things ſo much deface,
And in their might reſpoſe their moſt aſſurance,
Sith nought on earth can challenge long endurance?

12

When theſe ſad ſights were ouer-paſt and gone,
My ſpright was greatly mooned in her reſt,
With inward ruth and deare affection,

To

The Visions of *Bellay*.

To see so great things by so small distress.
 I henceforth I gan in my engriued brest
 To scorne all difference of great and small,
 Sith that the greatest often are oppressd,
 And vnawares do into danger fall.
 And ye, that read these ruines tragicall

Learne by their losse to loue the lowe degree:
 And if that fortune chaunce you vp to call
 To honours seat, forget no what you bee:
 For he that of himselfe is most secure,
 Shall finde his state most fickle and vnure.
 FINIS,



THE VISIONS OF *BELLAY*.

IT was the time, when rest soft sliding downe
 From heauens height into mens heauie eyes,
 In the forgetfulnessse of sleepe doth drowne
 The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries:
 Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
 On that great riuers banke, that runnes by *Rome*,
 Which calling me by name, bad me to reare
 My lookes to heauen, whence all good gifts doe come;
 And crying lowd, Loe now behold (quoth hee)
 What vnder this great temple placed is:
 Loe, all is nought but flying vanitee.
 So that I know this worlds inconstancies.
 Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
 In God alone my confidence doth stay.

2
 On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
 An hundred cubits high by iust assize,
 With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
 All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:
 Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
 But shining crytall, which from top to base
 Out of her wombe a thousand rayons threw,
 One hundred steps of *Afrike* gold's enchafe.
 Golde was the Parget, and the feeling bright
 Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold;
 The floore of Iasp and Emeraude was dight.
 O worlds vaine nesse! Whiles thus I did behold,

An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,
 And ouerthrew this frame with ruine great.

3
 Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,
 Ten feet each way in square, appeare to mee,
 Iustly proportion'd vp vnto his hight,
 So farre as Archer might his ieuell see:
 The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
 Made of the metall which we all doe honour,
 And in this golden vessel couched were
 The ashes of a mightie Emperour.
 Vpon foure corners of the base were pight,
 To beare the frame, foure Lyons great of gold;
 A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
 Alas! this world doth nought but grievance hold.
 I saw a tempest from the heauen descend.
 Which this braue monument with flash did rend:

4
 I saw rayse vp on Iuorie pilloirs tall,
 Whole bases were of richest metalls warke,
 The chapters Alabaster, the fryes crytall,
 The double front of a triumphall Arke:
 On each side purtraid was a Victory,
 Clad like a Nymph, that wings of siluer weares,
 And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
 The auncient glory of the *Romane* Peares.

The Visions of Bellay.

No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-darts for Iovs his fire doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing vnder sky,
Sith that mine eyes haue seene so faire a fight
With suddaine fall to dust consumed quight.

5

Then was the faire *Dodonian* tree farre seene,
Vpon seauen hills to spread his glad some gleame,
And Conquerours bedecked with his Greene,
Along the banks of the *Aufonian* streame:
There many an auncient *Trophee* was adrest,
And many a spoile, and many a goodly shew,
Which that braue races greatnes did attest,
That whilome from the *Trojan* bloud did flow.
Rauisht I was to rare a thing to view,
When lo, a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble boughs downe threw,
Vnder the wedge I heard the tronke to grone;
And since I saw the roote in great disdain
A twinne of forked trees lend forth againe.

6

I saw a Wolfe vnder a rockie caue
Nursing two whelps; I saw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to craue,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:
I saw her range abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedy rage
T'embrew her teeth & claws with luke warme bloud
Of the small heards, her thirst for to assuage.
I saw a thousand huntmen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bording *Lembardie*,
That with an hundred speares her flauke wide rended.
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out theusand throbs in her owne soyle:
Soone on a tree vphangd I saw her spoyle.

7

I saw the Bird that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight,
By more and more she gan her wings assure,
Following the example of her mothers flight:
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughty mountaines hight,
Vntill she caught the Gods owne manfions:
There was she lost, when suddaine I beheld,
Where tumbling through the ayre in fire fold;
All flaming downe she on the Plaine was feld,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes cold.
I saw the fowle that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

8

I saw a riuier swift, whose fontie billowes
Did wash the ground-worke of an old great wall;

I saw it couer'd all with grisly shadowes,
That with blacke horror did the ayre appall:

There out a strange beast with seauen heads arose,
That townes and castles vnder her brest did coure,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall raine to deuoure.

Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kind
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,
When as at length I saw the wrathfull wind,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of *Scythian* mew
That sperrt these clowder, and in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

9

Then all astonied with this mightie ghoast,
An hideous body big and strong I sawe,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturn-like awe;
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd forth a water, whose out-gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore afloat,
Whereon the *Trojan* Prince spilt *Tyrus* blood;
And at his feet a bitch-wolfe sucke did yield
To two young babes: his left, the *Palme-tree* stout,
His right hand did the peacefull *Olive* wield,
And head with *Laurell* garnisht was about.
Sudden both *Palme* and *Olive* fell away,
And faire Greene *Laurell* branch did quice decay.

10

Hard by a riuers side a virgin faire,
Folding her hands to heauen with thousand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling riuers sound thus run'd her sobbs.
Where is (quoth she) this whilome honored face?
Where the great glory and the ancient praise,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When Gods and men my honour vp did raise?
Suffis'd it not that ciuill warres me made
The whole worlds spoyle, but that this *Hydra* new,
Of hundred *HERCULES* to be assaid,
With seauen heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
So many *NEOES* and *CALIGVLAS*
Out of the crooked shores must daily raise?

11

Vpon an hill a bright flame I did see,
Waung aloft with triple point to skie,
Which like incense of precious Cedar tree,
With balmie odours fill'd th'ayre faire and nie.
A Bird all white, well feather'd on each wing;
Hereout vp to the throne of Gods did sing,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoake she vnto heauen did sing.
Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
On euerie side a thousand shining beames:

What

The Visions of Bellay.

When sudden dropping of a silver dew
(O gricuous chance) gan quench those precious flames;
That it which earlt so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

12

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Crystall gainst the Sunny beames,
The bottome yellow, like the golden grayle
That bright P A C T O L V s walseth with his streames.
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasures there, for which nians hart could long;
And there a noyle alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of many accords more sweet then Mermaids song:
The seats and benches shone of luoric,
And hundred Nymphes late side by side about;
When from nigh hills with hideous out-cry,
A troupe of Saryres in the plare did rout,
Which with their villane feet the streame did ray,
Threw downe the seats, and droue the Nymphs away.

13

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad *Florentine* appeare,
Casting mine eyes far off, I chaunst one see,
Vpon the *Latine* Coast herselfe to reare:
But sud'only arose a tempest great,
Bearing close enuie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare.
And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke vp these riches, second vnto none,
Within the gulfe of greedy *Nereus*.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,

And all that treasure drowned in the maine:
But I the ship saw after raifd againe.

14

Long hauing deeply grou'd these visions sad,
I saw a Citie like vnto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tydings glad;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame:
It seem'd her top the firmament eid raise,
And no lesse rich then faire, right worthie sure
(If ought heere worthy) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought vnder heauen might firme endure.
Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
Which bre:thing furie from his inward gail
On all, which did against his course oppoie,
Into a clowde of dust spewt in the aire
The weake foundations of this Citie faire.

15

At length, euen at the time, when M O R P H E U S
Most trulie doth vnto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heauens still wauering thus,
I saw T Y P H A E V S sister comming neare;
Whose head full brauely with a morion hidd,
Did seeme to match the Gods in Maiestie.
She by a riuers banke that swift downe slidd,
ouer all the world did raise a Trophie bie;
An hundred vanquishd Kings vnder her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wise.
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heauens in warre against her rite:
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyle I wakte in sudden wonder.

FINIS.

M

THE





THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

Formerlie translated.

1

BEing one day at my window all alone,
So many strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieueth me to thinke thereon.
As my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest God delite;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in shorttime I spide,
Vnder a Rocke where she alas oppress,
Fell to the ground, and there vntimely died.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Ofte makes me waile so hard a destinie.

2

After at Sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of Heben and white Iuorie,
The sailes of gold, of silke the tackle were,
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to be,
The skie each where did show full bright and faire;
With treasures rich this gay ship freighted was;
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the ayre,
And tumbled vp the sea, that she (alas!)
Strake on a Rock, that vnder water lay,
And perished past all recoverie.
O how great ruth, and sorrowfull affay,
Doth vex me my spirit with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd
Such riches great, as like cannot be found.

3

The heavenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lustie Laurell tree;

Amidst the young Greene wood: of Paradise
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
Chaunting in shade their lundry melodie,
That with their sweetnesse I was rauisht nere.
While on this Laurell fixed was mine eye,
The skie gan euery where to ouer-cast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heauens fire out brast,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote,
Which makes me much and euer to complaine:
For no such shadow shall be had againe.

4

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whereto approched not in any wile
The homely shepheard nor the ruder clowne;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall,
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.
But while therein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I saw (alas!) the gaping earth deuoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight:
Which yet aggrieues my hart euen to this houre,
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gone so suddenly.

5

I saw a Phoenix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe;

M. 2.

Vntill

The Visions of Petrarch.

Vntill he came vnto the broken tree,
And to the spring, that late deuoured was,
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth passe away: the Phoenix there (alas!)

Spying the tree destroyed, the water drie,
Himselfe smore with his beake, as in disdain,
And so forth with in great deipight he dide:
That yet my hart burnes in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pittie of so haplesse plight.
O let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

6

At last, so faire a Ladie did I spie,
That thinking yet on her, I burne and quake:
On heards and flowers she walked pensiuely,
Mild, but yet loue she proudly did forsake:

White seem'd her robes, yet wouen so they were,
As snow and golde together had been wrought.
About the waste a darke clowde shrouded her,
A stinging Serpent by the heele her caught:
Where with she languisht as the gather'd flowre,

And well assur'd she mounted vp to ioy.
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter grieke and sorrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

7

When I beheld this tickle trustlesse state
Of vaine world's glory sitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restlesse seas of wretchednes and woe,

I wisht I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly wrne vnto my happy rest,
Where my free spirit might not any moe
Be vext with sighs, that doe her peace molest.

And yet faire Ladie, in whose bouous brest
All heavenly grace and vertue shined is,
When ye these times doe read, and view the rest,
Loathe this bale world, and thinke of heauens blis:
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet think, that death shall spoile your goodly features.

FINIS.

*Nowine sum vates zelans, cognomine Thoma
Cognatus; nodum hunc si soluas Oedipus erit.*

Elias Tomykins :-



